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MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE

AND

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXIII.

EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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THE AGE AND THE HOME.

THE season drives us within doors, and presses upon us the question, "What is our age making of Home?" Will the readers of the Monthly spend a few moments with me in looking at the New England homes of our day, their condition and prospects, the disabilities which press upon them, the agencies which may be employed to adorn and build them up, the influences which may even make them at least shadowy types of heavenly homes, — at least the outer courts of bright and peaceful mansions in the House not made with hands?

I shall not commence with the assumption that once there was a perfect New England Home, bathed in sunshine, and redolent with the breath of flowers, and resounding with songs of joy, and proceed to the assertion that, since what are called the old times have passed away, this perfect Home has disappeared from the sight of sorrowing mortals. I do not believe that we ever had any paradise of this sort to lose. Indeed, I can easily reach the conclusion, that many things in the old New England home must have been unspeakably tedious to ingenuous youth, and not in the least conducive

to the growth of those graces which thrive in an atmosphere of love. I remember myself to have heard once from the lips of the son of a stern Puritan of the straitest possible sect, that he never ventured to make a simple boy's request of his father, to offer so much as a petition for a knife or a ball, without putting it into writing in due form. One can hardly regard such a generation of fathers as exhausting all the genial elements which should be found in the head of a household. The old times are not so different from the new times; only we may hope that the new are a little better. But there are in every age specially favorable and specially unfavorable influences to be cherished or averted by the guardian of the home, and, without attributing all virtues to the fathers, or admitting of the children only degeneracy, we may take a survey of helps and hinderances to the healthy life of that most ancient and most enduring type of society, the Home.

What ought the Home to be, and what ought it to afford? Briefly, the Home should be a house of quiet industry, of practical instruction, of innocent entertainment, of hearty and informal worship; a busy place, and yet a refuge from some of life's sorest and most distracting cares; a school, and yet without the tasks and the taskmasters of scholastic discipline, abounding in pleasures, and yet not appointed and sustained simply to excite and amuse; a church, and yet not so much by any formal exercises as by the unceasing yet scarcely conscious inflowing and outflowing of the very spirit of holiness and love through the simplest words and acts of the every-day life, the bread broken for the hungry, or the cup of water proffered to the thirsty. The Home should be a fortress in other senses than those which the law recognizes, a strong-hold against the intrusions of a world ever bent upon usurpation, and eager to occupy every spot of earth with its industries and its pedantries, with its excitements and its pageants. The material necessities which are provided for by our Homes are designed to be so

many hints and suggestions of more inward and spiritual wants that should be supplied by our household fellowships. Hearts as well as hands are to be joined in love, not only for a day, but so long as the heart liveth. Outward economies should remind us continually of that wise thrift which is ever laying up treasure in heaven, — those costly jewels that are worn in God's own mansions by meek and quiet spirits, those robes of purple and fine linen which Dives cannot purchase with all his wealth, but which Lazarus may have for the asking. The Home is the gathering-place and resting-place, not merely of bodies, but of souls, more than a dormitory or robing-room, or saloon or banquet-hall. You have gone over houses, passing from apartment to apartment, each appropriated to one or another household purpose, and admirably adjusted to meet the special want; and yet in all, and through all, you found no Home, no single spot where the soul could rest its full weight, where hearts could repose from their cares and exercise their fine courtesies. As a pile of stones, a network of timbers, as an expanse of surface for the decorator, as a model of mechanical skill, the building may be everything, and yet it may not be a Home at all; and should it be your lot to *reside* in it, as the word is, you would ever be hoping some day or other to go *home*, to find some place to *live* in, some place in which a man may live and die and be buried from. The value and the charm of an old house are derived from the continual adjustments of outward materials and forms which have been made in obedience to the household necessities. What was at first perhaps angular and dreary, stiff and cold, and scarcely habitable, has been shaped into more graceful proportions, and covered with soft, warm colors. You will be sure to find the nooks and sheltered recesses which contemplation demanded, the cheerful sun-lighted and sun-warmed room for the aged, the infirm, or the saddened, — apartments which seem almost to have fashioned themselves about the inmates to serve the various ends that the Home

proposes. Many generations must live and love and rejoice and suffer within the walls of a house to make it what it should be; the most skilful architect cannot give you outright the plan of such a habitation; they who estimate an old homestead only as so much building material, and are ready, in obedience to every whim of improvement, to speed on the work of its destruction, do not realize how much besides bricks and mortar and timber enters into the fabric of a true dwelling. But I must hasten to add, that a Home is well ordered and discharging its various functions, when its labors are not excessive, and when time, opportunity, and means are afforded for the lessons, the amusements, and the devotions of the household. When the outward and material exigencies of a family absorb and exhaust the best energies of the householders, the ends are sacrificed to the means of living. When out-of-door duties and interests encroach upon domestic pursuits, the home is virtually treated as subordinate, as having no rights when brought into comparison with the aims of commercial enterprise, or professional ambition, or intellectual curiosity, or of that vague entity known as society. What the Home claims is simply its own, the right to close its doors upon occasion, and mind its own business, and teach and amuse its own children, and waste an hour or two, if the thrifty will persist in calling such an expenditure of the time a waste, in trying to make human beings happy. Is it hard for the Home to make good this claim? Are there any strong circumstances in the world's present condition which do not favor, but hinder, the development of a healthy household life? This is our inquiry.

As I have already intimated, it is not my intention to eulogize the past, and to decry the present. I see no occasion for any such procedure. But although there may be no call for a Jeremiade, it may yet be proper to say that there are encroachments by the outside world upon home prerogatives which ought to be faithfully pointed out and

steadily resisted. It is, as we are ever saying, an ambitious, enterprising, laborious, thrifty age, and countries that we call civilized are vast workshops, and most men and women who try to do anything are doing their utmost. Our industry is styled material, and it is busied upon matter, but with the powers of mind, and miracles of art are the results, whilst the work of subduing the earth is pushed into the heart of that Africa which even our childhood was content to regard as a wilderness, and up or down mighty streams, of which, a few years since, we had scarcely heard the names. The pulse of the city has ever tended towards the fever-stroke; cities have never been very quiet places, especially when nourished by commerce or the arts; all the hopeful and all the dreary elements of human life come out into the light of day in crowded streets. But it has not been the case until of late that the fever of the city has spread into the country along iron paths, and by curious nerves of wire; it is only during the past few years that we have been threatened with the loss of that dividing sea which has heretofore cooled the heats of mental excitement, as well as the hot airs of one and the other hemisphere, and are bidden to regard the loss of that measure of privacy which the continents have enjoyed for thousands of years as a great gain. Now this feverish and all-pervading activity threatens that peculiar life of the home which must be by comparison exceedingly quiet, the dwelling of the family becomes a place of wearying labor and care, and the time which belongs to the household is seized by the world. Enterprise is the catchword of the times. One might as well die utterly, and relieve the world of his presence, as not be enterprising. We must all be getting on, as we phrase it; by which we mean, not always happily, rising out of the station into which we were born, however respectable that may be, into a position that is, or seems to be, higher. In all worldly matters, our ambition is unbounded. Housekeepers, merchants, professional men, mechanics, all are ambitious.

Parents are ambitious of intellectual success for their children; children, taking up life where their parents left it, must still move forward; wealth, or the show of wealth, is reckoned indispensable; the smallest dwellings are likely to be, not modest homes, but miniature palaces, and, save in cases of real abundance, solid comforts are sacrificed to gilded emptinesses. Out of these tendencies — which are rather exaggerations and perversions of essentially good elements than radical evils — there have come mischief and grief into our homes. Sometimes a foolish ambition and selfish luxuriousness so far prevail as to prevent altogether the formation of homes, because of the unmanageable expenditures which a life of fashion or of quasi-fashion imposes. Small and plain dwellings, plainly furnished, that simple attire which is so much finer than finery, those modest entertainments which may be repeated again and again without danger of satiety, a practical recognition of the honor and grace that attend domestic labors and make the name of housewife a name of honor, — these do not suit the ambitions of our day, and those who should be building their dwellings are still occupied with counting the cost. It is a condition of things which, as the Scriptures remind us, obtains and justly in the heavens, but it is a very bad condition of things for this world, and those whose examples would have weight in a community where each man is singularly given to doing what his neighbor does, may well ask themselves whether a severer simplicity is not demanded of them, were it only out of regard to their imitators. The utmost that can come of very humble ways and equipage is a failure to win any notice, and for the first years of one's household life this is anything but a misfortune, — indeed, the best thing that can possibly happen to us: then we may perhaps put forth a root that shall bear up wide-spreading branches, and gather up the juices of a heavy foliage and of not a little luscious fruit. And too often, when the experiment of householding is tried, the

energies of the experimenters are all lavished upon the external means and appliances, — they "keep the house," as they say, but they can hardly be said to live in it, — they have no time left for that; when neatness and elegance and etiquette and luxury have had their portions, the hours are all exhausted. If you would know to what much of all this comes, go into the churchyards and read the gravestones sacred to the memories of many a poor wife and mother, each one of whom sought to do with one pair of hands and one aching brain the work of a legion, and never rested till she reached the last resting-place, — till time was somehow found for her to die in. We want houses to live in, not merely to take charge of; and in estimating the price of any article of luxury, we should add a hundred per cent to its cost by way of provision for safe-keeping and suitable care.

Too much labor, then, the times demand within the household, — more than that quiet, patient, steady, cheerful, methodical industry which one would see realized at home, at least, if nowhere else, — too much labor, leaving no time and no spirits for enjoyment, — too much labor of the hands and brain, leaving no opportunity for the tasks upon which the heart enters so gladly. And the weary come home to the weary, — the care-worn meets the care-worn. The pressure upon a multitude of business and professional men is really frightful; combined with the necessity in many cases of going long distances to their places of duty, it produces little short of an absolute separation from their families, and may gradually establish a positive disrelish for domestic quiet. There are fathers in our community who are almost strangers to their own children, — who do not know one half so much about them as their school-teachers, indeed, can scarcely be said to see them at all except on the Lord's Day, which happily is still kept sacred from most week-day occupations. The appropriate work and play and worship of the home cannot be so much as begun in many

dwellings, and anything is caught at which promises to relieve parents from work which they can find no time to do. Moreover, while this excessive laboriousness exhausts the heads of the household, the same weary round must very often be traveled by the children as well. Amongst them, too, the same mad ambition to get on holds sway. Stimulated by what would seem an unwise appeal to the passion of emulation, spurred on by the offer of school medals, as if our whole social scheme were not one huge, frightful, maddening medal system, the young people commit book after book to memory, and greet you at your coming, not with gay words, kisses, smiles, and questions about common things which you would gladly answer, but with problems in arithmetic, or questions in geography, or even with more abstruse difficulties, — matters, it may be, beyond your own humble shallows. They have no time for household sports, and, if you are not on the watch, are already in school before you have had an opportunity to offer the morning prayer. They are too studious of geography to look at the earth, and too much devoted to astronomy to gaze up at the heavens, and so much given to physiology as to have no time left for the care of their health. They must be got on. The mark is made for the most gifted, and the rest must forever be trying without success to reach it, acquiring a positive disrelish for good learning. In what book of wisdom, sacred or profane, is it written that the active life of man or woman must begin at twenty-one or at eighteen? Why should we insist that precocity shall give the rule to mediocrity, or be impatient with our children if they are in no haste to succeed to the places of men who seem to be in no haste to leave them? Just as the warehouses of commerce are thrusting the family mansion into the suburbs of the city, so the competitions of business, and the ambitious pursuit of knowledge, and the general haste of the times, are restricting the sphere of the home within those quiet rural districts where time is not thought

to be too valuable for unpretending home purposes. Such spots are still to be found, fertile villages and sunny hill-sides graced by old homesteads worthy of the name, — homesteads which are more than "tenements" of so much or so little frontage and depth, capacious, irregular, approached not by a gravelled carriage-way, but only by the scarcely-marked wheel-path through the green yard, well sheltered by our noble elms and by farm buildings of every size and description, — stables for the beasts, barns for the hay, and garners for the corn. Though such an abode may be far from architecturally beautiful, one can have associations with it that would be wholly out of the question within the limits of a city, that has resigned its old gardens to the housebuilder, and banished the children from private play-rooms, and all the old nooks and haunts which childhood loves, to the public gymnasium. There are descendants of Puritans who celebrate Thanksgiving eve in such old and oaken-framed dwellings, as their English ancestors, before they became Puritans, celebrated Christmas Eve in English farm-houses.

It should be added, that the luxurious habits which have inevitably followed an increase of prosperity must be reckoned amongst the hinderances to a true development of household life. The generation that has accumulated wealth seldom learns to expend it with judgment, and is ready to substitute for an attractive simplicity a profusion which vitiates the appetite bodily and mental, destroying even the keen relish of childhood, condemns the young to the satiety and fastidiousness of those who have exhausted in years of enjoyment every fountain of pleasure, and can find nothing new under the sun any longer. A love of display may seriously interfere with the informal amusements and festivities of the home, and prevent the household from enjoying itself at all because it cannot enjoy itself in fashionable ways.

And, moreover, it is a question well deserving to be

asked, whether we are not doing more than is wise to draw away from their homes, to evening lectures and the like, those whose hours belong to their families, and who would be quite as much instructed and entertained by home readings of pleasant books, by music and drawing and household games, as by discourses upon literature and science, which are so often exceedingly superficial, if not positively unsound? Does any one who has a home need a place in which, as the phrase is, "to spend his evenings"? It would seem to be quite as wise, whilst we are providing unions, and libraries, and lectures for homeless apprentices exposed to all the temptations of a city life, to imitate the example of that practical philanthropist, the late Joseph Curtis of New York city, and try to make these young people homeless no longer, by opening for them abiding-places where they can have something more than food and shelter. Lectures and public meetings, religious and secular, are very well in their way, but they are no substitutes for homes, and are very likely to minister to mental and spiritual dissipation. Indeed, every assembling of men and women which comes as a rival to the household, whether it be styled institute or club, or even vestry, should be closely scrutinized, and anything like usurpation of home rights should be stoutly resisted.

And now it is but justice to follow these warnings against encroachments, actual or meditated, by a hearty recognition of what the earnest activity of the times will be sure to accomplish for the Home just in proportion as the good and wise strive to turn the wonderful material and intellectual resources of the age to the best account. Who can tell the multitude of comforts and elegances which modern skill and industry have poured into the dwellings of the humblest classes, — carpets, unknown not many generations since to princes, garments as tasteful as they are cheap, pictures of the different members of the household not equalled for accuracy and beauty by the portraits

which wealth buys of famous artists, letters from absent ones written upon cheap paper and brought by penny mails, the best books, whether for temporary use or for ownership, and to every man who can read, his newspaper. Lord Brougham, in his address delivered before the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, on the 11th of October, 1858, gives many interesting facts relating to the circulation of cheap publications amongst the masses of England. The Penny Magazine, the pioneer amongst journals for the people, had, at the point of its highest circulation, a million of readers, — each paper passing through several hands; and some estimate may be formed of the care with which the work was prepared from the statement made by Lord Brougham, that as much as sixty guineas was paid in one instance for the engraving of a single plate. It seems that there are now circulating weekly in England, amongst 1,200,000 subscribers, nine newspapers for the common people; and, besides these, cheap but very valuable illustrated histories and popular works of science, not to speak of books distinctively religious and reformatory, find their way regularly and in great numbers to the homes of the great multitude of manual laborers. I allude to these things because they are not perhaps quite so familiar as some other matters kindred to them and equally significant, but nearer home. By and by, besides all that has been instanced, the laborer shall have at little or no cost abundance of sun and air, as he now has pure water, artificial heat and light, when they are needed, — many of the benefits promised by association, without the curses that have fallen upon those who, following Owen, Fourier, and Louis Blanc, would caricature creation, and make a new world, instead of making the best of this. The most skilful laborers and the most gifted artists are even now toiling, unconsciously it may be, yet really, to make the Home attractive, — to multiply the sources of refining and instructive pleasures, to give us elegance and a beautiful simplicity in the place of mere

glitter and tawdriness, to connect useful knowledge with amusement, and, by numberless labor-saving inventions, to release from drudgery all who wish to be released, and who will not ingeniously devise some new task as soon as you have discharged them from an old one. The spirit of the age will work no mischief to the children of wisdom.

And now for the conclusion of the whole matter. Suffer no man to despise the home, or to make it second to any human interest or institution. Insist that it shall have time and space, thought and affection, — that it shall be intruded upon neither by the market-place nor by the school, nor even by the church. Let there be time for its duties, its pleasures, its studies, its prayers. It will help on the world unspeakably, if each one who has a household will try to rule it in wisdom and love. Why not make a home for our own children, as well as be ever laboring to secure for them the means with which they can make homes? Household days and opportunities, like everything else in our world, are of brief continuance: they may be gone, unless they are speedily availed of; seize them and turn them to account, and their fruit will be, not for time only, but for eternity as well. When we shall have done our work, whatever it may be, we mean to return to our homes, as the Jews return to Palestine and the wandering Swiss and Tyrolese to Switzerland and the Tyrol, to rest and die. Would it not be better to go home to *live*, to improve the present, to look upon the faces of the children whilst they are still children, to make those wiser and better and happier who may receive so much of their wisdom, goodness, and happiness at our hands?

E.

BIRTH FROM ABOVE.

BIRTH means formation. The progress of every created thing is through the gates of birth. It is not a process, as we inaccurately suppose, that is limited to the animal kingdom and to man, but runs through all the lower departments of nature, as well.

Every blind spherule of mineral matter is gestated into geometrical shape, through the laws of crystallization, as truly as the young of the animal through the laws of animal formation. When the vegetable soul in the planted seed parts asunder its envelope and pushes its green blade into air and life, it is born into this world by essentially the same process as our babes are born. In filling the cycle of its growth, the plant may be said to have several births. Its growth is not a continuous development. The fruit does not come from the seed by a simple and regular progression, but it is reached through certain well-defined and clearly marked stages or steps; first the stem, branches, and leaves, next the blossom, finally the fruit. Each stage is the development of a new set of powers, — the birth of a new organism in the plant. At first it is a mere stem and leaf. If you watch a plant during the spring and early summer, to appearance it lives for the sole purpose of enlarging its stem and multiplying its leaves; and were we ourselves to live no longer, we should conclude, and allowably so, that its growth was completed in this process. Soon, however, the production of foliage is found to be only a preparatory step. As the season advances, another class of organs appear. The development of stem and leaf abates, and the plant covers itself with blossoms. And, lastly, the blossoms yield to fruit and seed again. From the first, the buds, blossoms, and fruit were all in the seed, as integral parts of its idea, but only as possibilities, — as embryos. They cannot be said to have any existence until they are formed or

born, and emerge into the light and air of the world. It would therefore be strictly correct for the botanist or the gardener to say of a seed, that it must pass through successive stages of development, — that it must be born again and again before it can perfect its destiny. It is just so with man. Through physical birth he only enters into instinctive, sensual life.

The new-born babe can eat and sleep like any other animal, but he has no thoughts; he does not reason, and he does not love. He gives no evidence of mind. These faculties are latent and unformed as yet; and he must be born again and again before he can enter the manly life of responsibility, of reason, and of will.

But no one of these changes, whether of the plant, the animal, or the merely natural life of man, is the birth referred to in our text, — the birth "from above." For these changes do not lift the creature upwards. They are horizontal, rather than ascending developments of life, ending on the same plane whence they begun. The birth from above belongs to the higher life of man.

Man alone, while he absorbs and repeats all the changes of nature below him; while he reproduces all the births and experiences of the mineral kingdom in his osseous or bony framework, of the vegetable kingdom in his fleshly organism, of the animal kingdom in his nervous structure; — while, I say, man is thus the regal self-hood to which all these kingdoms point, and in which they all melt and fuse, all nature confessing itself resumed and epitomized in man, he has superadded another faculty, which makes him a fit child of God, lifts him into full acknowledgment of the Infinite, and at once expresses all the distance between human history and mere animal growth, between man's eternal progress and nature's eternal immobility, between the starry splendors of human aspiration and the dull, ungenial fires of mere brute community.

Man alone can rise from nature into spiritual life through

the "birth from above." Foldings are wrapped about us, nature within nature, life within life, hiding the ovaries of the noblest spiritual powers, which must yet come forth, and be born, and unfold themselves through the infinite ages. Spiritual capacities have we, through which, when opened, a power which is out of us and about us sends its eternal utterances into our inmost being.

Not more surely does man's sensuous nature open outward and downward, relating itself to all mineral, all vegetable, all animal forms, than a finer faculty opens inward and upward, through which he is brought in contact with God, and receives ceaseless communications from Him. "Not more surely do the organs of sense bring into his ear the sound of waters, or over his brow the breath of breezes, than his spiritual sense admits to his soul the aura of heaven, and the still and awful beatings from the heart of God." There is in human nature, and in that alone, a germ or capacity made, from the beginning, receptive of the Divine Spirit, and opening upwards towards the spiritual world, even as the plant is receptive of the light and the heat of the solar beams, and opens upward towards the sunshine in which it warms and grows. The animal can never know a superior inspiration to that which his nature devolves upon him, as it devolved upon all his progenitors. He is void of spiritual consciousness, incapable of transcending the natural plane, or of preferring an infinite good to a finite one.

But this is the eternal distinction of man, "that the entire sparkling and melodious universe of sense is but the appanage of his nature, is but the furniture of his proper life," while the INMOST of his soul can be vivified by infinite love, and made lustrous with the splendors of God, through the birth that is from above.

The stone, the horse, or the lily which fills the worshipping air with its dazzling sheen, has only a natural existence, essentially finite and perishable. It is a creature of

time and space, outside of all immediate relation to God, of all spiritual lift above the dead level of sense, and never existing by virtue of its inward commerce with infinite Goodness and Truth.

But the opulence of man's nature is such,—it is so veritably grand and august, so filled with inward being, so woven upon the substance of God, — that when we throw off nature as we drop our garments from us at night, and all other things find their ending, our distinctive human life only finds its true beginning. This interior life of man is spoken of by Jesus in his Gospel under various names, as "the treasure laid up in heaven, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt;" as the "pearl of great price," to purchase which a man "sold all that he had;" as the "one thing needful;" as the "kingdom of Heaven," or the "kingdom of God." Jesus declared that a man must be "born from above,"—that is, he must be born into this kingdom, before he can see it, or enter it, or possess it.

And this announcement, like so many other of his teachings, is not the deep and impenetrable mystery that theologians would make it, but the concise presentation of a simple, well-understood, and universal law. It is not even a figurative statement, but a literal fact.

It is the utterance of a great truth in harmony with, and illustrated by, the method and manner in which we gain all our knowledge. Any great division of things, or any large system of truths, is called in common language a kingdom. Thus the three great divisions of natural forms are termed the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. And we sometimes speak of the great kingdoms of the atmosphere, the ether, the electric and magnetic auras, or the denser forms of solids and fluids. We speak of the kingdoms of sound, of light, of odors, of taste, or of touch. On turning from the material world to the mind, we may consider the trades, the arts, the professions, the sciences, each as kingdoms. And rising yet higher, we may in Scripture phrase

term all that superb field of spiritual relations which link us to God in a nearness more profound than to our own bodies, as "the kingdom of God."

Now how do we enter any of these kingdoms? Is it not by being "born" into them? Is it not by having some sense or faculty, corresponding to the kingdom and capable of receiving impressions from it, developed out of the germ state into formation, birth, and life? A man can only enter the kingdom of light through that part of his nature which is fitted to receive impressions from the light, — through the sense of sight, — through the organism of the eye. If that sense has never been born into actual formation and life, the man can never enter the kingdom of Light.

Of all that mighty ocean of sunshine which on a long summer day floods the earth miles deep with its solar tides, the blind man has no more sensation than the rock upon our coast of the ocean's tide and surge. He stands without that kingdom, for the sense by which alone he enters it is unborn within him. We can only enter the kingdom of sound, with its boundless and inestimable wealth of human speech and many-voiced harmony, through the sense of hearing, by which sounds reach and impress us. And he in whom that sense is wanting and unborn cannot enter the kingdom of sound. So we enter the kingdom of odors, of taste, and of touch, through the birth and growth of those senses in us which can receive impressions from those kingdoms, and only thus.

The same law applies to the kingdoms of mental truth. The peasant or the clown travels up and down over the surface of the earth; he sees beneath him the steadfast soil, and above his head the mighty westering arch over which the sun is slowly rolling. The same divine handwriting is unrolled before his unobservant eyes that meets the exploring gaze of Liebig, Lyell, or Agassiz. But he cannot enter the wondrous kingdoms of chemical, geological, and astronomical truth. His scientific mind is unborn; he has no faculty formed and

active within him that can commune with this class of truths, and see their varied relations and revelations. He cannot map and measure the blue dome above him. The solid substances of nature will not fly apart at his uninstructed touch, and reveal the secrets of their affinities. Nor will the hardened leaves of the earth's crust yield up to his rude questioning the hoary secrets of geologic history. There is no way for him to enter the varied kingdoms of scientific knowledge, but by the birth and growth of that part of his nature which corresponds to those kingdoms and is fitted to commune with them. The kingdom of God is a spiritual kingdom. It is composed of all those spiritual and celestial influences which form the wealthy bond of angelic union, which are the life-blood of heaven, and which will make man the image and likeness of his Divine Original. He is fitted to possess and enjoy this heavenly inheritance — this kingdom of God — as fully as he is fitted to possess and enjoy the lower kingdoms of matter and of mind. He has spiritual powers within him fitted to receive impressions from the "kingdom of God," as the eye, the ear, the taste, the smell, the touch, are fitted to receive impressions from the kingdom of matter, or as the mental powers are fitted to receive impressions from the varied realms of scientific truths.

And as your senses must first be formed and your scientific faculties be developed before you can enter the respective kingdoms to which they lead, so your spiritual powers must be born, and grow into habitual and controlling use, before you can pass into the kingdom of God. You cannot see it, nor enter it, without being "born from above."

The kingdom of God is not a realm far off in space, to which the event of death shall introduce us. Death only brings us into the spiritual world, and then, if our higher faculties are unborn, we shall still stand outside of God's kingdom, as a man blind from birth may grope painfully over this broad earth in a rayless and endless night, never

entering the kingdom of light, though it lies all about him, pouring its warm influence upon him, and bathing the world with grandeur and beauty.

Jesus, then, in declaring the solemn and irrevocable conditions of our entrance into the kingdom of Heaven, stated no single and arbitrary fact, but a universal law, confirmed by our experience of the manner in which we gain all our knowledge.

Man can only receive what his open, living faculties fit him to receive, — what his developed powers can bring him into free and open relation with. This, and only this. Thus we see that there is a fixed law, rooted in human nature and human life, that we must be born into every kingdom of Truth, whether of matter, of mind, or of heaven, or we cannot enter into it. Do you ask now how this birth from above can be accomplished by us? How can those sweet and awful senses within us be opened, through which as through a channel the finite human bosom is brought into perfect accord and oneness with the infinite Divine Love, making even our despised bodies the adequate and ample temple of God, and gathering up with every throb of our natural lives the infinite forces of Deity, as wheat is gathered up in a sheaf?

Jesus answers this question in words so clear and so concise that all men can treasure them up and walk by them forever. "Except a man be born from above, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God," — thus he states the law. "If thou wouldst enter into eternal life, keep the commandments," — thus he points out the way. "All of the commandments are included in this, Thou shalt love the Lord with thy whole heart and thy neighbor as thyself," — thus he shows us what is meant by the commandments. He covers the whole infinite sphere of religion, of Heaven, and of God by the one word, *Love*.

The law of Love is the sure entrance and the only entrance into eternal life. If we with hearty consent and

co-operation strive to keep this law supremely, in least and in greatest things, — if, undeterred by frequent, nay, incessant defeats, we still struggle on, rising, like David, with new energy after every fall, and clinging closer to the Lord's outstretched arm, — we shall find Jesus, and the Holy Spirit, and the kingdom of God, becoming more and more blessedly and thrillingly *real* to our consciousness. Little by little our selfish aims and ends will be rooted up and cast out, and we will find the work of the higher birth — the work of the soul's regeneration — going gradually on to its blessed completeness.

Day by day, while walking and working on the earth, and fulfilling every duty of the natural life with a more finished faithfulness and a fuller fidelity, we shall feel that we are living in two worlds, mingling with men, and communing with Heaven. And when God's band of angels shall close round us, and at the touch of death the frail walls of matter that now shut us in shall fall away, our eyes shall open and our feet shall stand amid the unveiled and lustrous and unimaginable glories of the kingdom of God!

O my brother and my sister, perplexed about many things, the slaves of selfish habits, drawn hither and thither at the will of hurtful and worldly lusts, gazing at Religion afar off, as at some mysterious and unapproachable thing, look up! There is yet hope for you and for me. Look up to that most Blessed Life written all over with Heaven's great Law of Love; who left his shining home above, and clothed his radiant head with weeds of misery, and drained man's brimming cup of shame, and gathered in his arms the harlot and the outcast, and warmed on his own heart the sobbing and prostrate souls of the lost. Look to Him and strive to keep his Law. Though innumerable times we fail, and our feet stumble and fall in the deeply worn paths of selfish habit, let us but strive the more. Though seventy and seven times in a single day we falter and fail, let us

strive on, let us die striving. Then shall we find that that same Jesus will leave those of his flock whom he hath safely gathered home, and will go through the dark night seeking us, even *us*, the most erring and the most unworthy of all God's children; and when he has found us, he will carry us in his arms, and "there shall be one fold and one shepherd." *

E. M. W.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.†

PART II.

"But if the children chanced to die
Ere they to age did come,
Their uncle should possess their wealthe,
For so the wille did run."
Old Ballad.

THE UNCLE (*in the Portrait Gallery*).

ALWAYS thou wert my foe, most envied one!
And yet unknowingly! For woman's heart
Not gentler is, nor purer, than was thine!
But thou art gone, — and now, why may not I
Be lord of this fair castle and domain?
A fragile boy of scarce three summers' age —
What more? an infant girl — doth stand between
Me and my pride's ambition! A light touch
May scatter, or a breeze of heaven blight
The tender lily-buds, and — didst thou hear
Unspoken words, mute picture? Ah, thou canst
Not search the deep and secret labyrinths

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* Those of our readers who may be desirous of seeing the main idea of this article presented with great clearness, beauty, and power are referred to a published sermon on Regeneration, by Rev. Chauncey Giles of Cincinnati.

† The reader will please refer to the February number (1859) of the Magazine, for the first part of this beautiful little drama. We suppose a Third Part is yet to come. — EDS.

Of this dark, tortured heart! E'en in thy life
Thou wast unconscious of the fire that burned
In smothered flames, hidden from human sight
Down deep in this despairing breast, — a slow,
Consuming anguish, which, in thy calm soul,
Thou couldst not feel nor comprehend! I did
But fancy that thine eye had read my heart's
Most secret thought! Thou too, — thou too art gone,
Pure, lovely Edith! and my vow to thee
Shall be fulfilled! Thou art an angel now,
And I will guard thy tender lily-buds
From blighting, for thy sake!

The Castle Terrace.

BERTHA.

She 's gone to Heaven!

EDGAR.

And will she come again?

BERTHA.

Ah, no! my child!
Not here, — but she will wait for thee to come
To her in Heaven.

EDGAR.

Bertha, when shall we go?
Is Heaven where our Nelly lives, — in yon
Dark forest, where sweet posies grow, covered
With fallen leaves, — so she must look to find
Them, as they peep from out their hiding-place?
Then shall we go, dear Bertha, very soon?

BERTHA.

Ah, no! my child! It is too far to find
It now, — but, by and by, you both shall go,
And be with her you love, forevermore!

[BERTHA *leads him away.*

THE UNCLE *appears on the terrace.*

Why haunt me thus, tormenting thoughts? Awake,
Asleep, ye come! forever with me! Hence!
Begone! ye temptings of the Evil One!
Cursed through all my life, most deeply curst
I 've been, — and, Edith, if my vow to thee
Be broke, I shall be doubly cursed! — Hence!

Evening.

(BERTHA *watches the sleeping babes*).

BERTHA.

Ah, sad, sad fate, to lose thee, dearest one!
Methinks I weep fountains of tears, that thou
Art gone! Cease, selfish heart, thus to repine!
Thou art far happier now, than dwelling here,
In this dark, gloomy castle, — desolate.
How sweetly now they sleep, fair orphan babes!
And is their mother's dream to be fulfilled?
I cannot hope so! Will they pine away
From sorrow that she comes not? Edgar mourns,
And is almost heart-broken! Ah! he sighs
So deeply now! The little Jane forgets
How many days are gone since her last kiss,
And thinks she 'll wake to see her in the morn.
Sleep, little slumberers! Her unseen watch
An angel mother keeps around you! Sleep!

"Reconcile the events of things unto both beings, that is, of this world and the next; so will there not seem so many riddles in Providence, nor various inequalities in the dispensation of things below. If thou dost not anoint thy face, yet put not on sackcloth at the felicities of others."

VISIT TO THE READING-ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

I WILL take you, reader, to an institution which not many American travellers have the leisure to visit, but which is one of the noblest and most worthy of Great Britain. I speak of the new Reading-Room of the British Museum. The Museum is itself one of the London lions, and few Americans visit London, I trust, without spending a day among its ample collections; but the library itself is more out of the way, and is not a publicly exhibited curiosity. So I think I shall be on fresh ground, if I give you a little account of this interesting department.

The visitor to the British Museum sees close by that startling statue of Shakespeare, the "eye in fine frenzy rolling," two glass doors, over which are the words "To THE READING-ROOM," and on which are in gilt lettering, "For Readers only." Taking advantage of my guidance, for I am a "reader," and have a bit of pasteboard in my pocket which will admit us, we pass through a long corridor to another pair of glass doors, where a keeper tests our right to enter, and, finding all correct, ushers us into one of the most splendid rooms in the world. When I was in London years ago, and used to study in the Museum library, the old reading-room seemed sumptuous and most convenient; but this one makes the other so insignificant, that I cannot recall even the rudest outlines of its appearance. Well, here you are in a room which is a dome in itself, and nothing but a dome, — rising one hundred feet from the ground, and yet with a diameter of a hundred and forty feet, one foot more than that of St. Peter's at Rome! The top is richly but softly gilded, and all the light of the room falls from those shaded windows which you see there. Climbing up the sides of this great dome are the circling rows of books, about twenty-five feet high, with galleries running around to

accommodate the attendants. There are twenty-five miles of shelving in this room, and eighty thousand books. And yet this is not the quarter of all.

And now, when you have feasted your eyes on the sight of so vast a dome, and of such throngs of books, look at the arrangement on the floor. What are you treading on? I cannot think, unless it be leather, for it is firm, but soft, and has a decidedly leathery look. That deadens all the footfalls, and so the scores of readers and attendants go to and fro, and no student is disturbed. Let us go up into the first gallery that runs around the dome, and look down upon the floor and note its arrangement. It looks like a star, or like the city of Carlsruhe in Germany, if that be a more evident and palpable illustration. In the centre of all is a circular table enclosing a space about twelve feet in diameter, where sits the Superintendent with half a dozen assistants. His throne or dais is elevated about a foot above the floor. Around this is a walk, about five feet broad, and then another circular table, beneath which stands, in huge folios, the catalogue of the library. This table or counter must be over seventy feet in length, and of course is broken up by a number of alleys through it. Outside of this is still another walk, and still another circular table of yet greater length than the last. This too has the ponderous catalogue running along, folio after folio, under it. Thus as you look down upon the whole from above, you see three concentric rings; the inner table for the officers, the outer two for the readers. Of course persons consulting the catalogues can stand on the inside or the outside; that is, nearest the centre of the room, or nearest the walls. I wish I could tell you how many scores of those great folio volumes make up the catalogue, but I cannot. There are so many, however, that very rarely do two readers want the same volume at the same time. Of course they are in manuscript form, and there is only one copy in the world; and yet the rate of increase of books in this library is so

great, that it keeps twelve men busy in writing the slips and pasting them into the catalogue.

Well, let us look a little further into the arrangement of this finest reading-room in the world. Outside of the exterior of these concentric tables runs a path of seven or eight feet in width, and from that radiate to the walls, or rather to the spacious path along by the book-shelves, readers' tables. These are the rays of the star to which I likened the reading-room. Each of these long tables has a partition running its entire length, so that the readers on the one side cannot see those on the other side. This screen serves a number of uses. It contains pipes for hot air in winter, and for a draught of cool air in summer: it has a recess in it for an ink-well and quill-pens: it has two movable and most convenient book-racks for each person. These are so ingenious that I will not attempt to describe. They will hold a book at any height or angle which you may desire, and accommodate you equally well, whether you are reading or copying. Under the table runs a pipe for cold water, to serve as a foot-warmer in winter. The chairs are most luxurious and inviting. Three hundred readers can be accommodated there, and very often the room is full. It is an institution worthy of Great Britain. As old puritanic Boston may rightly be proud of her New Library, so may London and England be proud of the Library and the Reading-Room of the British Museum. This is the only library in Europe, so far as I know, that is not hampered by so many restrictions as to be little availing to the general scholar. I have used those of Paris and Dresden and Berlin, and would rather have a good library of twenty thousand volumes *at my command*, than the hundreds of thousands of those vast collections, under the petty and annoying restrictions which the reader must endure. But the British Museum is open without charge, and most freely. A person who wishes to use the reading-room applies over his signature for permission, and has the

indorsement of some respectable citizen, and the request is immediately granted. Without any expense or any annoyance to the individual, this great collection is freely opened to the British public; and here am I, an American citizen, enjoying the same great advantages.

You will wish to get a glimpse of the *modus operandi*. Do you notice those little slips of blue paper which are just at hand at every yard of the catalogue tables? Tear one off, and you will see on the back the few brief regulations of the reading-room, and on the other, five divisions, in one of which you write the book-mark, that is, the library shelf which contains the volume, then the full title of the work wanted, then the size, then the place and date of publication. Hand that to one of those softly-stepping young men, and take your seat and read your newspaper, or take down one of the twenty thousand volumes which you can reach with your hand as you walk the circuit of the great reading-room. In about half an hour the young man will return: there is your book, or, if you asked for half a dozen or for fifty, there they are: now use them at your will. It is computed that every reader at the Museum consults on an average over six volumes a day. There is absolutely no limit to the number of volumes which can be ordered. I have seen an attendant bring a wheelbarrow-load at a time. All kinds of people come here, and I love to see the kinds of books which are called for. Here comes a gentleman with hair just touched with gray, and with a thoughtful, expressive face. He wants the Latin Chroniclers of the First Crusade. Here comes a smart, stylishly-dressed young fellow, with a goatee and moustaches; he wants one of Bulwer's early novels. A pretty lady, rather carelessly dressed, comes to the table next; she is looking for works of art. So all kinds of people are here: authors and loungers, all are accommodated by this magnificent institution of the British Empire.

There are a hundred details which I would be glad to enter into, which make up the perfectness of this library;

but the limits of my letter will not allow me to say more than this,—that, so far as regards the matter of ventilation, it is so complete that a current of air is being continually forced up behind the books to keep them well aired. With such precautions as these and the like, there is no limit to the time which the valuable collection shall endure. And long may it exist, an honor and source of rich intellectual life to the country from whose munificence it has sprung.

W.

London, October 27th, 1859.

Do we not often find that a halo hovers around the memory of past days, as if they had been seasons of unmingled happiness, or at least of fewer anxieties and sorrows than the present? So they seem as we look back upon them through the mellowing haze of years, softening and blending them into one uniform hue of quiet satisfaction, if not of gladness. Yet when we review and analyze them, we find that their flow was broken by many sorrows, which then were hard to bear, and overshadowed by anxieties which sometimes appalled the heart. Perhaps the memory of some loved one, now removed from us, sheds such a glory over past years, that even the recollection of pain and sorrow is gilded by the thought of her: and are there not those around us now, by whose dear presence our path is brightened,—whose sympathy heightens our joys, and gives us strength and patience to endure every sorrow? May not the years come, when we shall revert to the present time as bright with joys since passed away?

Let us gratefully cherish the memory of the past, thanking God for all its pleasures of love and joy; but let us not be unmindful of present blessings, for they are without number; and every night and every morning should awaken cheerful thanksgiving for the "goodness and mercy" which follow us all the days of our life.

A PLAN OF LIFE.

A SERMON FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS, D. D.

1 CORINTHIANS vi. 3: — "The things that pertain to this life."

THERE may be some here present, who, with their other thoughts and feelings on entering upon a New Year, may have raised or recalled in their minds some questions as to their Plan of Life. The Plan of Life, — the principle or method or aim of existence, — let this be our present theme. It is, of course, a theme altogether too extensive for a satisfactory treatment in a sermon, and it is one of those vast and comprehensive subjects on which hints and gleams of wise counsel may more reasonably content us than upon some simpler subjects. It is very difficult to apply an exhaustive wisdom to such a theme, or to find in the exercise of a single mind upon it a train of thought to which the moral sense of any large number of persons will respond. In our common literature there are two prevailing ways, in the one or the other of which this theme is treated; and while all moralists and essayists have dealt with it, many have sounded it too deeply, or have but skimmed over it superficially, whether in prose or poetry.

One prevailing style and tone of writing on the plan of living has produced many dull and dreary volumes, in which theology has swallowed up humanity, and ghostly counsels and rigid severities have been proposed against every natural feeling within us. How sombre and repulsive, to the young especially, are some of those grim treatises which are filled with prohibitions of everything that seems to them most genial, and which require terms utterly arbitrary and unreal to them! There can be no doubt but that the substance and essence of even the most rigid catechism of life are in the main true. But when a code for conduct and

character and business is drawn out into specific rules, for daily toil, and a measured demeanor, and a piety performed by rote, there is something so stiff in the method as to repel most readers, even among the well disposed.

The other prevailing characteristic of many sermons and essays on the plan of life is a sort of rhetorical, sentimental, high-wrought, or exaggerated way of describing human experience, with its various incidents. Life is thus delineated in heroic poetry: and commonplace matters, instead of being treated with that homely simplicity which best befits them, are swollen out with fanciful and foggy rhetoric. We are told about the "mission of life," "the nobility of toil," "the glory of not succeeding," and "the chivalry of self-devotion." We feel, on reading such swollen exaggerations of commonplace cares and experiences, as if we were walking on stilts, and had got elevated above the earth, in a way that made a sure footing in it only the more precarious. When we are seeking to form or amend our plan of living, we do not wish for rhetorical rhapsodies, nor for sombre shades cast from the vanities of mortality, but for some simple, cheerful, practical views, which we may understand, approve, and then put in practice.

And how large a portion of those here present may be supposed to be interested in this theme, or open to instruction from it? That depends very much upon the way in which the theme is entered upon, and the manner in which it engages their attention. It may be well, therefore, to define at once what is meant by a plan or method of living. The theme of course will vary in its general features, according to the audience before which it is treated. For any assembly composed of one class of persons, — the young, or the middle-aged, — belonging to a profession, a trade, or any common calling, — a plan of life might be defined or described in many particulars which must be overlooked in a more general view of it. It seems more difficult to state such a plan as is applicable or available to any large number

of persons, independently of age, circumstances, means, or occupation. Yet there must be a common wisdom, which, like air and bread and water, is needed by us all. Amid the varying elements of human experience and capacity there is a substantial similarity in the virtues which we are all to practise, in the vices which we have all to shun, and in the follies, temptations, duties, rewards, and successes of life.

There is, however, one very embarrassing difficulty which now besets the treatment of all moral themes concerning human life. This is the difficulty of saying what is, and what is not, natural, or in accordance with nature. We say that a great many desires and habits and pursuits are natural to man, which we should find it very hard to vindicate by referring them to any healthful, instinctive action of his original nature. What is natural, and what is unnatural to man? Who can tell us? How can we decide? Where is the tribunal for debating the question? One witness tells us that it is natural for young persons to be giddy, to dread labor or sedateness, to love dissipation, gayety, extravagance, indolence. Another witness says that it is natural for men to love money, to crave the more the more they have of it. And so we may hear various passions or motives or aims in life described as natural to us. What is meant by this? It would not be difficult, I think, to show that many things which are said to be natural to man are in fact extremely artificial, and therefore unnatural to him. The difficulty of estimating or deciding what is natural to man is very much increased by the fact, that the very persons whom we pronounce upon are living amid all the artificial circumstances of a strange and complicated society. We may say that it is natural for savages to bore their noses, and slit their ears, and tattoo or paint their bodies. But we should not consider it natural for us to do so. Now it may be that civilization, the usages of our crowded, struggling, and artificial society, take us as far beyond what is natural to us in one

direction, as savages stray from nature in another direction. We certainly may say that many of the absorbing interests and ends which enter into the plan of life for thousands among us are artificial, not simply and instinctively natural.

Having in view these difficulties in attempting to define a true plan of life for people in general, we can look only for some general counsels. There are great differences to be allowed for in the tastes and capacities of individuals, in their various talents and circumstances, in the necessities of obtaining a livelihood, or in the possession of an independence. For all our present purposes we may define a Plan of Life to mean a method of living according to some well-considered principles, which our honest judgment approves, which will turn our lives to a good account, will guard us from folly, remorse, and shame, and make it on the whole desirable for us at least that we have lived. Anything that will secure those conditions will be a plan of life. If there be those who do not care to secure those conditions, they, of course, cannot be expected to wish to have any plan of life. If they are willing to drift without steering, it will be very difficult to persuade them that there is such a thing as navigation. Their bark of life is their own, and the only person that can steer the vessel is the one that is on board of it, and has his all with him.

To have a plan of life is to infuse as much as possible of a conscious and intelligent choice into the circumstances of our existence, — to know what we wish to be or to do, and to know how to accomplish the wish. There is a plain, reasonable necessity in having such a plan. Every navigator has a chart; every constructor has a model; every architect makes a draught of his work. How can a human being, with all his enginery of passion and all his weaknesses, expect to go comfortably and wisely through existence, amid all its risks and rivalries, without having considered with himself by what method or principle he shall live? Look at the matter for one moment. You steer a ship, you

guide an engine, you prescribe contracts, you enact laws, and how can you expect that you can stumble by instinct, blindly, unconsciously, upon the method by which it will be well for you to spend your days? You would not be safe in any machine that was so left, and you cannot hope to make anything but a miserable jest or wreck out of your own existence, unless you form a plan for it.

Indeed, the wisest and most practical counsel which can be given on this subject is simply in the words, — "Form a Plan for your existence, — have some Principle, Aim, or Method in it." Before all definitions of that Plan, or any rules by which it is to be formed, stands the simple counsel, — Form some plan. The very purpose is the best part of the work. Admit to yourself the necessity of some plan, and you may be almost certain that you will form a good one. I have but little respect for what are called human instincts, but I have a great deal of respect and confidence in human thoughts, that is, when they are cool, clear, and deliberate. I do not believe many persons could deliberately form bad plans for living, — actually foolish and wicked methods of existence. We do indeed speak of persons who calculate unwisely, scheme foolishly, or choose recklessly. But are we certain that they calculate or choose at all? May it not rather be that they are led or driven by impulse, by a giddy heart, by an ignorant rashness, or a hardy obstinacy? For there is indeed something in cool deliberation, in careful, considerate thoughtfulness, in the pause of the mind and the exercise of a reasoning intelligence casting its scrutiny on the way before us, which partakes of true wisdom, and gives promise of good fruit. I have that respect for the working of a sincere mind upon life, which leads me to believe that any one who will take a fit time, and a fair mood, and an honest purpose, and sit down with himself to ask, "What shall be my principle in life?" will come upon the track of something that is good.

Now it is hardly to be expected that any persons, except

such as may happen to be very systematic, methodical, and precise in all their ways, will set before themselves a chart of life, and divide their time mathematically, and govern themselves by formal rules, in their labors, their feelings, their expenses and pleasures. There is certainly no harm, still less is there any folly, or anything to be ridiculed as stiff or formal, in this precise planning out of one's life. On the contrary, some of the largest-minded, most devoted, and most eminent persons have confessed themselves to have been governed by such a rigid method, and good and honored persons in all the walks of life have been indebted to just such a plan for much of their virtue, success, and happiness. Nor can there be a question but that the most stiff and rigid plan of life that could be proposed is infinitely preferable to that reckless, haphazard, and slipshod way in which many persons live as regards their duty, their expenses, their enjoyments, and their characters. Is it not evident that the less we yield ourselves to a mere impulsive, spontaneous, heady tendency in life, and the more of conscious choice, of deliberate and sagacious purpose we infuse into our existence, the more reasonable and safe will be our conduct under all circumstances? And this is especially true in a state of society like our own, where the influence and example of others operate upon us in ways which almost deprive us of our independence, if we do not assert it to ourselves by forming our own plans, and sitting in calm judgment upon the best method of life.

Supposing, however, that no formal, rigid method can be generally recommended, because it would be to some unnatural, and to others stiff, cramping, or oppressive, there must, nevertheless, be a common wisdom applicable in some simple lessons to life. As there are approved rules for discretion, economy, safety, and excellence in every subordinate end or object of existence, there must be a use for a good understanding and a deliberate plan for it as a whole. It is a deplorable thing for any one merely to waste his life,

— how much more of loss and grief that waste involves, who of us can know?

The essential wisdom which enters into a good plan or method of life must be simple and easily put in practice. It may be taken for granted, that every one who seeks conscientiously and deliberately to form a plan of life will sooner or later recognize these three aims: he will wish to be respectable, to be useful, and to succeed eminently, or at least moderately, through his own exertions. His plan will embrace exertion, prosperity, and integrity. No plan of life which does not recognize those three conditions will bear being looked at by a thoughtful mind, or prove satisfactory to any right-principled person. A plan that does embrace them all must be interesting to a large number of all classes around us. Young persons certainly, who are not willing to creep on through existence as mere ciphers, or encumbrances or positive pests of society, must approve such a plan, if they can only be induced to engage their own minds earnestly in it. Indeed, where in all the scenes which society offers is there a finer spectacle, or a more elevated object, than that of a young person using the first glow and pride of mature years to form a good plan of life, a really conscientious and intelligent plan, which embraces true dignity, hearty effort, and the hope of honorable success?

And such a plan may be had in view, not only in youth, but in more advanced stages of life. There are many persons who have got far on upon the probable extent of their existence in a sort of spasmodic, irregular, impulsive way, led from year to year by no fixed methods, through blunders and follies and all sorts of half-purposes. They are, of course, not satisfied with themselves, nor likely ever to be if they go on in the same way. They have alternately fits of folly and fits of wisdom, sometimes very rigid, exact, economical, prudent, at other times reckless, wasteful, and inconsiderate. The simple reason of it all is, that they have never formed any plan of life, nor set before themselves in

order, one by one, the great aims which they should pursue according to their relative value, and the subordinate aims which they should incidentally catch at as opportunity offers, or let go if they require much trouble. These persons may say, It is too late for us to think about a plan of life, as fixed habits and the chain of circumstances have made it impossible for us essentially to alter our course. But, thank God! it is never too late for us to infuse a good, a wiser purpose into our existence, to raise our aims, to purify, elevate, and ennoble these natures which God has given us.

The simple wisdom of a good plan of life will be found to consist chiefly in a method something like this, — to take the common aims of life, which are instinctively, or by force of prevailing custom, the most regarded, to look at them carefully, to clear them of all mere fancies, to distinguish the false and the true in them, and then to follow out the strict, honest, judicious course which will be sure to open itself before us. We shall find at once that there is room and occasion for every one to exercise an independent judgment upon many matters which seem to be settled by public estimate and opinion. It is always well to be influenced in degrees by general opinion, but never to such a degree as to be blindly led in anything. It will be an open question to you through life, how far you are to be influenced by the advice or opinion or example of others. Now we know very well that there are those who will lead us into follies, but will never afford us the least help in getting out of them. It is curious to observe the workings of this fact in speculations, in fashion, in dissipation, in risks of every sort. Therefore it will always be found wise to question all current maxims, all prevailing views of things, — to question them, not for the sake of oddity or eccentricity, but for the sake of safety, and to discover our own way.

There is that one word, Respectability. The definitions which might be given of that word would almost fill a whole dictionary. Sometimes it means a person's clothes,

and sometimes it does not mean even so much as his clothes, but only the shape of them. O, what lures there are in that word, and in other similar words, like "gentility" and "high standing" and "good society," — what lures there are in them to catch and deceive those who do not interpret the words in their own plan of life by the light of a clear, penetrating, independent, and honest judgment! There is that word, Ambition; its right or wrong use will make all the difference in the world in a plan of life. A just and proper ambition, — call it pride or anything else, if so be you mean what is right by it, — is one of the noblest incentives which civilization brings with it. The pride of independence, of a position honestly gained and well sustained, is commendable everywhere. The lowest form which this Ambition takes is that of mere outward show; the highest, is that of real excellence. The very first condition of respectability is, that a person be able to respect himself. Tried by that test, what a strange overturning would there be of our social standards, as they apply to individuals, on the score of respectability! We must learn to try ourselves by it.

One of the first things to be settled, then, in a plan of life, is to draw the line between mere outward accomplishments, adornments, and attractions, and real, sterling acquisitions of every kind. All that gives grace and refinement and elegance to character and life is to be greatly desired; but such things are to be made the fruits of its labors and virtues, not the substitutes for them. It makes a great difference in one's plan of life whether he aims for a life of pleasure, or seeks only to enjoy the healthful and innocent pleasure which comes as the result of exertion and usefulness. In our artificial society there are some who are born to, or who easily obtain, the means of lavish expense and luxury, and who, without any wrong to themselves or others, can gather about them all the elegances of life. The sight of these is a temptation to many, which makes them envy the enjoy-

ment, while it renders labor and effort and self-denial distasteful. And so there grows up a class of persons — a class always increasing — who make wealth their standard, and regard it chiefly as a means of outward display. Here is room for the honest action of an independent mind. Do not follow in this the example of any one, till you have distinguished the true from the false in all the show which is worn upon the face of things.

Exertion, effort, employment of some kind, steadily, constantly, and cheerfully pursued, — that is the staple element of a good plan of life. Call it work, call it even a task if you please, but face it manfully, meet it day by day, as you value your true respectability and success. We often hear the uneasy and the dissatisfied speak of the tasks of life as drudgery. Well, there is no denying that there is a sameness and a weariness about any uniform employment. And if any will show us how to rid ourselves of that without having to bear something worse, we should be glad to hear of it. But after all, what is called the drudgery of any daily employment often lies rather in the reluctant, restless spirit with which it is engaged in, than in anything hard in the work itself. Now it stands to reason that, in our artificial state of society, there must be a close subdivision of employments, that they must be regularly and systematically performed, that all must be diligent and faithful in their own spheres, in order that society may prosper, and the vast sum of general good may be divided into its ten thousand little rills, which will convey to every family and every individual the blessed rewards of industry and healthful comfort.

There is weariness and exhaustion in any steady employment, and sometimes the most diligent and earnest will become depressed under the daily pressure of care. But if we can in this way fairly meet our portion in life's needful discipline, and suffer nothing worse, let us be thankful. The daily blessing comes with the daily occupation, and

can be secured from nothing else. And suppose we could take a public vote, that all these trades and professions and slavish tasks were unnecessary, and should all give up our work, what would become of us? Have we not all as good a right to do this as any have? And what is the result to those who evade the exertion and the task of life? Do they win success and honor? Do they find satisfaction in indolence, or pleasure, or dissipation? No; when they forego employment, they also forego respectability, success, honor, and inward comfort. Their life becomes a waste. They generally die young, and it is better on the whole that they should. Or if they live to age, they run down into insignificance and poverty. Their shattered frames show that something beside care and labor will wear men out, and their dreary, friendless state shows that they have outlived their gay companionship.

Yet while we thus in our Plan of Life face with a cheerful purpose the daily tasks of some honorable, useful work, we must be careful not to grow to our employment, nor to become a part of our tools. We must endeavor to cultivate a genial nature, to be something out of our employment as well as in it, to provide ourselves with resources, to refine and improve our characters, and to do justice to all the softening influences of social life. We cannot all be scholars, nor do we need to be; for a scholar is far from being the highest exhibition of man. We cannot all be persons of taste or accomplishments, and the mere dabblers in such matters are positive nuisances in society. But we can all have a Plan of Life which, after answering the ends of business, shall enable us to cultivate more or less our social, friendly, neighborly feelings, our unselfish feelings, our public spirit. It is, after all, the order in which the desirable ends of life are to be pursued, — the order of them, — which shall stand first, and what second, and so on, — it is this which is the great condition of a good Plan of Life. Duty, this is first by every law of God and of reason, and the

successive parts of our plan are but contingent, because prosperity and wealth and success and happiness are ever uncertain in this world.

Now this or any other good Plan of Life must have a law, a foundation principle, a serious, solemn conviction, to help in forming it, and, what is more, to encourage and secure the performance of it. And there is a strong reluctance in many minds to face a serious view of life. Self-will, pleasure, carelessness, folly, all conspire to countenance many in trifling with life, or at least in thinking that it is of no great consequence whether it bring anything to pass for time or eternity. Now that some who have attempted to give a serious view of life have given only a gloomy, repulsive view of it, and have gathered frightful bugbears about it, may be allowed. But, after all, it is a serious thing to live, that is, to live many years amid all the risks and responsibilities of society. And religion is not the only thing that makes life serious and solemn. Far, far otherwise. Indeed, we have all of us, religious or irreligious, to meet about the same amount of seriousness, to have about as many thoughtful or sombre hours, in the course of life. The seriousness which religion gives to life, a reasonable, truly Christian view of it, is far less sombre or solemn than the seriousness which attends folly or self-reproach, or even an idle, unprofitable life. Is there any seriousness which exceeds in deep, wretched sadness that of an unprincipled or abandoned man in some hour of self-reproach, when by those mysterious workings of the memory the fair visions of an innocent youth come back to him, all tattered and stained by his later depravity? Is there any seriousness more appalling than that with which the gambler turns from an unsuccessful cast, and owns himself a beggar, a fool, a madman? Is there any seriousness more bitter than that of the victim of intemperance when the stings of his own vice pierce him, and he feels that he is imbruted and self-destroyed? Is there any seriousness in religion, any sadness in it, worse

than that of any bad habit, any folly, any way of wasting life? Seriousness! we must all yield to it in some shape, for it is the shadow of the spirit cast upon this earthly life; it is the token of a heart that the earth cannot satisfy, of a desire that existence here does not fill.

Let us admit seriousness, then, into our Plan of Life. And let it find us willing, yes, glad to hear what it will counsel us. Its tones are solemn: we need them. Its words are warnings: they will do us good. Their echoes vibrate through the days of the year that has closed; their lessons address us as we enter upon the year that has begun. "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind: be sober, and hope to the end," for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.

RESURRECTION OF THE NATURAL BODY.

The student of the New Testament must be aware that the notion of the resurrection of dead bodies is nowhere recognized nor implied. The resurrection of the dead is enounced by Christ, and philosophically expounded by St. Paul. The resurrection of the flesh not only is not asserted, but virtually denied. We shall rise in "spiritual bodies," since "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." It becomes a very interesting inquiry, Whence originated this dogma of a resurrection of dead bodies? how came it in the Christian Church? and why is it tenaciously retained?

At the time of Christ's appearing there were three principal sects among the Jews,— the Pharisees, the Essenes, and the Sadducees. The first believed in the resurrection of the material body; the second believed in the immortality of the soul, and future rewards and punishments, but rejected with horror the Pharisaic notion of the resurrection; the

third believed in no future state at all, denying the existence both of spirits and angels. That the Pharisees derived their doctrine from their own Scriptures it would be vain to assert, for it is nowhere to be found in them. The only passage which has any appearance of lending it support is Job xix. 25 – 27, and this is by a false rendering, as any one may see by reference to Dr. Noyes's exceedingly lucid translation. It was not a doctrine of the early Hebrews, and was not found among the Jews until after the Babylonish captivity. It appears abundantly in the Talmud, the Jewish commentary on the Hebrew Scriptures, but not in the Scriptures themselves.

It is interesting to know that the doctrine in all its grossness was held by a sect of the Chaldæans at the time of the Jewish captivity. The Magians or Fire-worshippers had existed for a long time before, and their religion was reformed by Zoroaster, probably not long previous to the reign of Cyrus. Their creed was, that there are two principles, one of Light and one of Darkness, both contending for the supremacy of this world. The good at death go away to the abodes of Light; the bad are dragged down into Darkness; but the day will come when the bodies of all men will be raised, and reconstructed from the dust, and purified for the souls which had been separated from them to re-enter and dwell in on the renovated Earth.* They believed the heavenly bodies to be animated with souls, and worshipped the sun under the symbol of fire, which was ever kept burning upon their altars.

After the restoration from the captivity this doctrine of the resurrection of dead bodies appears among the Jews,

* Prideaux's Connexion, Vol. I. p. 196. The Zend-Avesta, by Anquetil du Perron, as quoted by Dr. Bailey, Vol. II. p. 412. Either Dr. Prideaux's authorities misled him, or the Zend-Avesta of Perron does not give the genuine theory of Zoroaster. According to the former authority, he believed in the everlasting punishment of the wicked; according to the latter, in their ultimate purification and happiness. It is agreed, however, that he taught the resurrection of the natural body.

and it was an essential article in the creed of the Pharisees. They did not hold it, however, precisely as the Magians held it. The Magians believed that all souls, good and bad, would find their lost bodies, and live happily upon the Earth. The Pharisees believed that all souls would be raised out of Hades to a judgment upon the Earth, but only the righteous would find their bodies again and live happily in a terrestrial Paradise; the wicked would be thrust down again without their bodies, and be shut up in Gehenna, the lowest region of Hades, to remain there forever.*

Such was the state of opinion when the Christian Church was formed, partly from Jewish converts, believers already in the resurrection of the natural body. The dogma, however, does not appear in the primitive Christian Church. The Apostolic fathers, that is, the Christian fathers who lived in the age immediately succeeding that of the Apostles themselves, — Barnabas, Clement, and Ignatius particularly, — speak of the resurrection, but only as Christ and his Apostles had done. They say nothing of the resurrection of dead bodies. The truth is, as we suppose, it had not been made a matter of thought and investigation, and no theories had been formed about it. The Jewish converts would naturally put a Jewish interpretation upon the words; the others would not philosophize upon the subject at all, while the glory of the ascended Christ was yet open to their vision and absorbed them into it. It was no time to build theories while the heart was warm, and immortality was not a matter of speculation, but of sight. Towards the close of the second century, however, a change becomes apparent, and we hear for the first time under Christianity of "the resurrection of the flesh." The old Jewish dogma is reproduced with this addition, that not the righteous only, but also the wicked, will be clothed in their lost bodies at the judgment day, the former to dwell in Paradise, the lat-

* Josephus, Wars, II. 10. 14.

ter to burn, body as well as soul, in everlasting fire. How this change was brought about, and why the Jewish dogma was reproduced in all its grossness, is obvious enough. A controversy, and a very sharp one, arose on this very point between the Gnostics and the Apologists for the Christian faith, in the process of which theories must be formed, sides must be taken, and opinions distinctly defined. The Gnostics were the earliest corrupters of Christianity. They were the Hegelians of the early Church, accepting all its creeds and symbols, but emptying them of their native meaning, and filling them out again with their own wild and dreamy speculations. One of their notions was the essential evil of matter, and hence they poured contempt upon the natural body. The flesh is the prison of the soul, and keeps it in darkness and corruption. They denied, not merely the resurrection of Christ, but his incarnation. The real Christ was never clothed in flesh; it was only an appearance. These are the heretics to whom St. John is supposed to refer in his anathema against those who confess not "that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh."* They travestied the whole doctrine of the resurrection as the Church held it, and resolved the language of Christ and Paul into a figure of speech. It only meant a moral resurrection, a rise out of sin into holiness and virtue. Taking up the Jewish dogma as they found it latent in the minds of Christians, they raked it with the keen and subtile logic which they were masters of, and whenever they fell in with a Christian believer, especially among the simple and unlearned, they were pretty sure to stagger him at this weak and vulnerable point.

Against these wily antagonists, Tertullian undertook the defence of the Christian faith. He was a native of Carthage, born not far from A. D. 150, and flourished, therefore, about the close of the second century. He was a convert from heathenism. His mind was coarse, rugged, full of

* 1 John iv. 3.

African fire, and dwelt doggedly in the literal sense. He wrote specially against the Gnostics. His treatise, *De Resurrectione Carnis*, takes the extreme Jewish position, and maintains, in its utmost literalism, the resurrection of the flesh. Sometimes his argument rises into strength and grandeur. "Look now," says he, "at the examples of the Divine power. Day dies into night, and on all sides is buried in darkness. The glory of the world is dishonored; everything that exists is covered with blackness; all things are rendered mean, silent, and torpid; there is a general mourning, a cessation of all business. Thus the lost light is mourned for. And yet again it revives with its own ornament and dowry with the sun, the same as before, whole and entire; slaying its own death, night; bursting its sepulchre, the darkness; coming forth the heir to itself, until night revives with its own accompaniments. The rays of the stars are rekindled which the morning glow had extinguished. The absent constellations are brought back, which the destruction of time had taken away. The mirrors of the moon are re-adorned, which the monthly number had worn away. The winters and summers revolve, and springs and autumns, with their own powers, habits, and fruits. Earth receives instructions from heaven to clothe the trees, after they have been stripped; to color the flowers afresh; again to bring forth the herbage; to exhibit the same seeds that had been taken away, and not to exhibit them before they are taken away. Wonderful procedure! from a defrauder to become a preserver; that she may restore, she takes away; that she may guard, she destroys; that she may retain entire, she injures; that she may increase, she consumes. Nothing perishes but for salvation. Therefore this whole revolving order of things is an attestation to the resurrection of the dead. God wrote it in his works before he wrote it in his word." *

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* Neander's Planting and Antignostikus, Vol. II. pp. 485, 486, Bohn's edition.

From the year 170 onward, this doctrine of the resurrection of the flesh appears with greater and greater distinctness. It appears at first faintly, in private summaries of belief; more distinctly after the controversy with the Gnostics. The first professed *creed*, however, in which it is found, is one drawn up by the arch-heretic Arius, about A. D. 327; and the first public creed which contains it is that of the Council of Constantinople, A. D. 381.* Dr. Sykes seems to lay too much stress upon this fact; for the reason why it was not sooner put into the public creeds doubtless was, that it was not deemed necessary, since it had not been extensively denied by Christian believers. Like many other doctrines, there was no philosophy about it until controversy made it a subject of investigation.

Once fairly inducted, it did not fail to gather about it the absurdities and fantasies for which it has a strong natural affinity. It became a question, whether the same flesh would rise again; whether it would have the same form and sex; at what age it would rise; whether it would be the body that died and was buried, or some other of the series which the soul had occupied; whether souls would know their own bodies by instinct; and what would prevent the body from burning up and decomposing when roasted in hell-fire. On these points, the unbelievers did not fail to tax all the ingenuity of the faithful. Tertullian maintained that the identical dead body would rise again, particle for particle; and Origen is said to have believed that bodies would rise in globular shape, as if rolling were an easier or better method of locomotion than walking. Augustine argues that burning material bodies will not necessarily destroy them; he knows of worms that can be boiled in water without hurting them in the least. Thomas Aquinas thinks the identical substance will come up out of the grave that was put into it. The unbelievers were gen-

* Dr. Sykes's Enquiry.

erally silenced, or rather evaded, by remanding all difficulties and contradictions to the Divine Omnipotence.

It is quite possible, as some writers have imagined, that the dogma of a fleshly resurrection was borrowed by the Jews from the Magians, and by the Christians from the Jews; but we do not think that this accounts sufficiently for its genesis and descent to the Christian Church. How came the Magians by it? for they are said to be the first and the only heathen that ever held it. They held it in company with kindred and cognate ideas. They had first sunk God in nature, and worshipped nature in the sun, moon, and stars, and hence their only conception of a real and tangible immortality was on the plane of nature, and for this the dead bodies must stand up again upon the earth. The Jews believed it only after the glory of Israel had waned, and they were looking for a temporal Messiah. The Christian Church received it, or at least developed it, after her day of childlike faith had passed. There is a common genesis for all such heresies, and a common soil for them to germinate and grow in. *It is the tendency of the carnal mind to carnalize the truths of the Divine Word.* It is wisely permitted, in order that those truths may not sink out of sight and be entirely lost. It broke the descent of the Magians toward Atheism; it broke that of the Pharisees towards blank Sadduceeism; it gave the Christian Church a foothold, and saved it from sliding into Gnosticism. A carnalized faith is better than none at all, and to believe in the resurrection of the flesh is better than to lose sight of the eternal realities, or turn them into dreams and shadows.

It is a singular fact, however, that the idea of a *spiritual body*, distinct from the natural, and always investing the soul, is most plainly set forth in the writings of these Christian fathers. They seem to have had no notion of a disembodied state after death. Man still lives, and lives in human form, and with a bodily organization, after the material coverings have been laid in the grave. "Spirits after death,"

says Irenæus, "have a body adapted to their condition the same as before." Tertullian himself affirms the doctrine in its full integrity: "If souls be sensible of pain after death, and tormented with fire, then must they needs have some corporeity, for incorporality suffers nothing." Origen affirms the same thing.* Augustine distinctly recognizes it: "Unde et spirituali erunt: non quia corpora esse desistent, sed quia spiritu vivificante subsistent." † They will be spiritual, not because they will cease to be bodies, but because they will subsist by the quickening spirit. The majority of the fathers believed, too, that angels live in substantial bodies. Why they did not perceive that these ideas rendered entirely nugatory their notion of a resurrection of the flesh, it is difficult to imagine, unless, as is probably the case, they regarded matter as more real than spirit-substance, and the natural world more truly and brightly existent than the spiritual, and supposed, therefore, like the heathen, that departed spirits pined to get back to its glorious domains.

After the Reformation this notion of the resurrection of the flesh could not fail to be scrutinized and re-examined. In 1678 Dr. Cudworth's "Intellectual System" was published, — one of the grandest monuments of learning in the English language. In this he devotes over a hundred pages to the subject of the spiritual or celestial body, in which he shows that not only the ancient philosophers, but most of the Christian fathers, believed that man lives in human form after death; and their reasonings are set forth in such clear array, that the notion of a resurrection of the flesh sinks into unimportance. It became doubtful whether he really believed it, and his great work provoked replies from the orthodox, who charged him with bringing the doctrine into peril. They might well be alarmed, for the best English thinkers came to doubt it, as both unphilosophical and unscriptural, and to treat it as a lifeless tradition.

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* Cudworth's Intellectual System, Ch. V. Sec. III.

† De Civ. Dei, LXIII., CXXII.

In the system of Swedenborg it not only is excluded altogether, but it is so driven out before the brightness of a more heavenly gospel that it looks too dingy and death-like ever to return. Swedenborg unfolds with scientific precision the doctrine of DEGREES OF LIFE. The spiritual world into which men enter at death is not a sublimation of the natural, not matter attenuated and rarefied, but a world *discreted* from this, having bodies differing in *genus* from natural ones, but a world more substantial, phenomenal, and brightly real. That is the substance, in fact, while this is only the adumbration of its realities, and shows them in dim types and representations. The soul itself of every regenerated man, even while yet in the flesh, is ultimated in a celestial body, the exponent and image of its own intrinsic life, and the flesh only clogs and conceals its bursting glories. Heaven is already entered, and the celestial body put on, and death only takes the concealments of the flesh away. Just the opposite takes place with the souls that love and do evil and put on corruption. They shape to themselves a spiritual body, the exact effigy of their spiritual state, not to be burned in literal fire, but in the deforming lusts which even now waste the beauty of form and degrade it towards the bestial. And all this appears openly when the flesh falls off, and the man is drawn to his like in the other world. The bodies we shall wear eternally are not manufactured, but put on from within, even as the forms of tree or flower are the ultimations of its evolving life, or as the forms and the dress of the angels are the outshaping and the outrobing of the Christ who has been received within. Swedenborg does not make matter essentially evil and poisonous, as the Gnostics did; but he, like Paul, makes spirit-substance and spirit forms in the heavenly state the shapings of a more plastic life, in the transparence of a purer atmosphere, and the flush of a more celestial beauty, so that to come back to the earth in quest of the "flesh" we have put off, would be like the insect glit-

tering in the morning light coming back to find the scales of the larva it had lost, and the loss of which gave freedom to its wings.

The doctrine of the resurrection of the flesh has been so shattered and dishonored, and is so utterly destitute of scientific basis, that it is seldom asserted now in its full grossness and literalism. But it is adhered to "in a sense" as important. It will not be given up readily, and never in express terms. The reasons of this it is not very difficult to perceive.

The resurrection of the flesh is an idea which enters essentially into a system of theology, and it could not be taken out without great danger of loosening all the stones of the building. A general judgment of the assembled universe, a second literal coming of Christ, the conflagration of the world, its renovation for the abode of the risen saints in the millennial era, and in a terrestrial paradise, the punishment of the wicked in a local material hell, — all these are concomitants of the resurrection of the flesh. Not only so: the whole scheme of salvation is made to hinge upon it. Men in material bodies can be admitted to a localized heaven or excluded from it, not according to what they *are*, but according to what they *believe*. They can be punished vicariously, and the whole plan of a substitutive atonement here comes in. All that kind of preaching which may be called *scenic* — appealing to sense or a sensuous imagination, and which undoubtedly has been most effective with the popular mind — requires the doctrine as a part of its machinery. In short, the resurrection of the natural body, under Christianity, even as under Judaism, and under the Magian religion, connects itself organically with a system of naturalized theology.

On the other hand, if man rises in a spiritual body at death, never more to come back again to the natural plane of existence, who does not see that the doctrine gathers and organizes around it a cluster of higher truths of transcendent

importance? There can be no vicarious atonement, no artificial appointments to heaven and hell. Heaven and hell are formed and developed from within; we are putting on now the beauty of the one or the deformities of the other, according to the shape into which our spirit-forms are growing and maturing every day. A good life is perfecting the one, an evil life is hastening on the other. Christ saves us from within, as we receive and obey him, and from within outward clothes us in linen clean and white. The spirit-world is not a shadow, but a great reality; we are in it now, — the veilings of sense only hide it; we draw the angels around us as we become like them, or the fiends as we become like them, and death will lift up the curtain to show us the awful gulf between, and remand us to the society we have chosen. Christ cannot save us vicariously, but only as we receive his life in living worship and manifest and live it, and so put on the angel from him. He will come to judgment, not at the graveyards a thousand years hence, but in the spiritual world we enter at death; not with the blare of literal trumpets, but the influx of his truth, that explores us and shows our quality, and separates us, not by an outward rule, but by a spiritual law, to heaven or hell, as one or the other has been formed within us. In short, this other doctrine of the resurrection connects itself organically with a spiritual Christianity.

So long as men live in sense, and judge spiritual things by sensual, they will have a sensualized religion, for they can have no other. When they can believe that the soul is a more intense reality than its dress and concomitants, the spirit-world more substantial than the material which is its type and shadow, — that it is already within us, and "broods over like the day," — then spiritual Christianity will exclude its old corruptions, even as the spiritual body excludes the flesh as its death-robe when it needs it no more.

S.

WINTER SUNSET.

By graceful scrolls of ice-like, pearly blue,
And streaks of violet-red, like new-born flame,
Damp heaps of gathered stubble leaping through,
Pale gold in lengthening bars, and many a hue,
Shifting too suddenly for eye to mark,
On leaden-colored wave-clouds, thick and dark,
As nearer still the hastening sunset drew,
I knew when dreary, wild November came.

With musing heart I watched the beautiful sight,
While the gold brightened, while the young fire blazed,
Till all had vanished, twilight sunk to night,
And star by star hung out its lonely light
O'er fields of dark to stretch a monarch ray,
Like beacon-light across the mariner's way;
But ere the evening glory took its flight,
Some peaceful thoughts breathed on me as I gazed.

Dread not of earthly change the wintry might;
Be faith in God thy bosom's constant guest;
Go not self-panoplied to stormy fight,
Nor stay encastled in presumptuous might;
Thy God's pavilion stretches o'er thee still;
In coming darkness he will work his will;
With lifted eye behold the clouds now bright
With hues that harbinger the pilgrim's rest.

Warm-housed, with curtains down and fresh-trimmed light,
Or hurrying home with mantle-shielded eyes,
Shivering and chattering, we miss the sight
Of beauty in the wintry sky, more bright
Than in the spring or summer time we see;
And as a vision came these thoughts to me
In the fair eve of that November night,
When looking on that sheen of numberless dyes.

R.

RANDOM READINGS.

LOOKING FORWARD.

EIGHTEEN hundred and sixty reminds us of our promise, one year ago, to the readers of the Monthly Magazine, to do what we could to furnish a religious periodical for family reading, to cheer, admonish, quicken, help along in the pilgrimage of life, and make the light of heaven shine more visibly upon it. So we have tried through one year's experience, and we set out anew with fresh resolves.

We believe our readers must understand now what we wish to do, and how we wish to do it, and we shall not take up time in defining positions, or turning aside to answer any one's misapprehensions. We have seen misstatements enough about our humble efforts, which we thought it best to disregard and ignore. We shall probably do the same in future, aiming to teach Christ positively and not controversially, and with all the individual freedom which is needed in an ever-progressive life and an ever-brightening faith.

Hail to the New Year! "Hope rules a land forever green." So the land looks to you, reader, from this new peak of time, from which you see a little farther down the avenue into the eternity that is before. But the future, in outward contingencies, will be as the past. Sorrow, disappointment, and death are there, as well as delight, fruition, and joy. But let us bear this in mind, — our real future is folded up within us. What we shall be must be the development of what we are, and by pausing here for strong resolve and earnest prayer for a newly consecrated life, we may be sure to render the present hour a most auspicious omen of the bliss to come. S.

THE GOSPEL THE LIGHT OF OUR YEARS.

WE find in a writer, who is as suggestive as he is paradoxical, as profitable to quicken as he would be unprofitable to control our thoughts, — we mean John Ruskin, — the following significant paragraphs: —

"These are much sadder ages than the early ones, — not sadder in

a noble and deep way, but in a dim, wearied way, — the way of *ennui* and jaded intellect, and uncomfortableness of soul and body. The Middle Ages had their wars and agonies, but also intense delights. Their gold was dashed with blood; but ours is sprinkled with dust. Their life was interwoven with white and purple; ours is one seamless stuff of brown. Not that we are without apparent festivity, but festivity more or less forced, mistaken, uncultured, incomplete, — not of the heart. How wonderfully, since Shakespeare's time, have we lost the power of laughing at bad jests! The very finish of our wit belies our gayety.

"The profoundest reason of this darkness of heart is, I believe, our want of faith. There never yet was a generation of men (savage or civilized) who, taken as a body, so wofully fulfilled the words, 'having no hope, and without God in the world,' as the present civilized European race. A red Indian or Otaheitan savage has more sense of a divine existence round him, or government over him, than the plurality of refined Londoners and Parisians; and those among us who may in some sense be led to believe, are divided almost without exception into two broad classes, — Romanist and Puritan, — who, but for the interference of the unbelieving portions of society, would, either of them, reduce the other sect as speedily as possible to ashes; the Romanist having always done so whenever he could, from the beginning of their separation, and the Puritan, at this time, holding himself in complacent expectation of the destruction of Rome by volcanic fire. Such division as this between persons nominally of one religion — that is to say, believing in the same God and the same Revelation — cannot but become a stumbling-block of the gravest kind to all thoughtful and far-sighted men, — a stumbling-block which they can only surmount under the most favorable circumstances of early education. Hence, nearly all our powerful men in this age of the world are unbelievers; — the best of them in doubt and misery; the worst in reckless defiance; the plurality in plodding hesitation, doing, as well as they can, what practical work lies ready to their hands. Most of our scientific men are in this last class; our popular authors either set themselves definitely against all religious forms, pleading for simply truth and benevolence (Thackeray, Dickens), or give themselves up to bitter, fruitless statement of facts (De Balzac), or surface painting (Scott), or careless blasphemy, sad or smiling (Byron, Beranger). Our earnest poets and deepest thinkers are

doubtful and indignant (Tennyson, Carlyle); one or two anchored, indeed, but anxious or weeping (Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning); and of these the first is not so sure of his anchor but that now and then it drags with him, even to make him cry out, —

> 'Great God, I had rather be
> A pagan suckled in some creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn.'"

The prose-poet, Digby, in his elaborate work upon the Ages of Faith, by which he means the ages during which the Romish Church still held unbroken sway over Christendom, makes the same complaint, and proposes a similar explanation of the evil complained of, only with him the Protestants are the sad ones, and a return to Romanism must be the cure for their sadness, if it is to be cured. Now, leaving out of the account all exaggerations and partisanship, there is a truth here which well deserves to be pondered. So far as the age is especially sad, — if this is indeed the case, — we must say that the confusions and misgivings of the soul are largely the cause of the sadness, or, refusing to entertain this comparison of past with present, we shall nevertheless find it true for all times that religiousness and joyousness belong together.

And yet let us qualify our statement a little, — let us admit that there is a gladness which certainly would not be aided by religion. We mean the cheer which accompanies youth and health, a happy temperament, and a favored lot, — the contentment which has been disturbed by no changes and chances, the joy of children and of childlike or childish men and women. If it were best for us to find in our earth only a vast playground or pleasure-garden, if it were best that our tools should all be toys, and our books all picture-books, and life an endless fête-day, it is likely that the solemnities of religion would he found intrusive. And yet the joy of children is by no means complete or lasting. It is broken by grief as passionate as the gladness is exuberant. A trifle calls it forth, a trifle causes it utterly to cease, and the darkness is as profound as the light was resplendent. Indeed, the sorrows of the young predict their future greatness, and even amidst the sweet sounds of their mirth we catch the note of sadness which announces the inevitable tragedy of our life. Religion does not set herself always and persistently to invade this

child-world, and call out those who dwell in and are content with it to be her saints and heroes. She is not unwilling to bide her time; presently they who are light-hearted and at ease now shall have need enough of her, when the summer-days begin to be numbered, and the flowers droop, and the tempest gathers. Let there be a time to laugh; let the young rejoice in their youth; let us not insist that they shall have only sermons upon great truths and solemn duties, only be sure that when the soul awakes, and the season of childhood is over, an earnest word shall be ready for the opened ear.

But sooner or later the day of thoughtfulness comes, and now if we would have joy and peace, — happy days, happy New-Years, — it must be not as children, but as men and women, and our thankfulness for the gift of life, and our satisfaction in it, will be in proportion to the depth and genuineness of our Christian piety. If we are to rejoice at all in this world of ours, if we are to find pleasure in a being too great to be other than tragic, it must be as believers in God and in the Son of God.

The Gospel is the light of our years. The Gospel helps us to keep festal time, because it establishes us in the firm persuasion that God doeth all things well; that this world in which we live is his world as well as our world; that it went forth from his hand, not as an experiment of uncertain issue, but as the complete expression of a wisdom which seeth the end in the beginning, and cannot err, — of a love which can propose and do no harm to any creature. We profess no skill to explain the mystery of our life. Sin and sorrow meet us at every turn, violated law and broken peace. Whether we have any religious convictions or not, we do not find the world just the place where one would say without misgivings to his fellow, A happy New Year to you! We meet in houses of worship and chant our *jubilates;* we gather in pleasant dwellings, where the light shines down upon innocent and happy faces, and all looks glad and beautiful; — but who can forget, be he Christian or Gentile, the outer darkness? Who would like to leave one of our thousands of homes of purity, love, and cheerfulness, on some day of rejoicing and giving, and visit those quarters of the city where the wretched and the vicious are heaped together, a seething mass of corruption? Who can keep his thoughts from wandering sometimes in those directions, or refrain from the question, What right have I to laugh, whilst so many weep? Have the days yet come in our world when we can be

glad, and betake ourselves to amusements? Ought not life to be an unbroken crusade, carried forward in fear and sorrow? Now we can meet this state of mind only with the word of Christian faith. If we believe in God, we have no need to explain His world. If we have confidence in an earthly friend, his strangest works do not perplex us, and we are sure that they are better than they seem. A true piety carries the soul back to a Perfection which, whilst it suffers and indeed stimulates activity to realize every ideal, and to supply every deficiency in our human circumstances, is nevertheless our assurance that the world we live in was wisely planned, and is lovingly guided, and that to be gloomy and desperate over it comes not of faith, but of faithlessness, not of the humility which waits, but of the conceit and haste that virtually sit in judgment upon God, and this before the time. We most frankly confess, that if, in the little knowledge of our poor mind, we were making a world, it would not be such a one as this. But, happily, not man, rather the All-wise and All-loving God, in whom the pious heart believes, made the world and us who live in it, with all our fine humanities and brave aspirations, the wisdom and the mercy which lift us up so high that we look down sadly and despairingly upon God our Creator's works. O for that rebuking word of St. Paul to chide our halting faith! "Shall the thing formed say unto Him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?" What is it to thee, though the almighty and ever-blessed God has not seen fit to make all thy fellow-worms to be presently wise men, and saintly men, and happy men? Have faith in God, and when he deigns to tell thee, who but yesterday had not been called forth from nothingness, that, in this world, which naturally enough looks confused and strange to thee, all things are working together for good to those who love Him, believe and give thanks, and eat thy bread with a merry heart, and try to realize as once it was given to an over-anxious man to know, that as God took care of the world ages upon ages before thou wast in it, so it is likely he will be able to care for it now and evermore without thee, and to conduct it to its great issues when the places which have known thee shall know thee no more forever! So the Gospel bids us trust in God, and do good, and lean not upon our own understanding, or make knowledge the indispensable condition of peace. Thankfulness and joyfulness have been realized in times whose light, compared with that of our day, was but thick darkness. "If thou faint," saith the Scripture, "in the day of adversity, thy strength is small." It is not what we see, but what we believe, that must sustain us.

The Gospel is the light of our years, because it is the soul's deliverance from its worst enemy, — the enemy that threatens death. How can I keep festal time, some one may ask, when my sins press heavily upon me? and is it not the office of a wise piety to convict me more and more of sin? Most certainly this is one function of the Gospel, but, thank God! not the only one, and not by virtue of this is it a Gospel indeed. The new life, which is by Christ, is gladdened by the persuasion that through him the penitent have obtained the forgiveness of sins, and it is enriched by an unfailing tide of love, flowing into the soul from the very fountain-head of living waters, — a tide which must needs bring fertility and beauty wherever it takes its way. A soul that is overcoming evil by the grace of Christ will be of good cheer, even though as yet the victory is by no means complete, and the contest threatens to last a lifetime. The Gospel was a cause of great joy, from the very first, to Jews and Gentiles who were able to receive it; for though it made them realize as they had never realized before the extent and the enormity of the world's degradation, it gave them new power to endure, new energy to labor, the faith and hope which save men in the darkest times, and make heathen ages days of miracles and of the kingdom of God. If the Gospel is a Gospel at all, it is something more than a threat of vengeance to be executed upon the sinner. It proclaims a Saviour. It saith, Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people. Every true Christian fast will be followed by a Christian thanksgiving, and the day of rejoicing will be as bright as the day of penitence was dark. Religion does not make us sinners, and if its Law shows us the measure of our transgression, and so slays, its Christ suffers and forgives and inspires, and so we live again, and as we never lived before. A gloomy, ascetic stoicism, or a hard-featured Puritanism, is not a genuine Christianity. If our life were purely and only tragic, the Creator would have hung the heavens with a funeral pall, and have sent the wind of the desert to consume the flowers, and have hushed all the birds of the air, save the ill-boding owl. Abraham was glad because he saw in the future the day of Christ; and now that the day is come, let us not change it into a night of weeping. They may be ages of conscientiousness, but they are not ages of faith, which allow no time and place for festivity, and conscientiousness without faith presently heightens into madness.

E.

THE SUSPENSE AND RESTORATION OF FAITH.

We would bespeak a careful reading for the following extract from an article in the Episcopal Quarterly, by Rev. John Cotton Smith, late Assistant Minister on the Greene Foundation, Trinity Church, Boston, in whose removal to New York our city has sustained a very serious loss.

If we could have an Episcopal Church reconstructed according to the ideal herein set forth, there would be, we are confident, large bodies of Christians who would desire nothing more. But the good time is, we fear, far off.

"A great difficulty in reference to a common understanding and reception of historic Christianity has arisen from the fact, that men have failed to distinguish between what they hold as a systematic statement of their theology, and what they hold as a simple statement of the two great facts of revealed religion, — the Fall and the Redemption. A system of theology, although it may be exceedingly desirable, is, to a great extent, a matter of opinion. It is not a simple statement of the truths of revelation, but there is in it a very large proportion of the human element of philosophy, and of conclusions dependent upon long trains of reasoning. Such systems, we admit, are exceedingly important, but they have been unwarrantably elevated into an importance to which they have no claim; so that they have been held as of the essence of Christianity itself, and conformity to them required as a test of communion in the Christian Church. We have thus had an exhibition of the extraordinary spectacle of "covenants of faith," which required as a condition of membership in a Christian Church a belief in certain articles, which the very framers of the articles themselves would not claim to be essential to a saving faith in Christ. When men come to understand that there is a distinction to be made between a system of theology and a simple statement of the fundamental principles of Christianity, and that a man may hold his particular system of theology without having a Church committed to it, and may retain his connection with historic Christianity by the reception of these universally acknowledged fundamental truths; then we shall find that a union upon the basis of historic Christianity is something practicable and likely to be attained. But so long as matters of opinion are made as important as matters of faith, and the deductions of human reason are considered as bind-

ing as the simple statements of revelation, just so long will it be impossible to bring historic Christianity into its proper place, as the doctrinal system of the Universal Church. Historic Christianity indorses no elaborate theological systems. It knows only the simplest elements of the Christian faith.

"In what we have said of historic Christianity we shall not be understood as discrediting in the slightest degree the great Protestant principles, that the Scriptures are the only Rule of Faith, and that the right of private judgment is to be maintained. Each one must be free to find his own creed in the Word of God; but it is his privilege certainly, if he chooses to do so, to interpret the Scriptures by the light, and confirm his own judgment by the testimony of all ages of the Christian Church.

"There would be no difficulty in determining what the fundamental principles of Christianity are, if it was made a question simply of the interpretation of the Scriptures; or what is the testimony of historic Christianity, if the question were made one merely of history. But, beside this, we are to inquire what materials are within our reach out of which may be constructed the external form of the Church of the Future. The grand conditions which, upon Dr. Bellows's general principles, must be essential to this form, are, that it shall impose no unnecessary restrictions; and that it shall have its roots in existing institutions, thus connecting it with the whole past of the Christian Church. The problem is to construct, or to find already constructed, an organization by which these conditions shall be satisfied, and in which historic Christianity may be or is already enshrined.

"The business of constructing a Catholic Church one would think to be, in this age of the world, a well-nigh hopeless undertaking. Dr. Bellows has no expectation of accomplishing it. The fact is, if there is not a Catholic Church already, we never shall have one, and a common basis of union, in a living body, will be forever impossible.

"We are to seek, therefore, for the elements of it in what already exists. Our search is to be made among existing institutions to find, if possible, the germ of historic Christianity in a Catholic Church. Dr. Bellows furnishes us with some valuable assistance in this respect by intimating where the nearest approach is made to a satisfaction of the great want which he has so eloquently described. We take his own words. In the *Sequel to the Suspense of Faith* he says:

'I think it [the Episcopal Church in this country] the most respectable church organization in Protestant Christendom, and the best entitled to imitation and adoption if any model is to prevail.'

"It would be hardly respectful to Dr. Bellows not to follow out the suggestion he has so generously made. We wish, therefore, to inquire what elements there are in the Episcopal Church in this country which are favorable to this great cause of union, and which fit it to be the rallying-ground of Christians.

"It is important, in the first place, to ascertain what is absolutely essential to the Episcopal Church, because objections against such of its rites, usages, or principles as are local or temporary are not objections against the Church itself. We hold, therefore, that what is essential to the Church is the historic form and the historic doctrine, which make it precisely that historic and comprehensive Church for which so many of the best minds of the age are seeking. Those who are outside of the Church are apt to take it for granted that the historic form of the Church in an episcopally constituted ministry necessarily involves all the evils which have been connected with the assumptions of the Papacy, or the peculiarities of a State Church. They are apt to take it for granted, also, that the Church, as such, is committed to some system of doctrine, some considering the theology of the Church as essentially Arminian, and others as essentially Calvinistic. Whereas the truth is, that all that is essential in the form of the Church is the episcopally constituted ministry for the preaching of the Word and the administration of the Sacraments; and all that is absolutely essential in its doctrine is in the fundamental, evangelical truths of the Scriptures, as expressed in the Apostles' Creed. This is all which reason, aided by the testimony of all Christian ages, can find in the Bible as essential elements of the Church. We shall not be understood, of course, as saying that there are no other distinctive peculiarities of the Episcopal Church. And we would take this opportunity to dissent from the idea of enlarging the basis of the Church by hastily sacrificing or attempting to reform peculiarities which have become distinctive. We feel thus because it is our earnest conviction that these very peculiarities which are objected to will finally be the very things which will commend the Church to the better judgment and taste of the age. But the point which we wish to make is this, that there is scarcely any serious objection entertained anywhere to what is really essential in the Episcopal Church, since

all acknowledge the validity of Episcopal ordination, even if they do not hold to its necessity; and certainly all Evangelical Christians accept the statements of the Apostles' Creed.

"No other Christian body surely occupies a position so favorable to unity. The essential features of the various denominations are such that they cannot unite with each other without ignoring or abandoning their essential characteristics. But the absolutely essential elements of the Episcopal Church would require no sacrifice which a believer in the fundamental verities of Christianity need hesitate to make.

"We know it will be said that practically the distinction which we make between that which is absolutely essential and those peculiarities which have become distinctive in the Church is worthless, for these very distinctive peculiarities, so long as we retain them, are as insuperable obstacles to union as if they were essential features in the Church. But it is certainly something gained, it seems to us, to have it understood, that they do not constitute the essence of the Church, and that under the pressure of some mighty emergency, like that of the entering in of large bodies of Christians, they might be, so far at least as these bodies were concerned, modified or dispensed with altogether. This is a very different thing, however, from inviting a return by such modifications and proposed reforms, since these would only have the effect of pandering to the very evil which union is intended to cure."

THE ATHENS OF AMERICA AND THE ATHENS OF GREECE.

PASSING, the other evening, our noble public library, I was much cheered as the bright light streamed out upon me from the windows, and I looked in upon the comfortable group of readers, gathered in a room which looked almost hospitable. Yes, cheered and uplifted too into not a little pride of heart. How our world is moving onward! said I to myself. What a noble sequel is this to our grand system of public instruction, and how secure is the civilization which takes such pains to foster the intelligence of the people! Perhaps my thought was reasonable enough, and yet let us be on our guard against conceit. You who are called modern Athenians by those who would honestly commend, or mischievously flatter, or sneeringly depreciate, go into your famous Library, and take from the shelves Grote's His-

tory of Greece, and read as follows: "Without pretending to determine with numerical accuracy how many dramas were composed in each year, the general fact of unexampled abundance in the productions of the tragic Muse is both authentic and interesting. . . . . Moreover, what is not less important to notice, all this abundance found its way to the minds of the great body of the citizens, not excepting the poorest. . . . . We cannot doubt that the effect of these compositions upon the public sympathies, as well as upon the public judgment and intelligence, must have been beneficial and moralizing in a high degree. Though the subjects and persons are legendary, the relations between them are all human and simple, exalted above the level of humanity only in such measure as to present a stronger claim to the hearer's admiration or pity. So powerful a body of poetical influence has probably never been brought to act upon the emotions of any other population; and when we consider the extraordinary beauty of these immortal compositions which first stamped tragedy as a separate department of poetry, and gave to it a dignity never since reached, we shall be satisfied that the tastes, the sentiments, and the intellectual standard of the Athenian multitude must have been sensibly improved and exalted by such lessons. The reception of such pleasures through the eye and the ear, as well as amidst a sympathizing crowd, was a fact of no small importance in the mental history of Athens. It contributed to exalt their imagination, like the grand edifices and ornaments added during the same period to their Acropolis." Has not the Athens of America lost as well as gained something? We do not say, Go to the theatre and see, but only, Read the play-bills! E.

"GUIDE not the hand of God, nor order the finger of the Almighty unto thy will and pleasure; but sit quiet in the soft showers of Providence and favorable distributions in this world, either to thyself or others. And since not only judgments have their errands, but mercies their commissions, snatch not at every favor, nor think thyself passed by if they fall upon thy neighbor."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D. D., late Head-Master of Rugby School, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M. A., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. In two volumes. Third American, from the last London Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — It is too late in the day to commend to all who crave the guidance and inspiration of a wise and faithful Christian life this admirable biography of the late Dr. Arnold. It occupies one of the highest places in the literature of Christian civilization, and is the book of all others which we would put into the hands of young students, in the belief that it would foster and direct aright every generous impulse of our better nature. The form and mechanical execution of the edition before us leave nothing to be desired, and a good index makes the contents of the volumes sufficiently accessible. E.

Goethe's Correspondence with a Child. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — The "child" was some twenty-two years of age, — what we should call growing old, in this youthful land; and certainly she was not the slave of conventionalities, or in any sense more "proper" than she should have been. We sincerely hope that the republication will not, like the first issue of the book, send our damsels to sentimentalize under every green tree, or to perch in the branches of our forests, or in less fitting places. We cannot say that Bettine, child or woman, is much after our heart; but the book is a curiosity of literature, and contains many bright and suggestive thoughts. The choice paper and typography must make the present edition a standard one. E.

Gotthold's Emblems; or, Invisible Things understood by Things that are made. By CHRISTIAN SCRIVER, Minister of Magdeburg in 1671. Translated from the twenty-eighth German Edition, by the Rev. ROBERT MENZIES, Hoddam, England. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — It is a book to be taken up for occasional moments of quiet meditation, when one would rather nourish the heart than stimulate or

exercise the mind; and its hold upon the contemplative is sure. We think that one would grow weary of a man who should be forever "improving" little incidents, and when the "improvements" are set down in order until we have a bookful of them; unless the talker is a Luther or a Selden, we are ready to say, It is enough! Therefore let the "Emblems" lie on your table, and take them up in the pauses of your life. They will often save you from an expression of impatience at the lingering of some slow one. E.

History of Independence Hall: from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Embracing Biographies of the Immortal Signers of the Declaration of Independence, with Historical Sketches of the Sacred Relics preserved in that Sanctuary of American Freedom. By D. W. BELISLE. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. — The author has made a really interesting book, and one which will be of much service to our young people. That some of the paragraphs were written with a quill from the wing of our nation's bird is what could hardly have been avoided in the circumstances. E.

Sir Rohan's Ghost. A Romance. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1860. — The plot is a painful one, but the writer has made it less so by his really fine powers, which we may hope will be exercised upon a more attractive subject. Why will not our authors give us books which one would be glad to read aloud in the family circle?

New Miscellanies. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — The many enthusiastic admirers of this wise and genial and large-hearted man, who is doing his utmost, through the press as well as by the pulpit, to preach to his age a practical Gospel of the Divine Kingdom on earth, will be glad to have these fugitives marshalled into a goodly company. E.

Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, the Great American Advocate. By EDWARD G. PARKER. New York: Mason Brothers. 1860. — Mr. Parker has brought together a large amount of very interesting matter in this book of "Reminiscences." Of course, in so large a collection of library and street talk there will be some trivialities (see pages 277 and 216); but these are only the inevitable accompaniments of a Boswellian loyalty.

The Sea of Ice; or, The Arctic Adventurers. By PERCY B. ST. JOHN. Boston: Mayhew and Baker. 1859. — It is a book which holds the attention of children by the fascination of stirring incidents, and at the same time enlarges their store of useful knowledge.

Mayhew and Baker also republish *Alice Learmont, or a Mother's Love*, by the popular author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and the elder children will find it a pleasant fairy tale.

The King of the Golden River, or the Black Brothers, a Legend of Stiria. By JOHN RUSKIN. Illustrated by Richard Doyle. — This work appears from the same firm, in a style well worthy of so charming a story. It will prove one of the most attractive books of the season, and, like every really good book for children, will interest the fathers and mothers as well as the younger portion of the family.

E.

The Summer-House Series. Our Summer-House, and What was said and done in it. By the Author of "Violet," "Daisy," etc. Boston: Brown, Taggard, and Chase. — Those who read "Violet" and "Daisy," and know what the letters "C. S. W." stand for, will need no further commendation of this book, which is simple without being silly, and instructive without being heavy.

The same firm publish "The Life of Whitenose Woodchuck, by Uncle Faunus," the story of whose fortunes and misfortunes the children will follow with much enjoyment; also "Swiss Pictures," a well-written and attractive introduction to the stirring History of Switzerland, which most of us, old and young, would do well to read. For those whose hands cannot hold larger books, Brown, Taggard and Chase issue "My Own Little Library," in blue and gold. E.

Fourteen Pet Goslings, and other Pretty Stories of my Childhood. By FRANK. With Designs by Billings. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. — Also, *Life and Adventures of Dandy Jack*, and *Wanderings in Elf-Land;* — the real and the ideal, — the former the more attractive of the two. E.

The Boy Tar; or, A Voyage in the Dark. By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, Author of "The Desert Home." With twelve Illustrations, by Chas. L. Keene. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — Captain Reid's books are so promptly caught up by the children that one can

hardly get permission to read and judge them. This volume falls behind no one of the rest in power to interest, and is only a little too "sensational." E.

Frank Wildman's Adventures on Land and Water. By FREDERICK GERSTAECKER. Translated and Revised by LASCELLES WRAXALL. With eight Illustrations printed in oil colors. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1860. — A very spirited volume, and all the better, we have no doubt, for the translator's pruning hand, which might have been applied even more frequently to advantage. E.

The Percy Family. Through Scotland and England. By DANIEL C. EDDY. Boston: Andrew F. Graves. 1860. — A very entertaining book of travels for children, and animated by a true spirit. E.

Alice's Dream. A Tale of Christmas Time. By MARY ANN WHITAKER. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860. — A little book which may be safely commended to all who are making up libraries for the nursery or for the Sunday school. E.

Hesper the Home Spirit. A Simple Story of Household Labor and Love. By ELIZABETH DOTEN. Boston: Abel Tompkins; Brown, Taggard, and Chase. 1859. — It is an admirable tale of the unknown virtuous. E.

Two Christmas Celebrations. A. D. I. *and* MDCCCLV. *A Christmas Story for* MDCCCLVI. By THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society of Boston. Boston: Rufus Leighton, Jr. 1859. — This little book displays a great deal of kindly feeling; but there are things in it which we would not on any account set before the eyes of children, and, Christmas story though it be, we have put it out of sight. E.

Friends in Council: a Series of Readings and Discourse thereon. A New Series. Reprinted from the English Edition. 2 vols. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1860. — These little volumes are the very books for one who, without desiring to engage in severe study, would yet have his mind occupied with a specific topic, as when a gifted and fascinating talker engages our thoughts. The current of style flows on smoothly and pleasantly, and if the

waters do not seem to be very deep, it is largely because they are very clear, and make no unnecessary stir as they move. E.

The Anastasis of the Dead; or, Philosophy of Human Immortality, as deduced from the Teachings of the Scripture Writers in reference to "The Resurrection." By JASON LEWIS. Boston: A. Tompkins. 1860. — Honest and painstaking in matter and manner, Mr. Lewis is not quite clerkly enough for the few, nor quite popular enough for the many, and his Anglicized Greek has an uncouth and repulsive look. Nevertheless his book will be of service to students of Scripture, even though they may vehemently dissent from some of his conclusions. E.

Sketches of New England Divines. By REV. D. SHERMAN. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1860. — We like very much the tone of Mr. Sherman's Preface, and have found the biographies, so far as we have been able to examine them, quite readable. They are not, and do not claim to be, the results of original investigation, and one who wished to understand thoroughly any controverted point would need to look further; but they will stir the heart, even when they do not quite satisfy the understanding, and are a useful addition to our popular religious literature. E.

A Liturgy, with a Collection of Hymns and Chants, for the Use of Sunday Schools. By JAMES LOMBARD. Boston: Abel Tompkins. 1860. — The author of this Liturgy has been, as it seems to us, quite successful in a very difficult undertaking. Reverent in tone, penetrated by a deep sense of our unworthiness in the sight of God, and yet not desponding or thankless, the devotional sentences are such as a thoughtful child might utter, and are fitted to educate the less thoughtful to soberness. The collection of hymns includes many which have found universal favor. E.

The White Hills; their Legends, Landscape, and Poetry. By THOMAS STARR KING. With sixty Illustrations, engraved by Andrew from Drawings by Wheelock. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1860. — The luxury of the book almost equals the luxury of the journey to our famous New England Hills. As a guide to those who are yet to make this pilgrimage for the first time, or to those who would repeat their visit to better purpose than before; as an aid

to all who would summon up the forms of beauty and sublimity by which the mountain and the valley still live in the image chambers of the soul; as a descriptive book for those who shall never see these glories save with the eyes of others, — these fair and pictured pages will be very valuable. New England, borrowing such help as she might from lovers of nature and masters of song beyond her borders, has paid a large instalment of her great debt to those majestic hills. The mechanical execution is in every way worthy of a work of permanent value and of rare beauty. E.

Hits at American Whims and Hints for Home Use. By FREDERIC W. SAWYER, Author of "A Plea for Amusements." Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — Mr. Sawyer is a genial, hopeful writer, not disposed, we should judge, to grapple with problems or to explore mysteries, but much devoted to common sense, and animated by a strong faith in those various social economies which greatly alleviate, if they do not radically cure, the evils of civilization and the miseries of humanity. E.

Haste to the Rescue; or, Work while it is Day. By Mrs. CHARLES W. With Preface by the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands." And *The Missing Link, or Bible Women in the Homes of the London Poor.* By L. N. R., Author of "The Book and its Story." New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1859. — These are valuable contributions to the cause of a practical Christian philanthropy which is not content to deal in abstractions, and dream in churches, and then pass by on the other side when the blasphemer comes in the way of the homeward-bound worshipper.

The same firm issue *Brook Farm, the Amusing and Memorable of American Country Life;* not the "Brook Farm" near Boston, but something more in harmony with the realities of a world which, under God, has grown to be what it is, and was not made to order for the nonce by any company of men. It is a book which will "carry sunshine and help to clear away shadows."

The Life of Lafayette. Written for Children. By E. CECIL. With six Illustrations. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1860. — The story of Lafayette has an undying interest for young and old in that nation for which he so manfully devoted himself. This little book contains all that the children need to know of our country's friend, told in a simple and intelligible way. E.

Graham Lectures. Human Society; its Providential Structure, Relations, and Offices. Eight Lectures, delivered at the Brooklyn Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. By F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1860. — This book comes to our hands late in the month; but as it was our good fortune to be a listener when the Lectures were repeated under the auspices of the Lowell Institute, we can speak confidently of their value. They are marked by breadth of treatment, practical insight, force and beauty of statement, a certain concrete quality, and, what is more than all, they are the words of one who believes that our world is from God, and belongs to God, and has been given by him to Christ, to be fashioned into a Divine Kingdom through the grace of the Spirit of Power and Love, ever living and ever working. They will instruct and encourage the reader, and, unlike too many discourses upon society, do not leave us perplexed. E.

The following books came into our hands too late for examination, and we must reserve a notice of them for our next number: —

Jesus the Interpreter of Nature; and Other Sermons. By Thomas Hill. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co., 245 Washington Street. 1860.

Christian Believing and Living. Sermons by F. D. Huntington, D. D., Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co., 117 Washington Street. 1860.

Self-Help; with Illustrations of Character and Conduct. By Samuel Smiles, Author of the Life of George Stephenson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.

From the same firm, Ernest Bracebridge; or, Schoolboy Days. By W. H. G. Kingston. And The Professor at the Breakfast-Table. By everybody knows who.

All the Children's Library, from Walker, Wise, & Co., shall receive careful attention.

Tipsy Philosophers, or The Laughable Game of Words Bewitched, from Tilton & Co., will keep the children quiet whilst their elders are employed.

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NELLY GOODWIN.

Our old school-house stood a little way out of the village close up to the travelled road, where it could catch all the noise and dust of the street. Such things as blinds or shade-trees, or paint even, were never thought of in those days in connection with country school-houses. It was a dingy, shabby-looking building, to be approached in early spring only through mud and mire. The appearance inside corresponded tolerably well with its forlorn exterior. The benches were cut and haggled, and the walls nearly black with time and smoke. A small box-stove stood at one end of the room, provided generally with green wood. In cold winter days it would become red-hot by about the middle of the forenoon, when it would diffuse an intense heat through a radius of about six feet; but over the central and northern sections of the room, where most of the scholars were seated, the atmosphere remained cold and cheerless, with scarcely an undulation from the stove that kept roaring in the distance. It was one of the amusements of the hour of intermission for the boys to run over the tops of the benches as they came in out of the mud or the snow, when the girls

were generally driven into one corner to escape from juvenile ruffianism; or if it became altogether intolerable, they would flee into the clothes-room, and fasten themselves in. Even this, however, did not always protect them. The panels of the door would be knocked out, holes would be dug through the partition with jack-knives, and through these breaches the girls would be plied with jeers and snow-balls. The dirt lodged anywhere upon or under the benches, and there was no regular process for its removal. I remember, however, that an old broom stood in one of the entries, and I have a dim recollection of once seeing some of the larger girls get hold of it to sweep the floor, when an uncouth lubber, named Jack Kilbourn, wrested it from them and played antics with it till he broke it in pieces.

Here passed twelve years of my school life. I was a shrinking, bashful, sensitive boy, and was plunged into the midst of this world of rough and tumble. I had to walk a mile and a half, face winds and storms, and wallow through drifts, and sit in the frigid zone of the old school-house, with feet half frozen, and with a barking cough, and remain at noon subject to the tyranny of the larger boys. Generally, however, I managed to keep in corners apart, or by my peace principles to escape notice, except that sometimes a word of jeer or ridicule would grate terribly upon my bleeding nerves.

The summer terms were always taught by young women of kindly and pleasant manners. But the winter terms — O the petty tyrants whose visages to this day sometimes haunt my troubled sleep! There was a one-eyed fellow employed one winter, whose performances at pulling our hair and ears, or bruising our heads and arms with rulers, made him decidedly a man of mark. How wicked we were in wishing that his other eye might be put out too, so that he could not see where to strike, and we might dodge his blows! — I saw by the newspapers a little while since that this same fellow turned up in a remote county as candidate

for the State Senate; so he is yet alive, and how I should rejoice to hold up the roll of his transgressions against juvenile humanity to sear his eyeballs!

Perhaps the reader will be surprised when I tell him that that old school-room, notwithstanding, had a most irresistible charm, and threw over my young life some of the sweetest sunshine it ever had. I could not have accounted at the time for the attraction which always drew me into the sphere of its dirt and noise; and in describing now that strange moral magic, I shall unfold, I trust, a most important lesson, if I do not even bring to light a feature in our common-school system which has contributed not a little to its success.

There came to the school in those days a sunny-faced girl, whom I will designate as Nelly Goodwin. That was not quite her name, but as near as I dare to write it, and near enough to bring back the charm of my dreaming boyhood. She was gentle and reserved, had a mild blue eye, auburn hair, and a cheek of the most delicate peach-bloom, which showed every shade and tint of emotion. In her manners there was a striking contrast with most of the other girls. I do not remember that I ever heard her laugh; but she had a joyous temperament, and amidst mirth and giggle she wore a sweet and placid smile. What is more, she had a trembling conscientiousness, a keenness of sensibility, and a never-failing kindness of heart, which made her thoughtful of others, and a ready sympathizer in juvenile troubles. It was some time before I discovered even to myself that I was in love with that dingy school-room, because I expected Nelly Goodwin would be there. It was not one of those boyish attachments which mean nothing. It was not a personal attachment at all; she was four years older than myself, and I had never spoken to her in my life, and did not even desire it. But I had no sister, though of all others I was the boy that needed one, and Nelly Goodwin had dawned upon me to fill up my ideal of a perfect and beau-

tiful girlhood. She was the Beatrice of my young days, that made snow-drifts and pedagogues and freezing feet of no account, and diffused a sort of halo over the school-room.

One cold January morning, when the snow had a metallic ring under my feet, I made my way to the school-room in the face of a northeaster. The school had begun. There was a ring of girls around the stove. I went to my cold corner in the frigid zone. "Go to the fire?" kept popping from a dozen boys. The one-eyed master kept a sullen silence, as he stood mending pens with his blind eye asquint and his other eye intent on his work. Finally, he thundered out, "No!" There was a dead silence for five minutes. By and by the music began again from the lower benches. "Go to the fire?" squeaked out very timidly from Bill Hale. "Go to the fire?" rung a little louder from the next tier. Then "Go to the fire?" was the general explosion from the whole frigid zone.

"No!" finally reverberated again, and the ruler thundered upon the desk. "The first boy that asks again shall be punished."

Five minutes again of solemn silence, in which the roaring and crackling in the stove tantalized us, like the case of the tall man who kicked his feet out of bed in a winter's night, and dreamed of walking over burning lava, but could not get warm. "Go to the fire?" came out again the faintest possible. It was the timid squeak of Bill Hale, more deprecatory than before.

"Come here, sir!"

Bill shambled up to the desk, and took five blows upon each hand. "There, I guess that 'll warm you."

The case stood in this way. We were to be thawed out in rotation. The girls had the first right. After them would come a batch of boys who happened to speak first and roar the loudest. Of course, the timid ones had small chance. I had none, for I never dared to ask at all. But I sat blue and shivering in the arctic regions; and as I looked sideways

from my book, and threw longing and despairing glances towards the stove, I saw Nelly Goodwin look over her shoulder at me several times, and watch my croupy barking, and I felt even that this was comfort enough. After the visitation upon poor Bill, I bent over my spelling-book, and abstracted attention as well as I could from my feet and fingers, and was fixing it upon the lesson. I remember the very word as if it were yesterday. It was *c z a r*. I examined it backward and forward, letter by letter, pricked it with a pin, felt sure all the rest of the class would miss the word, and that I should sail clear to the head with it. There might have been some secret affinity that drew me to this word so intently, some fitness of things in spelling out *czar* with blue lips and under the autocrat of our frigid zone. However, as I was buried in the mysteries of the word, I felt a finger tap me gently upon the head. I looked up and started, for there stood the czar himself. I was awe-struck, for I expected I had done something bad, and that the fate of poor Bill awaited me. But he spoke pleasantly, and even his blear eye had a touch of softness.

"Do *you* wish to go to the fire?"

"Yes, sir," in a whisper.

"Go."

I crept towards the ring of girls, and by some accident or other it opened where Nelly Goodwin was standing, and I stood beside her. I did not dare to look at her, but I felt the magic of the place without knowing how this double good fortune had come upon me. But several times afterwards, when it came the boys' turn to be thawed out, and I was freezing in my cold corner rather than ask leave of the master, it came of itself; but I observed invariably that Nelly Goodwin, just before leave was granted me, made some errand to the desk, and spoke to the czar.

But my great and sore trial was to come. I had always an indescribable horror of seeing violence inflicted upon the human form. How those rough, hard-fisted fellows could

walk out upon the floor and take their ferruling and get over it so soon, I could not conceive. To me it had a terror the same in kind as that of a public execution. I lived in fear of it, and it threw a gloom over my youthful morning that flecked all its brightness and haunted even my happiest hours. It was not the bodily pain. It was the social disgrace and the feeling of self-degradation which I associated with that sort of brutality. How little do teachers of such moral texture as that of the one-eyed pedagogue dream of what they are doing when they measure out the same punishments to different temperaments! From some they bound off as from an anvil; into others they sink down with thrills of agony never to be forgotten.

My turn came. With all my morbid self-watch I violated one of the rules. I whispered to my next neighbor, and asked him for my book which he had borrowed. It did not escape the one hard eye that was ever watching us. I was called out, the school-room was hushed into awful stillness, the books were laid aside, my crime set forth and my doom pronounced, and the great ruler taken out. I felt as if the gaze of the universe was bent upon me. I received the five blows upon the quivering flesh without a cry or a tear, but with pressed lips, and, as they told me, with a face that turned to marble. The fellow thought, because I did not jump and roar like the rest of them, that I was making light of it, and so he doubled the measure. I glanced my eye around the school-room; I fancied I could read in the eyes of the boys a sort of triumph over me. The girls looked carelessly on, as I thought; but glancing down the form where Nelly Goodwin sat, I noticed that her head was turned away, but I saw the side of her face; her eyelashes were wet, and the peach-bloom on her cheek had been channelled with a tear. After the school was dismissed, the big boys joked and laughed as they came about me; but as we were leaving the schoolhouse, Nelly took pains to brush by me, and speak softly, "Don't mind it, Henry: it was shameful!" My self-respect

and self-assurance all came back to me. I did not care what the rest thought if I could know I had not been degraded in the eyes of Nelly Goodwin. It was the first time she had ever spoken to me; and I felt almost content with the punishment, since it had earned those words from her.

I contrived to get on a smooth face when I arrived home, and to conceal from my parents the great sorrow that had come upon me. But after I had got to bed that night, and all was dark and still, it broke out anew in half-stifled sobs, till I sank into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that ruffians were pounding and killing me. I would start out of it lost and bewildered, when a sweet face would seem to melt through the darkness of the room, and look gently upon me as saying, "Don't mind it, Henry: it was shameful!" and this would lull me to repose till the ugly nightmare came again.

O how I dreaded to face the school the next day, and encounter the taunts of those coarse-grained fellows! I knew they envied me, for I went regularly above them, and now I was pitched down to their level. School had begun again. Every eye, I fancied, had a leer in it as I went to my cold corner. But there is, I verily believe, an invisible spiritual presence of one mind with another that imparts energy, peace, and self-respect. I did not look up, but buried my face in my book; yet I knew that Nelly must be in the room, for I felt her spirit shining into mine. And through all that cold winter, though I do not think she spoke to me half a dozen times, I went blithely to the school, endured the tyranny of Polyphemus, got my lessons, did my sums, and made what was called "remarkable progress," because I loved to be within the sphere of Nelly's maidenly goodness.

Do you remember, reader, the first "party" you ever attended? I have every reason to, for the first was also the last, during my school days. I kept in my sly corner and read "Robinson Crusoe" and "Riley's Narrative," and had a morbid sensitiveness to the giggle of divers empty-

headed damsels, particularly the girls of Farmer Dobson and 'Squire Topping. However, as my mother impressed upon me the importance of "going into company," I set off one evening to the Dobsons', where all the juvenile "best society" had been invited to assemble. How I remember that evening! The cold silver sheen lay upon the snow as I crunched it with shrinking nerves, till I came in sight of the Dobsons' windows, the "best room" all lighted up, and the buzz of garrulity and nonsense in the full tide of successful experiment. I braced myself up for the occasion and knocked, — door-bells had not then come into vogue. A dead pause as I entered, then a whisper and a simpering in the corner where Angelina Louisa Topping sat, and the hum and giggle went on again. I sat down by myself, and watched the conversation to see where several fine things I thought of saying might best come in. The trouble was they would n't come in anywhere. Games, forfeits, plays, kept circulating and sweeping all the rest into a general rotation of kissing, romping, and titter; I felt that a sixth sense was necessary to understand those matters, and that the world at one entrance was quite shut out. But in the progress of things, Nelly Goodwin's sweet and placid face was bent upon me. "I 'll show you the play, Henry." I followed her through easy windings and doublings, and came up with her. It seemed to me almost a sacrilege as I touched my lips timidly to the soft peach-bloom of her cheek, more brilliant than ever in the flush of the evening. I thought what a self-sacrifice it must be to her, — she so pure and sylph-like, and I so shy and awkward, — and how good in her it was to pass by those glib and frizzled-up fellows merely for the sake of putting me at ease.

But how rapidly time whirls us about the world! It whirled me into college, and left the old school-house and all its concomitants away in the distance. I do not think parents generally understand what they are doing when they send their boys away to college. I am quite sure, if some

pious country farmers knew of the abominations which I have seen their sons plunge into, as through a very baptism of filth and sin, they would not think all the learning of the Egyptians worth obtaining at such tremendous perils to the better nature. There are two kinds of safeguard. Those who have fixed religious principles go through unharmed. Those who have such family or social connections as enable them to put their sons under social and female influences which are constraining and hallowing, have also a tolerable assurance that their children are safe. Those who, without either of these, trust to the natural affection of their children, or the "ingenuous sense of youth," or native "purity of character," trust, as I have seen again and again, to a most deceitful dream. I had neither of those safeguards. I had nothing more than that natural love of purity, which is rather an intellectual taste than a religious sentiment, and I shudder now to think how I trod among the pitfalls of ruin. How many of those young men who appeared outwardly "sedate" and "pure," and whom their parents thought so when they received them home again, were to my certain knowledge thoroughly corrupted, with all their virtue undermined! I avoided the peculiar vices of college, notwithstanding its monkish way of life. I made up for the charms and protective potencies of woman's society, to which those of larger social connections were admitted, by cherishing the ideal of the noble and beautiful girlhood that burned in my imagination. I never saw Nelly again. I had no desire to, for personally she was nothing to me nor I to her. But as having fixed in my boyish fancy an image of maidenly grace, purity, and sweetness ripening into a glorious womanhood, she was everything to me, for she kept my imagination pure and loyal. She was the Laura of my most stainless fancies, and ever went before me like a beautiful star. She never knew the good she did me, nor the hallowing light that streamed over me from her character through all those solitary years. But it may be that some girl as pure and

noble as she was may run her eye over these pages, and be cheered by the consideration that maidenly goodness and tenderness may be performing a "woman's mission" to some minds, and sinking into them like a blessed evangel in ways that she will never hear of. So subtile and immortal is the influence of such a character, even amid coarseness and frivolity, refining the one and breathing soul into the other, and throwing even over the old school-room a supernatural charm.

I should think a dozen years of my professional life might have passed away, when I obtained a week's respite from its rubs and cares, and went back to the old haunts to revive my drooping energies. The shabby old school-house had disappeared. Horace Mann's potent cry for reform had reached even there, and a neat, convenient structure appeared on the north side of the village green. But my feet were drawn to the old spot, and I could have stood there rapt like Socrates into speechless mood from sunset till sunrise. The old box-stove, Polyphemus, the horrors of the frigid zone, the kind good women who taught the summer schools, the bristle-headed boys and giggling girls, and, above all, Nelly Goodwin, with a warm halo of heart-light around her person sending silent undulations over the whole room, and especially into my cold corner, — these were things that had come and gone, and appeared only as a luminous mirage away off over the desert of life. I roamed the woods and the fields, for these were mostly unchanged. The old century trees and granite rocks were there, with their stories of other days. I made my way one morning to the top of "Beech Hill," and was sitting upon the granite and looking down upon the church and the church-green, and the site of the old school-house, where I could read as from a book the history of my childhood. It was all there, starting out from a thousand objects. Suddenly the old church-bell struck and throbbed into the air and over the hills. I knew what it meant, and that somebody had died. I counted the strokes as it began

to toll, — 39. I ran down to the village and inquired. "Mrs. Gorham is dead!" was the pensive reply. Mrs. Gorham was the Nelly Goodwin who, without knowing it, had diffused the light of a sister's love over my childish sorrows and trials. It grieved me to learn that fortune had not been kind with her. She married a man well disposed, but without energy; they went off West, struggled with hardships and privations. She had smoothed the death-pillow of her husband and three little boys, laid them to their last rest beneath the trees of the Western forest, and came back to die under the old roof. However, it was easy to forget the outward and the perishing when they told me of the divine patience and more than mortal energy which every new trial had developed, and that the gradual passing away of mortality was almost a visible putting on of the angel from within.

I was almost a stranger to the family, was of a different religious faith; but I could not help crowding into the house on the funeral day. How I longed to clasp the aged parents bent down with age and grief, and pour out to them the praises of Nelly, and thank them for the goodness which had been to me like a talisman through the perilous and trying years of my boyhood! The clergyman had a good deal to say about her faith, and her "well-grounded hope." "Why don't he say something of her works," thought I, "and of the heavenly graces that clothed her from early youth like an angel's robe?" But he was a dry theologian, and could not appreciate such a character, though all the villagers praised her, each telling with softened eye of some delicate charity of hers, perhaps treasured up long ago, and now thronging up from the past to follow her to the grave.

I almost always avoid looking at a corpse, but I could not help it now. I believe I had never seen Nelly since the Dobsons' party. There was the same calm expanse of forehead, the long, delicate eyelashes that used actually to radiate the sensibilities of the heart. Of course the peach-bloom was gone; but, spite of the traces of suffering, the sweetness was

all there, almost living about the lips and the pale features like lines chiselled in marble.

It grieved me to think I had no right to go back to the house and sit down and weep with those broken-hearted parents, for I must do that if I did anything. Nelly was their only daughter, and I could not speak of her as that clergyman did. But the next evening I went down to the old churchyard, made my way through the weeds and briers with which it was overgrown, smoothed a spot upon the mound, and transplanted a sweet-brier there. The scenes of the old school-house came back with overpowering emotion, and I felt that there I had a right to my tribute of tears.

As she was the only person who understood me through all my juvenile crosses and trials, I had a half-believing faith that she was permitted to look into my mind from the purer sphere, and read the depth of my gratitude, and know the good she had done, not merely in soothing my little griefs, but in lifting up my ideal of a true girlhood and womanhood, and making it the radiant light of the solitary hours of my whole youthful morning. Why, thought I, may not that be one of her rewards in heaven?

"And now thy smiles have passed away,
And all the joy they gave,
May sweetest dews and warmest ray
Lie on thine early grave!"

E. H. S.

"LIVE unto the dignity of thy nature, and leave it not disputable at last whether thou hast been a man. In thine own circumference, as in that of the earth, let the rational horizon be larger than the sensible, and the circle of reason than of sense. Let the divine part be upward, and the region of beast below; otherwise, 't is but to live invertedly, and with thy head unto the heels of thy antipodes."

THE CALAMITY AT LAWRENCE.

A SERMON BY REV. GEORGE W. BRIGGS, D. D.*

PROVERBS xxiv. 22:— "For their calamity shall rise suddenly."
JEREMIAH xlix. 21:— "The earth is moved at the noise of their fall."

THESE sentences have had a strange verification in the catastrophe of the last week, which has filled a neighboring city with terror and grief. Every morning's and evening's press has repeated new and fresh details of the scene of destruction, and recounted the names of the wounded, the missing, and the dead. Every telegraphic wire has trembled under the burden of the tale of horror; and already, in far-distant corners of our land, beneath unnumbered roofs, myriads of hearts have been touched to sympathy for the sad company of sufferers. How many prayers will go up for them from Christian altars to-day! "The earth is moved at the noise of their fall." The great deeps of the public heart have been stirred. If compassionate wishes and Christian prayers could at once put on the forms of angels, an innumerable host of ministering spirits would seem to come from business centres and scattered homes all through our land, to gather round the injured and the mourning, to strengthen them in their pain and agony. Even those silent wishes and secret prayers will do their work. Not one is lost by the ear of God; and he will find a way to change them into angelic aids to reach the sorrowing and burdened souls.

Filled as your minds have been with more extended accounts of this sad disaster, day after day, perhaps you may have wished to come to a Christian temple to find a refuge in different and brighter thoughts. But I have lingered over those accounts as well as you, — and, for a time, they have diminished my interest in other themes. It is not the loss

* Delivered in Salem, January 15th.

of life, great as that already appears, and may prove to be, which invests this tragedy with such a strange and fearful interest. The number of victims has been far surpassed many times before. Many more went down beneath the waves when the Arctic sank into the ocean deeps. Perhaps more homes were shrouded by that calamity than have been smitten now. More were lost when the Central America was crushed by the pitiless sea; — or when, years ago, the steamship in which the noble and heroic Follen perished became a flaming sepulchre, and so many were left with only the terrible alternative of death by fire or flood; — or, yet again, when, within the last few weeks, a ship, crowded with hundreds of passengers, already rejoicing in the sight of home, was dashed upon the English coast, and almost none escaped to tell the tale of wreck. Larger companies have found their grave in many an ocean tomb, who shall come forth together when the sea shall give up its dead. Who can unroll the records of disaster upon the sea or upon the shore? Earthquakes have whelmed whole cities in instantaneous ruin, and changed every house into a sepulchre. The path of many an emigrant march has been marked all its way by graves. Almost as many perished, perhaps, in that expedition of gallant souls into realms of eternal frost, — the mystery of whose fate, which both the continents so long attempted to solve, has but lately been unveiled, — as in the tragedy which occupies our thought to-day. It is the singularity, as well as the extent, of the present calamity that so deeply moves us. We are familiar with the thought of perils on the sea. Brave men take their lives in their hand on their expeditions of adventure and discovery. But when, amidst no sign or dream of danger, while the busy hands of hundreds are working at their daily toil, and their hearts are beating with fullest life and hope, the crash comes as unexpectedly as if the solid earth had suddenly opened to let them drop into some unfathomable abyss, humanity must be strangely moved at the terror of their

fall. The hour, too, brought to many a double death. The sudden crash was not so fearful as the slower death by devouring flame. There were some, doubtless, racked by the pain of the first mortal injury, yet hoping for rescue to clasp once more their loved one's hands, who were afterward burned alive amid their deadly agony. There were others, unhurt by the first catastrophe, who were as if chained in their fearful prison-house, till the creeping, rushing flame could devour them by its fiery breath. Theirs was all, and more than all, of a martyr's suffering, — perhaps, *perhaps*, sometimes borne up with almost a martyr's trust, but unsustained by that inspiration of a martyr's noble purpose, which has made the sufferer chant anthems of triumph till his tongue was changed to ashes. When I think of that first crash, — that harrowing suspense of the still living and imprisoned victims, — that slow death of torture amid cries for help and shrieks of agony, — I picture a scene before my imagination, which, though it may be more than paralleled in the number of the perishing, still has its own peculiar and unmatched features of dread and horror.

But it is more than time to attempt to arrange these desultory thoughts into order. And, first, there are some general considerations which the details of the daily prints have suggested, that throw some rays of light upon the gloom. What marvellous escapes have been recounted to awaken the utmost wonder in every man, and everlasting thankfulness in those who almost seem to have had miraculous interpositions in their behalf! Though the crash came with the rapidity of lightning, sometimes thought, more rapid still, detected the means of deliverance. Or else the massive beams and ponderous shafts appeared to avoid the human forms which they would have crushed into a shapeless mass, and arrange themselves in ways that no skill could have devised, but which afforded a safer shelter to those who crouched beneath them than the broad roof and lofty walls before they started from their place. There were won-

derful deliverances, which will be repeated as legends long after those who were rescued shall have gone to their sepulchres. I remember how many perished. I know what awful disappointments came to some as the door of safety seemed just opening before their eyes, but whom the rapid fire wrapped in a winding-sheet of flame. I do not undertake to balance the unutterable joy of the rescued ones — or of mothers, children, friends, who clasped them to their breast — against the unutterable grief of those who looked upon the blazing funeral pile of their beloved dead. Such joy or such grief in a single human heart is not to be balanced or measured. But I know that, if there were many deaths amid that peril, there were many resurrections too. Indeed, every instance of escape seems to me a marvel. Who would have ventured to predict so many deliverances, if he could have dreamed of a calamity like this? The saved vastly, almost miraculously, outnumber the lost, and gratitude that the horrors of the scene were not greater still is, after all, the prevailing thought.

Turn now from the incidents to the manifestations of character to which such tragedies always lead. How the strong traits of human nature come out to view when such an intense light is thrown upon them, revealing all their beauty or their deformity! How surely a great calamity awakens an instantaneous compassion, which inspires men with heroic self-forgetfulness and tireless energy! Many men become changed into angels by such throbs of pity, to toil with more than a giant's strength, and to minister to the suffering with more than a woman's tenderness. Tears of admiration gush from the eyes, when I read how generously humanity responds when great calls are made upon it. There are some compensations amidst the terrible tragedies of life. When I read how a heroic boy will accept no deliverance for himself, and sends his rescuers away till a beloved sister can be saved, I am not sure that all the peril both to himself and her is not a small price to pay for

one such hour of pure, self-forgetting love. When I think of the noble qualities summoned at once into life by such a calamity as this, in the army of generous helpers who become fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, to the suffering and the dead, or remember the compassion which it creates in myriad hearts everywhere, I sometimes feel that I see how God turns these dread calamities to glorious issues. A life is little to give for a pure flood of diviner feeling and thought. I know that there is another side to the picture. The demoniac spirit in men always comes out where the godlike is most clearly exhibited. Some go to plunder, where the many go to save. Selfishness puts forth its most terrific traits where generosity exercises the most Christ-like ministries. Sometimes human harpies have robbed the dying and the dead, or those who watched around them. There are degraded men who will give themselves to the brutalities of intemperance and rioting, when it would seem as if the very stones must be moved to compassion. Side by side with John stands Judas in the view of the world forever, and every scene which opens the deeps of the human heart reveals a similar association of purity and guilt. Still, how immeasurably the good and generous traits prevail amid the most tragic scenes of life! Every truer heart gives itself up to its nobler impulses, and hearts which were never moved before find deep wells of love sending up from their previously unsealed depths free and flowing streams. As gratitude for the greater number of escapes predominates even when we think of the great company of the lost, so admiration of the nobler qualities of humanity, so gloriously revealed, prevails, even while we remember instances of almost demoniac depravity; and again rays of light mingle with the gloom.

But still other views press upon the mind, and other lessons are enforced by these cries of agony. What a terrible indictment many of these sudden calamities bring against the want of thorough honesty in workmanship, the criminal

carelessness or incompetency, which so often perils, or sacrifices, multitudes of human lives. We are not so presumptuous as to prefer a specific charge in respect to this last direful tragedy, before all the evidence is presented on which to base our judgment. We would not minister to the disposition to bring such charges in moments of deep excitement. We may not know — indeed, we may never learn, beyond the chance of contradiction — the exact and fatal defect; whether the foundations at certain points rested upon shifting sands instead of immovable and solid earth, — whether the walls were not massive enough to sustain the mighty strain of the ponderous machinery, — or whether the pillars on which vast weights were laid were criminally weak, and snapped under their crushing burden. But somewhere a defect must have existed, which was the cause of the fearful massacre. Perhaps the man whose workmanship was so unsound never dreamed that such results could depend upon his thoroughness. Still, the defect did its work, and he is as truly the instrument by whom it was done, as if by some designed and malicious enginery he had crushed the mighty structure into fragments. We remember all the palliations for the individual man. The unfaithful have no conscious evil purpose. Yet, so far as the result is concerned, the workman who puts worthless timbers into the ship, or neglects firmly to bolt them together, and leaves a point at which the sea can make a fatal breach, might as well have bored through her sides amidst the raging of the storm; or he who makes the bridge, over which hundreds of men are continually carried in flying haste, of imperfect materials, or insufficient strength, might as well have dashed the train into the abyss, with its freight of inestimable lives. The mighty forces of nature are not to be ignored or trifled with, without inevitable retribution. Such sins find us out in the disasters that fill so many homes with agony, and shroud communities in gloom. We are slow to believe in disasters for which there is no blame. Such language is a contradiction in this

world of fixed and omnipresent laws. There may not be, we say again, perhaps there never is, the conscious guilt which merits the severest reprobation. But these disasters are not accidents. They are the retributions for some breach of nature's beneficent and mighty laws. The sentence may not seem to be executed speedily. It may often appear to be long delayed; but it comes at last in all its terror, to preach a truer, higher righteousness by its awful judgments.

There is a grand principle of thoroughness to be displayed in every work of mind or hand,—an absolute and noble honesty, which man everywhere is slow to learn, but which is essential to integrity of character. How scrupulous it is to make its every work complete! It lays the foundations of the massive edifice so deep and strong, that it cannot be shaken unless the solid earth crumble, or be removed from its place. It makes the walls so firm that no strain will shatter them into fragments. It puts no pillar under the timbers which will not ring out clearly, like the tone of a bell, when tested by trial blows. When it reigns in man, like the judgment of the Eternal One, it will overlook no defects. No peril that the utmost skill can detect, or the highest prudence can prevent, will be left out of sight. How beautiful, how almost divine, are its manifestations in child or man! It never permits the child to slight the smallest detail in his work. It never allows the man to be guilty of the pettiest delinquency to his trust. As the old Jew, in his superstitious reverence for the sacred books of his people, would not tolerate the alteration of a single letter, of the smallest point, when he copied law or prophecy or psalm,—so the man of this higher principle, in his glorious integrity, will not tolerate the slightest deviation from the sublimest ideal of his work. Like the sacrifices at the ancient altars, his offering of handicraft or of thought must be without spot or blemish. In the spirit of the Lord when he went to his baptism, he seeks to fulfil all righteousness. He needs no oversight to keep him steadfast to this lofty fidelity. Ac-

cording to that grand expression which pictures the ideal of such an excellence, "His eye, when turned on empty space, beams bright with honor." Is it not a glorious integrity? The absence of it not only makes many things imperfect, and leaves defects which are avenged by sudden disasters, whose noise moves the earth, but it destroys all thorough soundness of principle in human hearts. The most fearful disasters which it causes cannot parallel the spiritual calamity incurred by its loss. What outward misfortune or wreck can equal the wreck of such integrity! What a glorious world this would be, if the laborer at his toil, the student in his closet, the magistrate in his place of public trust, the man everywhere, should work and live in this absolute and thorough honesty! Then these appalling calamities would not only be averted, but life would present beautiful embodiments of a fidelity which, after all, could no more be fully expressed in such outward deeds, than the perfections of God can be perfectly displayed in the works of his hand. If man cannot be charmed and won by such a vision of fidelity, he will be driven to it by the retributions for his infidelity. Somehow, by love or fear, by angelic ministries or startling visitations, the all-controlling Providence vindicates its perfect truth, and brings men to its service.

But still another suggestion comes in connection with such calamities as that upon which we meditate to-day. What startling revelations they give of the unconceived and unsuspected might of these natural forces! Man conforms to these mighty laws, and he becomes almost omnipotent. He renders them exact obedience, and air, water, steam, electricity, gravitation, — the forces that uphold the stars and control the universe of matter and of motion, — become his servants, to toil and work for him. When he discovers any secret of nature, he becomes so far its lord; and he manifests his supremacy in the gigantic inventions which outstrip the prophecies of imagination by actual achievements. But the conditions of that sovereignty are as fixed

and immutable as the laws by which it comes. One violation of their requirements, one transgression against these almighty powers of nature which move on sublimely with no friction or jar, and men are crushed like moths, and their most ponderous works, which they can scarcely move into their place, are hurled hither and thither in wild confusion, like dust before the whirlwind. See how these sleeping energies can crush everything into fragments. So would suns and worlds be crushed, if such transgressions of law as man commits could occur among the spheres. Are these things symbols, I sometimes ask with a cry of exultation and of dread, — are these things symbols of spiritual facts? What is the whole universe itself, and every fact which it includes, but a picture of higher truths? I believe, and feel, that obedience to the eternal moral laws of the spiritual universe will confer upon man a majesty which his highest external achievements cannot image. When he obeys a grand spiritual truth, he is indeed exalted. What are the beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount, but the keys of the kingdom of Heaven; and he who can gain possession of them unlocks all its doors to enter into its unutterable glories. He who yields to the whispers of the Divine Spirit, has the omnipotent Comforter of God to work its miracles of grace within his heart. I follow out this line of thought, and I accept the most glowing representations of the glory of a divine life as statements of simple spiritual facts. Why may not he who becomes the true servant of God be made his *son*, the heir of his unutterable glory and peace? Why must not that diviner life take the soul up into a realm in which there will be no more pain, or tears, or death, or night, where the soul will dwell in the unveiled light of the eternal throne? But are the conditions of this sovereignty as exact and immutable in the world of spirit as in the world of nature? Is the opposite analogy also true? Are unfaithful men as truly crushed when they transgress spiritual laws, as when they sin against natural forces? Is there a depth of

spiritual degradation which corresponds, by appalling contrast, with this vision of spiritual glory? I remember the words of Jesus, which apply to individual souls as well as to his Church, when he declares, in respect to whatever is built upon the rock of truth, that "the gates of hell cannot prevail against it." And I remember his other words, "Upon whomsoever this stone shall fall, it will grind him to powder." I dare not picture, even to myself, how far man, in his transgression, may be crushed by the spiritual laws whose destined office it was to lead him up to the very throne. I shrink from the natural analogies, whose lessons, in the swift destruction of these terrible calamities, I nevertheless cannot thrust aside. Indeed, when I see men who once looked up into mothers' faces with answering tenderness and love, whose hearts responded to the sweetest ties of human homes, become so lost to humanity in a few short years that they can go to scenes of overwhelming disaster to execute plans of theft and guilt, — when I estimate the rocky hardness of hearts which no suffering can really melt, — when I study the guilt of traitors, who, Judas-like, sell their Lord afresh, — I seem to see the deeps of that perdition yawning open to expose its awful secrets to my view. Do not trifle with, much less transgress, these everlasting laws of rectitude. Kindle not those passions which may burn into a quenchless flame. Do not, by conscious sin, put out the spiritual eye, which was made to look into the very heart of God, and thus leave the soul in rayless night.

But I forbear. A single lesson more, which might well detain our thought, but which must be given in a word, and I have done. Suddenly the calamity came upon the sufferers of whom we have been thinking to-day. It was to them as if the angel had instantaneously sounded the trump of judgment to summon the nations up to the great scene of the trial of living souls. There are other trumpets than those which are heard in scenes of disaster, that are continually sounding. Not to companies, but to single men, the change

often comes as suddenly as it came to those crushed and stricken ones. Whether men go in such startling haste or by slow disease, to all the change is as great as if in one moment we should be standing here, and in the next before the throne of God. God grant that, when the angel's trumpet is sounded over us, it may be no note of fear, but a tone of angelic welcome to that life in which the celestial powers, which now begin to bestow their majesty upon the faithful soul, shall clothe it with their highest glory, and endow it with their godlike peace!

THE LAKE-SIDE GRAVEYARD.

I.

Two little garden graves to see,
  Made beautiful by loving hands,
One day my friend invited me
  Into his friend's broad lands.
Our senses all were glad that day:
Around us fruitful acres lay;
We caught the breath of new-mown hay;
We saw the corn with pennons green;
The orchards wore their summer sheen;
Ground-apple blossoms too, were seen,
Blue, white, and cream-hued: all was fair
As if death could not enter there;
Gladness was dancing in the air.
Only the house, seen from the gate,
Looked mournful and disconsolate;
For lately there, in funeral state,
The fearful king's relentless feet,
Heard by men's ears with equal beat
On cottage and on palace floor,
Had passed through the unwilling door.

II.

Thus ever looks the stricken dwelling
Whence loveliness is called away;
Why, it is past all human telling,—
'T was ever as to-day.
But thoughts that make the bowed heart glad,
'T was plain, the sorrowing parents had,
Though the house wore the look so sad,
That gives kind souls the tender warning
That souls within it sit in mourning,
And bids them, pride's concealments scorning,
Speak from the heart to father, mother,
Meek sister and full-hearted brother,
And not one spark of feeling smother,
Sure that what speaks from heart to heart
Will win its way, and do its part,
To soothe the pain of grief's keen dart;
For though the whole domain was fair,
And beauty revelled everywhere,
The fairest spot in all the bound
Was that dear garden burial-ground.

III.

Close by the graves a lakelet spread;
Two swans upon the waters sailed;
Queen-like careered each bright-eyed head,
The wings seemed white robes trailed.
But still, though beautiful and bright,
With native royalty bedight,
The birds were not prepared for flight;
Nor could they to their march sublime
And rippling water's bell-like chime
With a majestic song keep time:
Only when plumed for their last day,
As if about to soar away,
Their wings will move in flight-like play;
And, warbling from each organ throat,
Rich music on the air will float,
Each breath of song a requiem note.

So speaks the mythic voice of old,
In which full many a truth is told;
Full oft in fables old we read
Evangels that we little heed.

IV.

We see our children at their play,
  We hear their winning voices blend,
And, dreaming, think their life's bright day
  Will never have an end.
But sorrow comes, and holds in thrall
The playfulness of hearth and hall;
And mirth-light darkens with his pall.
Then from his home, with loving hand,
To where we in amazement stand,
The golden sceptre of command
Our Father stretches o'er the gloom,
And bids us see beyond the tomb
Our darlings all their life resume.
We see their flight, and hear their song
Sweet as swan-music, clear and long,
And while the fainting heart grows strong,
Into our ears in accents plain
Sinks the rich burden of the strain:
"We go, God-guided, ye know whither;
Wait but a while, then follow hither."

WORDSWORTH.

Blest bard! who bathed in seas of light,
  And played with gems of truth,
Who roamed through fields of beauty bright,
  Crowned with immortal youth!

DR. HUNTINGTON ON THE TRINITY.

We have endeavored to give our readers, in another department of the Magazine, a view of Dr. Huntington's argument in favor of the tripersonality of the object of Christian worship. Many of them will read the volume itself, and see the argument in its whole breadth and fulness. The main points are the following.

The doctrine of the Trinity, or rather Tripersonality, for that is the form which it assumes in his statement, and the two terms are by no means synonymous, has with trifling exceptions been held by Christian believers ever and everywhere. Though truth is not determined by majorities, yet it is hardly credible that the great Head of the Church, who promised to be with it always, would suffer it to embrace a delusion so wide-spread, and running through all the ages. To suppose this is painful, not to say irreverent towards the Providence that has ever led and watched the true Christian Israel.

This doctrine, or the system of which it forms a part, is essential to render Christianity practically an efficient and vital power in the world and in the human soul. Leave this out, and man fails to see the extent of sin and its terrible evil; piety wastes, the Church declines, enthusiasm is chilled, prayer loses its efficacy, and the world reaps an easy harvest. Restore it, and the Church becomes aggressive; the sinner is convinced and finds peace in believing, and devotion revives again.

This doctrine, and the system to which it belongs, give unity to the Bible, and make all its disclosures and utterances fall into one majestic and consistent plan. From Genesis to the Apocalypse, the great themes of Incarnation and Redemption are all-harmonizing and make all difficulties of exegesis to vanish, while to the Anti-Trinitarian they are insurmountable, or require unnatural or labored explanations.

These three heads seem to us to sum up the argument, which in the Sermon is drawn out in various detail, and with great rhetorical skill. This doctrine of threeness in the Divine Nature has been the almost universally accepted one through all the ages of faith: it is necessary in order to make Christianity an efficient, working, and renewing power; and it makes the Bible a consistent and symmetrical whole.

These tests, if they would bear examination, would certainly be conclusive. To present them fairly and plainly, rather than to controvert them, is our purpose now. But as this is not our view of the Christian history, economy, and revelation, and as the whole subject goes to the very life and essence of Christianity, and the deeps of the Christian experience, we ask the company of our readers while we take them, not into another controversy about the Trinity, but to some points of observation, from which in a light somewhat different this great field of truth may lie before us.

I. It is a pretty sure indication of corruption in theology when its service requires of us to wrest language from its legitimate use, and employ it in the Church as Talleyrand did in the State, to conceal or to obscure thought rather than reveal it. Dr. Huntington does not consciously do this, but any system of tripersonality must. Everybody has an idea, till it is dissipated by metaphysics, of what a person is. A person is an individual being, having his own separate self-consciousness; and to be personally known to us, he must be revealed to us in living form. To say that God exists in three persons is to say that there are three self-conscious beings, and the conception is produced instantly in the mind of three Gods. You may protest that you are not using language in its common acceptation; but what does the protest avail, if you go right on and assign to the three persons such offices and functions as inevitably beget the notion of three self-conscious actors in the believer's mind? Is it the words on your lips, or is it the inmost thought of your heart, that God regards in worship? We may say "one God"

with the mouth all day and all night, and yet if the attitude of the soul within is towards three Persons each with an "independent self-consciousness," and each having Divine attributes, then the motions of the mouth are as empty sounds, while the act of the soul is an unblest idolatry.

The doctrine of threeness in the Divine Nature is held now, and has been held from remote ages, by those who do not divide the Divine Personality. We never can know anything of God, except so far as he becomes humanized to our human conceptions. This seems plain. Man is his image and partakes of his nature. All that we say of God, his mercy, his justice, his holiness, his goodness, mean nothing to us, except so far forth as there is something in our own being that answers to those great ideas. Just so likewise of his unity, his threeness, and his personality. There is ground for these in our own nature, or we could not even receive a revelation respecting them. Man's nature is triune. He is love, intellect, and active power: heart, head, hand; — as Sir William Hamilton puts it in his clear and masterly analysis, feeling, cognition, and conation: the sole ground in man whence he can arise to the august conception of the Divine Threeness, — the eternal Love, the eternal Wisdom or Word, and their eternal processions of Power. We may strain after something about God when there is nothing in man to receive it: it will not even fall within the laws of thought; we only beat the air and hear the "clatter" of our own intellectual machinery. That God is Love, Wisdom, and Power, all existing in one self-conscious being or person, creating man for feeling, knowing, and doing, comes at once into our faith that puts us in communion with the Supreme in just the degree that we will suffer him to mould us into his own glorious image.

II. It is the concession of candid Trinitarians that the Tripersonality is not found expressly in the New Testament, but was "developed" afterwards by the Christian Church. "This doctrine does not strictly belong to the fundamental

articles of the Christian faith, as appears sufficiently evident from the fact that it is expressly held forth in no one particular passage of the New Testament," is the language of Neander. "The unfolding of the mystery is committed to the scientific activity of the Church," is the language of Olshausen. But that the doctrine of Christ's essential divinity is set forth in the New Testament, yea, that it breaks from its pages in a blaze of glory, is the almost unanimous agreement of Christian believers. In the Incarnation, the Life, and the Mediation of Christ there is the full expression of the Godhead, the essential Divinity coming down into visible personality for the salvation of man. Never are we invited to come to the Father by climbing round the personality of the Son. That there are eternal deeps of the Divine Nature that we may never fathom, is only saying that we are weak and finite. That all which we can know or understand of God we have in Christ, the incarnate and revealing Word, is his own declaration again and again. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son that dwelleth in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." "*All that the Father hath is mine.*" "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." That the essential Divinity in Christ is not a person separated from the Father, another person, but consubstantial with the Father, and revealing the whole Godhead in one glorious person, "*all* the fulness of the Godhead bodily," is plain even in the letter; but in the only system of interpretation self-consistent throughout, — we mean the New Church law of analogies, — this central truth of the New Testament appears like the sun shining in his strength.

And mark with what plainness the Holy Spirit is described as the gift of Christ, the procession of life and power coming from him alone: "*He* shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire." "*I* will send you another Comforter, even the Spirit of truth." "He breathed on them, saying, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit." The exigencies of theology

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must be hard-pressing indeed, that can turn this sweet and blessed doctrine aside, of a cleansing and comforting power pulsing into the soul from a Divine Saviour, brought near to the disciple by personal communion and lowly faith, for that strange riddle of the understanding, a third person in the Trinity coming and going between God and man!

III. The first historical development of Christianity was in strict accordance with this conception of one God in one person, and that person brought near to man in the Divine Saviour. The Pentecostal scene fulfilled the promise of the Comforter. It was not produced by preaching Tripersonality and a vicarious atonement. It was produced by preaching Christ and the resurrection with repentance and remission of sins; and as for the Holy Spirit which came as a baptism of fire, it was said of the glorified Saviour, "*He* hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear." So the first conversions were made and the first churches were built up. When Paul looked up through the opened heavens, and sought the source of that power which smote him to the earth and overwhelmed him with self-convictions, the answer was, "I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest." They called on the name of the Lord Jesus, and the Holy Spirit came. It was the Divine Sphere of Light and Love and Power brought down to the earth in the Lord Jesus Christ, and turned full upon man. The "scientific activity" of the Church had not yet begun. They simply looked up to the Saviour, the God become man, and "the Holy Ghost fell on them," (a person indeed?) and its power rolled in upon them in surges of energy, peace, and love. And when John was "in the Spirit," and saw the glorious Theophany, did he see three persons each claiming divine honors, or did he see "one like unto the Son of Man," saying, "I am the First and the Last, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty"?

No student of history, we think, will affirm that there is the least hint of tripersonality in the Godhead in the writings

extant of the Apostolic Fathers. Later down, from A. D. 175 to 200, we have explicit statements from Justin Martyr, Irenæus, and Tertullian of the essentials of the Christian faith, and what had "always been believed" in the Church. In these the essential Divinity of Christ is fully and affectionately acknowledged, the New Testament form, both of language and doctrine, is preserved; but there is no lisp of tripersonality or a substitutive atonement. These old creeds are refreshing, for they have the breath of the morning hour. Irenæus gives the following as the creed of those "who diligently keep the ancient tradition": "Believing in one God, maker of Heaven and earth, and of all things in them by Christ Jesus the Son of God, who through his most eminent love towards his creature underwent that generation which was of a virgin, He by himself uniting man to God, and having suffered under Pontius Pilate and being rose again and taken up in splendor will come again in glory, a Saviour of them that are saved and a judge of them that are judged, sending into eternal fire the perverters of truth, and the despisers of his Father, and of his own coming again." Tertullian gives the following as "the rule that had been observed and adhered to from the very beginning of the Gospel," — that it was "prior to all heretics that had been in the Christian Church." He believed "in one God, and that his Word was the Son of the one God; who proceeded from him; by whom all things were made, and without whom nothing was made; that he was sent by or from the Father into the virgin, and from her was born Man and God, the Son of Man and the Son of God, and named Jesus Christ; that he suffered, that he died, that he was buried according to the Scriptures, and raised up by the Father, and, taken up into heaven, sits at the right hand of the Father, and will come to judge the quick and the dead; who from thence sent, according to his promise from the Father, the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, the Sanctifier of their faith who believe in the Father and Son and Holy Ghost."

That in this conception of Father and Son they did not separate the Divine Nature into persons, appears from the following explanation of Tertullian: "Before all things, God was alone; but not absolutely alone, for he had with him his own reason, since God is a rational being. This reason the Greeks call Logos, which word we now render Sermo. AND THAT YOU MAY MORE EASILY UNDERSTAND THIS FROM YOURSELF, CONSIDER THAT YOU WHO ARE MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD HAVE REASON WITHIN YOURSELF." *

IV. But "the scientific activity of the Church" was at hand. Precisely in the degree that it declined in godliness, and the primal graces disappeared, was the Divine Personality cloven and separated in its authorized formulas. The Arian controversy raged for more than half a century, in which the worst passions were unloosed on both sides. What a surface do these times present, from which to reflect the divine doctrines, — this surging sea of human hatred and strife! The Athanasians ejected from the primitive creed the doctrine of the Divine Unity, and two persons be-

* But Tertullian "developed" the doctrine of the Logos in opposition to the Monarchians, and grazed the borders of Tritheism, taking ground from which his successors developed it still farther. He is the transition point between Christian Monotheism and Tripersonalism, and might be claimed either way. Among other analogies, he compares the Logos proceeding out of the Divine Essence, and becoming incarnate in Christ, to a stalk from its root, both one in substance but numerically distinct, and the Holy Spirit to the fruit upon the stalk, continuously produced through the Son. Yet again he says, that each of the three may be called God, though he does not seem to conceive of each as having "an independent self-consciousness." Neander represents, with admirable truthfulness, that the unlearned among the laity, — or, as Tertullian says, "all simple persons, not to say ignorant and illiterate, who form always the majority of believers," — in whose Christian consciousness the doctrine of Christ's divinity was the most intensely wrought, revolted against the logomachists, and would only see the whole Godhead in Christ. They would not receive at first the "developed" theology of the metaphysicians, "pervaded by reflection and dialectic distinctions." Whether these "simple persons," with an intense Christian consciousness of a present Saviour, or the learned logomachists and wranglers, were the more likely to be right, is a question which admits of a difference of opinion. See Neander's *Antignostikus*, Part III. Sec. 2.

gan to appear. The Arians ejected the doctrine of the Saviour's essential Divinity, and God receded into the dim and inaccessible heavens. Which party was to prevail was long doubtful. The Church split into two nearly equal factions, and it seemed a drawn battle, except as one or the other allied itself with the civil power. At length the Tri-personalists prevailed. *How* they prevailed, and by what process the ancient Anti-Trinitarianism "died out," involve a very interesting passage of history, and one which is calculated to make a man exceedingly modest in urging an argument from the "quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus."

In the year 379, Theodosius ascended the throne of the eastern division of the Roman empire. He was surnamed "the Great," and he well deserves the further addition of the Bloody and Cruel. Not that he was any worse than Roman emperors in general. He was not so bad, for he never murdered his own wife, brothers, or children, as other good Christian emperors were in the habit of doing. He had great energy of character, was thoroughly orthodox, and was amply accomplished in all the bull-dog virtues. An insurrection from a trivial cause broke out, and was soon quelled, at Thessalonica. The Emperor ordered from his officers seven thousand human heads to expiate the crime. The populace were invited into the circus; men, women, and children assembled expecting to witness the games. They were then shut in, and the butchery went on for three hours, till the seven thousand heads had been obtained. This was the man who undertook to settle disputes in theology.

The Arians were in possession of the Eastern churches. The Patriarch at Constantinople, the monks, the clergy, and the people, were generally of that faith. Theodosius did not trouble himself to examine it. He selected two prelates, Damasus, Bishop of Rome, and Peter, Bishop of Alexandria, and declared them the "treasures of true doctrine." Those whose faith conformed to theirs were orthodox, all

others were to be rejected as outcasts. Fifteen edicts were issued successively, continually increasing in severity, till the heretics were hunted unto death. The Arians were driven, not only from the Church, but from their homes, and languished and died in exile; "inquisitors of the faith" were appointed to act as spies and judges of the secret opinions of men. The orthodox bishops fanned the flame of persecution. St. Gregory was installed as the new Patriarch of Constantinople, in defiance of the whole flock intrusted to his care. The brutal soldiery attended in the cathedral to force the new bishop upon the people. Pagans and Arians alike were hunted down. The pagan peasants sometimes resisted only to be butchered on the spot. On one occasion the saints declared, and the judges admitted, that, in the slaughter within the pagan temples, devils and angels entered into the combat, and the idolaters merely shared the fate of the infernal spirits with whom they were leagued. Uniformity of faith followed. Tripersonality became, if not the "quod semper," yet undoubtedly the "quod ubique, quod ab omnibus." *

Then followed the long, dreary, arctic night of the Church. The litanies went up to three persons, and along with them the half-stifled groans and half-muffled cries of oppressed and weary human nature. From the cold regions or burning sands of exile, from souls slain under the altar, from the midst of blazing fagots, from dungeons under ground, from "the Alpine mountains cold," went up the prayer, "O Lord, how long!" while from all the cathedrals, churches, and monasteries went up the worship of Tritheism.

"But we must remember that the age was dark." The age undoubtedly was dark, and a very pertinent question arises, — WHAT MADE THE AGES DARK? Any age becomes dark just in the degree that the knowledge of God is lost. Any age is dark in proportion as its worship becomes untrue. The idea of God is vital, central; all our other ideas are

* Sismondi's Fall of the Roman Empire, pp. 110–112.

fitted to it and borrow their light from it, as the planets replenish their light and trick their beams from the sun. All our notions of man, of duty, of neighborly love, of nature and revelation, of this life and the next, of regeneration, redemption, and preparation for heaven, are determined and vitalized by our conception of God, for that is the inmost of all our thoughts and actions. Let God be one, clear-shining, ever near, and melting into the soul, and conjunction with him is unbroken, and worship is all-renewing; all other doctrine falls into its true place and order, and there is unity everywhere else. Let our idea of the One Infinite Person be lost or blurred and dissipated, and there is darkness or lurid twilight on all the landscapes of the mind, and there is no such worship or unison with the Lord as cleanses away the foul depravity of human nature. Thus the Christian idea of God, sinking down into the ages, gathered their darkness about it deeper and deeper, and was dissipated and divided and ended in confirmed Tritheism; and then there was pagan night over all the Church, and man was a wolf to man.

We have not time to trace the influence of Tritheism on the religion of modern Protestantism, but we think it has been disastrous enough. Under Protestantism it allied itself organically with the doctrine of justification by faith alone, or putative instead of genuine righteousness, and thereby preserved all its power to hurt and to kill. To this we owe all the lurking and deadly Antinomianism of Protestantism, which these three hundred years has separated faith from charity, religion from life, ritual from goodness, and devotion from honesty. Perhaps, if we summoned all the facts to bear witness, we might hurt the oil and the wine of neighborly kindness. They are patent enough in the history of the sects;—the stakes where the martyrs have died, the dungeons on whose impassive walls their prayers have been written; the Scotland heaths lifting up their hymns amid the wildness of nature with alarms lest the hunters might hear;

the Bunhill fields where the victims only found peace; the death-penalties on the statute-book wiped off within the memory of living men;* Arminianism mingling its blood with its sacrifice in all the by-ways of Holland; the half-suppressed history of the Familists, the Baptists, and the Quakers of New England; the maxims of trade and commerce and bargaining perverted, Mammon ruling in splendid churches, and starving women in sound of their bells, stitching at ninepence a day, and stitching their own shrouds; American slavery creeping into the churches, and up to the altar and the pulpit, and overshadowing both with a deadly Atheism; the hard Jewish bearing of the sects towards each other; — these, and ten thousand more, are swift and sharp-tongued witnesses to the results of the fundamental dogma of Protestantism, which separates religion from life, and under which the sweet and heavenly charities are blasted and withered.

"The times were dark, and human rights were not understood." What made them dark, and what is it that separates man from God, and by consequence man from his brother?

V. In days of darkest corruption, and amid the most awful wickedness of an apostate Church, there have been multitudes who have lived and died in the sanctity of a genuine faith. And what has been the doctrine which has laid hold upon them and saved them? We believe it will be found to have been the essential Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, breaking clear of the tangles of Tritheism, and offering the Divine Person to the humble believer. This has been the saving element which no corruptions could completely overlay. It is a personal, vital union of the disciple with his Saviour that causes the Divine Life to pass into him and transform him into the Divine image, and produce from within outwardly, not a putative, but a genuine righteousness: it is this which saves him when it becomes domi-

* Unitarianism up to a period comparatively recent was punishable with death in England. It was also punishable with death under Puritan law.

nant over the divided worship of Tritheism. Here in fact is the distinctive and renewing power of the Gospel. Thus Dr. Huntington writes in his Sermon on "the Secret of the New Name," and with an affecting truthfulness which in our judgment nullifies every syllable of his argument for the Tripersonality: —

"The special character and privilege of the Christian rest in a personal and conscious union between him and his living Redeemer. We vex our ingenuity straining after definitions of the distinctive thing in Christianity. They are all superficial and irrelevant compared with this. How uniform and majestic the testimony that rises from all the lands and ages of faith to this simple truth, — that it is not rules of conduct, not systems of ethics, not patterns of propriety, not eloquent expositions, that inspire the believing and faithful heart with its immortal energy and peace, but the simple secret assurance of being at one with the Lord Jesus, and resting in his almighty friendship! Where is the fiery furnace deep enough to burn despair into our souls, if we can see walking with us though the fire the form of the Son of God? What then is the tribulation, or famine, or sword, or nakedness which shall separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. The mystery of that unity where He who is at one with God yet cried, 'Not as I will, but as thou wilt,' is not for us to understand. Yet the prayer of promise, 'They shall be with me where I am,' is for us to lay hold of, and breathe again and again when we are aching and alone and troubled."

Not only when we are aching and alone and troubled. When we are weak or cowardly in the face of duty, or braced up only by the pride of self or the fear of man, it is rest in that almighty friendship that gives both the docility of the child and the strength of a multitude of martyrs. There is other virtue which is hardy and brave, austere, and sometimes cruel, for the cause and the glory of God. This from the living and indwelling Christ has both the tenderness and omnipotence of Him who breathes it into us, for its strain of acknowledgment is, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." This, and not the Tripersonality, has been the renewing power of Christianity, and wrought all the graces

and the righteousness and the zeal and the piety distinctively Christian, for this is where God meets the soul and has his tabernacle with man. This is the door through which he comes and floods the heart with his strength and love. This made Methodism a saving and regenerating power, while the other churches lay high and dry on the sands of faith alone. It works the deepest and the richest Christian experience. It breathes and quivers through Moravian hymns. It shows man all the depths and windings of his depravity, and in the same measure supplies God's inexhaustible grace. It gives him the peace that rolls in like a river, and fertilizes all his nature as earthly fountains are becoming dry. It gives the Christian Church all the efficiency which it has for positive good in society. And when the hosts above sing "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," — the Divine Humanity denied on earth but acknowledged in heaven, — it is this vital conscious connection between Christ and his redeemed that inspires the "hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

The argument for any doctrine based merely upon its prevalence is always suspicious, when we consider the tendencies of a corrupt human nature to bring down Divine truth to its own level. But when we lay our finger upon a doctrine which has been the animus of the Church through all its most fearful apostasies, the argument from its prevalence is blown into atoms. History as well as reason turns full against it. The temptation is strong and subtle to yield to the corrupt currents of opinion, and be swept along with them; but that we are going back to the ages when Tritheism shut over the Church like an iron cover, and shut in the darkness, there is no reason to apprehend. For one hundred years Tritheism has been less and less the organific centre of Christian theology, while the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Divine Incarnation, the descended Word, the God with men, has become such more and more. This becomes the theme of all that Christian revivalism that leaves in the renovated

heart the fragrancy of heaven; and there are omens enough, if we will but see them, that not a divided worship, but a Divine Christology, shall fulfil the prediction, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

S.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

PART III.

"Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed,—
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cryed."

Old Ballad.

SCENE.— *The Entrance of a Forest. Two Servants appear on horseback, each with a child in his arms.*

OTHO.

How pale was Bertha, as we left her now
At yonder castle-gate! Trembling and pale!
Why was it? Fears she our return will be
Less speedy than we promised?

HUBERT.

I know not,
Otho; but I — already I would give
This my good sword that we were riding on
Another errand!

OTHO.

A brave fellow thou!
To win a purse of gold! Faint-hearted fool!
But silent we must be,— else shall we find
Our work not easy.

EDGAR.

We shall find mamma!
How glad to see her! Heaven is not too far,
As Bertha said, for me to find, — for I
Could go *so* far to find her! Now, so fast
We ride, Otho, we shall be very quick,
I hope!

OTHO.

Ay, boy! now we are galloping!
Ha! is not this brave riding?

EDGAR.

Will it bring
Us soon to heaven, where mamma is gone,
And now is waiting for us?

HUBERT.

Not so fast!
Prithee, good Otho! hush, my little one!
She 's sadly frightened at the galloping,
And trembles in my arms, as a young bird
Doth flutter in thy grasp! Hush, little one!

OTHO.

Thou art a coward, Hubert! Canst not bear
The fluttering of a timid babe?

HUBERT.

Truly,
My heart 's not made of steel! I would it were!
Otho, I cannot do this cruel deed!

OTHO.

Coward! it is no time to talk!

HUBERT.

But we
Can leave them in this wood to death as sure,
If not as speedy! All my purse of gold
I 'll give thee, if thou wilt! Speak! speak!

OTHO.

But should they wander to the cot, and be
Found afterward, our master's anger will —

HUBERT.

They cannot be! Here in this endless wood,
So dark, and miles afar from human eye,
They must be safe! Otho, let us away!

(*Aside.*)

Ah, no! they shall not die! I 'll gladly risk
My worthless life to save these innocents!

(*They leave the children and gallop away.*)

EDGAR.

This is too dark a place for heaven! for
That 's so bright, — so bright! Nelly, perhaps,
Would show the way, if we could find her. Come!
. . . . . .
Art tired now, little Jane? Then we will rest
Upon this mossy seat, and weep no more to-night!
We 'll eat our berries, and then go to sleep!
To-morrow, when we wake, perhaps, if we
Are patient, waiting her, mamma will come!

Morning.

(*A Robin on the bough above a bird's-nest is singing its morning song. Another Robin is flying back with berries in its beak.*)

DOLCÈ.

Carol, so long thou wert, the little birds
Are almost famished!

CAROL.

I will tell thee why
I am so late now, Dolcè! As I flew
In search of berries, — hither, thither, — I —
Come, tell me what I spied, — now, tell me what?

DOLCÈ.

Perchance, a serpent, or a wild-cat!

CAROL.

Nay!
Not either, foolish Dolcè! Could I be
So joyful, had I seen a catamount
Or serpent?

DOLCÈ.

Then, a kid, or lambkin!

CAROL.

Nay!
Not kid nor lambkin; something brighter, far!
I saw two lovely little beings lie
A-sleeping, on a mossy bank. Their arms,
So fair and beautiful, were graceful twined
Together. In the thickest of the wood
They lay, — as from the far blue sky, methought
They came, they were so pure and lovely! So
I stayed to look awhile. No fear I had
Of harm to me.

DOLCÈ.

Our Nelly — were they like?

CAROL.

Ay! but so far more lovely!

DOLCÈ.

Can they be
More lovely than our Nelly? She so sweet
And smilingly doth scatter crumbs for us
Around her cottage-door!

CAROL.

Kindly she doth!
But thou must see these lonely sleeping babes
To know how beautiful they are!

DOLCÈ.

Ah! then
I 'll go in quest of berries, leaving thee
To watch our nest.

CAROL.

Ay! Dolcè, — that will I,
That thou mayst see this picture!

DOLCÈ.

Whither fly?
I know not! thou wilt show me, Carol, — where?

CAROL.

One flight I 'll take to point the way, before
The little birds have found that I am gone.

DOLCÈ.

Now, then! Art ready, Carol? Here we go!

(*They fly away.*)

JOHN JACKSON AMONGST THE SLAVEHOLDERS OF SANTA CRUZ.

"12 mo. 3. — This town is called West End, or Fredericstead; and is pleasantly situated on the sea-shore, almost surrounded by high hills. Most of the persons who visit this island for health take boarding in this town. Here we are surrounded by the luxuriant products of the earth, growing in the richest profusion. The lofty cocoa-nut and mountain cabbage, whose stately columns appear like the pillars of a palace; the curious silk-tree; the tamarind; the orange, bearing its blossoms, its green and ripe fruit, all at once; the lime; the thibet-tree; a great number of flowers, among which I see some beautiful geraniums, and the 'Pride of Barbadoes' are now in abundance (December).

We walked to the fish-market, where we saw the most beautiful tropical fish, deep-red, blue, yellow, the variegated and striped; and it was an entertainment to get the sellers to give us their different names. The language spoken by the colored people in this island is a kind of broken English, with a mixture of Danish, and is almost unintelligible to us.

"12th mo. 5. — We occupied yesterday in making efforts to appoint some religious meetings. This being a despotic government, and the will of the Governor being the law in such cases, we mentioned to several persons, to whom we had letters of introduction, our wish to see the Governor." Here follow some accounts of the difficulties encountered. They found I. I. Gurney had been forbidden, a year before, to hold any public or private meetings; and the keepers of boarding-houses, to let their rooms for such a purpose under the penalty of a fine. I. I. Gurney had, however, obtained leave to hold one public meeting, on condition that he should say nothing upon slavery, and not request another meeting; but he held several private meetings, without having asked the Governor.) After some days, and a journey of fifteen miles, to see the Governor, (in vain, for he was ill,) the Police Judge, Andersen, received a formal letter, saying that "the requested permission cannot be granted," signed by the Governor, P. V. Scholten.

The journal continues: — "Thus it would seem that our mission will not be received. In the exercise of worldly power, men usurp the prerogative of Christ, and deny to him the right of sending by whom he will; forgetting his declaration, 'Whosoever shall receive in my name one of these little ones that believe in me, receiveth me; but whosoever shall offend one,' &c. The exercise of despotic power over the consciences of men has in every age retarded the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom; and it is to be deplored, that, with the history before us of the rejection of Jesus by the Jews, and of the ages of

martyrdom, any people should in this age be in bondage to a spirit of intolerance. The following is a copy of a notice issued by the Governor, and placed in all the boarding-houses of the place: 'Whereas it appears, that, notwithstanding the information and advice given to strangers and others at the police office, some persons have undertaken to hold meetings for the purpose of delivering religious speeches, discourses, or prayers: Notice is hereby given, that, agreeably to the existing laws and regulations of our country, none but the ministers duly appointed for the colonies, by the royal authority, or such persons as have obtained special permission from our government, are entitled to hold such meetings, and deliver discourses, prayers, or the like; and that, in case of non-compliance, the owner or tenant of the house where such illegal meetings may be found must expect to be prosecuted and dealt with according to law.'

"Having been prevented from holding religious meetings on this island, and not feeling entirely clear, without expressing more fully to the Governor and the inhabitants the object of our mission, I occupied a part of the day in writing 'An Address to the Inhabitants of St. Croix.'" From this address, which was subsequently printed and circulated in the island, we shall make an extract, which will serve once for all to give the practical, religious, and ecclesiastical doctrine as still held by the Quakers.

"The Society of Friends have, from their earliest rise, maintained as a fundamental point of doctrine, that a measure and manifestation of the spirit of Christ, 'the true light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world,' is given to all men, to lead and guide them in the path of duty; that this is 'the appearing' of 'Christ within' which the Apostle declared to be 'the hope of glory' (Col. i. 27), and which is the same divine power that the blessed Jesus alluded to, when he gave this command to his disciples: 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them into

the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost' (the baptism of fire, in discrimination from the baptism of water), 'teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; *and, lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.*' (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.) This divine principle, or light of Christ within, is that to which our worthy predecessor, George Fox, called the attention of the people, as an efficacious teacher and spiritual guide to salvation, that they might conform their lives to the example and precepts of Jesus, and thus find peace with their Creator. Hence it is declared by William Penn, that 'a belief in the light of Christ within, as God's gift for man's salvation, is our characteristic or main distinguishing point or principle of doctrine.' And in relation to those Quakers whom it pleased Christ to call to the ministry, the same writer asserts, that 'these experimental preachers of the glad tidings of God's truth and kingdom could not run when they listed, or preach or pray but as Christ prepared and moved them by his own blessed spirit, for which they waited in their meetings for worship, and spoke only as that gave them utterance.' 'They went not forth in their own wills or times, but in the will of God; and spake not their own studied matter, but as they were opened and moved of his spirit, with which they were well acquainted by their own conversion. They directed people to a principle within themselves, but not of themselves, by which all that they asserted, preached, and exhorted others to, might be known through renewed experience to be true.'

"Although many of the builders of systems of religion have rejected this revelation, or manifestation of Christ's spirit in man, as their foundation, our forefathers built upon it as a rock immovable, as 'the corner-stone, the tried stone, elect and precious,' which the Lord's prophet declared should be laid in Zion. (Isaiah xxviii. 16.) They undoubtedly were sincere in their convictions, when they went forth, as under the influence of the Holy Spirit, as the servants of

Jesus Christ, to call men from under the dominion and power of transgression, into the glorious liberty of the children of God; for they manifested their attachment to these principles by a willingness to suffer persecutions. Fines, imprisonments, even the loss of life itself, were inflicted upon them, and drove many of them from the shores of Great Britain to seek a refuge among strangers. In the wilderness of America they found an asylum, ... there the enlightened Penn founded a colony, ... there the tree of religious liberty was planted, and many generations have already partaken of its fruits.

"We are unshaken in the religion of our fathers; like them, we believe in the light of Christ within, as God's great gift for man's salvation; like them, we believe that the Head of the Church is as able now as formerly to make use of the weak things of this world to advance his cause. He set us the example, by choosing some of the illiterate fishermen of Galilee to be among the first promulgators of his Gospel. And we believe that the learning and wisdom of man are not an essential qualification for a minister of Christ; neither do they receive a true qualification from the ordinations of men, or by virtue of an appointment from royal authority, or the consent of human governments; for they are the servants of Jesus Christ only, whom he, by his Holy Spirit, calls to the labor he hath assigned them; and who can say, with the Apostle (1 Gal. i. 11, 12), 'I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it by man, nor was taught but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.'

"Without assuming to ourselves more than belongs to the very least of the family of Christ, we unhesitatingly assert that we believe our Divine Master hath required at our hands the religious service in which we are now engaged. It is not our mission to teach for doctrines any commandments of men, or to call them to speculative theology; but to invite them to embrace the principles of practical right-

eousness, which will lead them to a knowledge of pure and undefiled religion. We dare not preach or pray in our own wills, nor in our own times, but only as our Heavenly Shepherd is pleased to enable us, poor instruments, to proclaim the Gospel. We covet no man's silver or gold; we are not in pursuit of any earthly treasure; we seek not the praise of men; but the love of Christ constraineth us; and for the spread of that religion which breathes 'Glory to God, peace and good-will to men,' we have left the endearments of home, to encounter many trials. Whatever may be the opinions of men concerning us, God is a witness that it is the religion of Jesus, which embraces the present and eternal welfare of our fellow-heirs of immortality, that we alone desire to promote. Our request to mingle with you in religious worship was because our love for all men extended over you. Therefore we are willing patiently to bear our burden, hoping that the day may speedily arrive when the feet of those who are commissioned to publish the glad tidings of salvation may be permitted to tread upon all the high places of the earth, to proclaim to Zion, 'Thy God reigneth.' But while we are willing patiently to suffer in spirit with the seed of the Church, we do not hesitate to express our conviction, that the exercise of human authority over the consciences of men is utterly at variance with the benign religion of Jesus Christ. We are well aware that nations have not unfrequently assumed the right to exercise this authority, and established what is called the religion of the country, which is either directly or remotely supported by the sword. The subjects of such governments are required, in a greater or less degree, to conform their views of worshipping their Creator to the standard thus set up for them; and they who may honestly and conscientiously dissent therefrom are subjected to spiritual bondage. We believe this has ever been detrimental to the interests of Christ's kingdom. His religion can never be forced upon men. They can only be induced to embrace it as they

behold the excellence of a life of holiness before God, exhibited in the daily walk of professors, and feel the workings of the Holy Spirit within. Nor are the ministers of Christ's Church exclusively confined to any particular sect or nation. For it is emphatically declared, that 'God is no respecter of persons, but, in every nation, they that fear him and work righteousness shall be accepted of him.'

"If, in the exercise of worldly power, men presume to deny to even the least of Christ's messengers the liberty wherewith he hath made them free, upon them must devolve the awful responsibility of rejecting Christ himself; for he has said, 'He that receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth me.' And again, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me.' . . . . .

"In conclusion, we take leave of you in the language of Paul to his brethren, 'commending you to God, and the word of his grace, who is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among them which are sanctified.'"

In a letter to his wife from Santa Cruz, he says:—

"One thing was calculated to awaken painful feelings: it was the 'gangs' of slaves, as they call them, toiling by fifties and by hundreds, without due reward for their labor, accumulating wealth that others are to enjoy exclusively.

"I find great excitement on the subject of slavery here. The king of Denmark has *requested* that the slaves be allowed the seventh day of the week, to cultivate and sell small things for their own profit (which they now do on first days), and that the first day shall be exclusively devoted to education and religion. It is said that a majority of the inhabitants are in favor of this measure, and that it is quite likely to be carried into effect, notwithstanding it has many violent opposers. This seems to be one step toward emancipation.

"Almost this whole island is under a high state of sugar cultivation; the plantations are beautifully laid out, and, without any fences, are divided from each other by rows of

ornamental trees, which presents to the stranger a very agreeable appearance. The trees by the roadside make a delightful shade. But ah! there is always something to mar the pleasures of an earthly paradise; and here it is the reflection that all this beauty is the work of slaves whose labor was unrequited. Although slavery in this island exists in one of its modified forms, the government allowing the slave liberty at any time to purchase his freedom at valuation made by impartial judges, and positively forbidding the master from inflicting much personal suffering; and although a plan is now in operation for educating the slaves, — yet, for all this, slavery is a bitter curse. I see nothing in the system that can reconcile me to it in any shape whatever. To see the poor slaves toil in the cane-fields by hundreds, both men and women, using the hoe, when the plough and other improved agricultural instruments might be substituted therefor, argues a want of common-sense among the planters, and subjects the slave to great unnecessary labor. But there *can* be no improvements where slavery exists."

In another letter from Santa Cruz to his wife, he says: —

"Besides this prohibition of the Governor, we have had another class of 'serpents' to deal with in Santa Cruz; one of our passengers called upon us, and informed us that an Episcopal clergyman at the West End had received some pamphlets from the United States, giving an account of the 'Hicksites.' (One was an abusive Philadelphia production, written about the time of the separation; the other was I. I. Gurney's address to the Friends in Baltimore.) A note accompanied the pamphlets, stating that 'George Truman and John Jackson, two Hicksite preachers, expect to visit your island this winter. A. S. T.;' — and that these books showed that the Hicksites denied the Divinity of Christ, rejected the doctrine of the Atonement, disbelieved the Scriptures, &c.

"We told our informant that the books had been ably

answered; and although it was not a part of our mission to be prejudicing the minds of people with books connected with the controversies among us, and we were not willing to lessen our dignity by so doing, we would be willing to see his friend face to face; and that we should consider him also of an unchristian spirit, if he should circulate the statements made in these books behind our backs, when we had offered him an opportunity for such conversation with us as would entirely remove his preconceived prejudices.

"What object can our orthodox friends have in circulating such books, at this late day, and among strangers? . . . . . I know it has cost me no small degree of deep spiritual baptism and trial, to give up to this work and service of my Master. Men may assume the judgment, and say that I deny the Divinity of Christ, and the offers of his love; — *I know in whom I have believed.* If the persons who sent these books had not known they were doing a clandestine business, they would have given their names in full; and if they had been in a Christian spirit, they would have taken an opportunity with *us*, before we left home, and known certainly whether we denied the Divinity of Christ, &c. . . . . I have called them 'serpents' because they manifest a secret unkindness, but I know not who has sent these books, neither do they trouble me."

We omit, because the world is not worthy of them, the consolations he offers his wife for their separation; which he believed "to be of Divine appointment," and was confident that they would hereafter be assured "it was desirable to have been separated," because it would be a proof to them that "they could be faithful to duty under temptation."

RANDOM READINGS.

COURAGE AND COWARDICE.—INFLUENCE OF PRESENTIMENTS.

BELIEVE that you can do a thing, and you generally can. Believe you are going to die soon, and very likely you will. Believe you shall succeed, and half the battle is gained. Believe you shall be sick, and you open the door to disease. Hence the eternal sources of courage in Christian faith, and the power which superstition has to knock the heart out of us, and leave us to the mercy of defeat.

The Roman armies could not fight unless the omens were favorable. Cromwell's soldiers always conquered, because they had faith in God and kept their powder dry. Every one whose Christian reliance is not hearty and entire, is very apt to have some vein of superstition which lets in cowardice and fear, and hence unbelievers, or half-believers, are apt to be the most credulous. Knight quotes an anecdote of King Charles and Falkland, the best of his cavaliers, showing from what different sources the Cromwell men and the king's men replenished their courage. There was an old superstition of using the Bible, and sometimes other books, as fortune-books. Open at random, and you alight on the passage that describes your coming fortunes. Bishop Fisher resorted to this source of comfort when going to the scaffold. But Virgil was often used for the same purpose, and these trials of fortune were called the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. The king and Falkland found a splendid copy of Virgil, and tried their luck. The king alighted upon a passage which Dryden thus translates. It is Dido's imprecation against Æneas.

"Yet let a race untamed, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;
Oppressed with numbers in the unequal field,
His men discouraged, and himself expelled,
Let him for succor sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects' and his son's embrace.
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain;
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren sand."

The king was troubled as he closed the book. Falkland opened it to try his own fortune. He alighted upon the passage in which Evander bewails the untimely death of his son Pallas: —

> "O Pallas! thou hast failed thy plighted word,
> To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword:
> I warned thee, but in vain; for well I knew
> What perils youthful ardor would pursue:
> That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
> Young as thou wert in danger, raw to war!
> O curst essay of arms' disastrous doom,
> Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come!"

It is needless to tell the reader of history, that each filled out almost to the letter the prophecy which he had opened to himself. The young cavalier fell shortly after in the battle of Newbury, with a strong presentiment of his fate as he rushed into the fight; and everybody knows how fearfully the king verified in himself — his burial excepted — the imprecation of Dido. S.

THE CEMETERY.

WELL is this place a Cemetery called,
For here do we unto the earth commit,
With hope in Christ, the forms of those we love,
And say our friends have fallen asleep in Him.
Without this hope, how sad the thought of death!
Of separation from the friends we love,
Their earthly forms commingling with the dust!
How does the spectacle of this our race,
With solemn march, forever moving on
In one procession to the silent tomb,
Oppress the mind, and lead it to despair!
Nature with faithful trust restores the grain,
Which man unto her bosom doth commit;
But tells him not that he shall live again;
Or only in dim type obscurely speaks.
We need assurance from a higher source,
To look to Christ, and in his promise trust.
Earth can restore but that which is her own,
Give back the grain again an hundred-fold,
Perpetuate her kinds, beasts, insects, birds;

The individual in the species lost.
Christ is the Resurrection and the Life,
And at his coming them who sleep shall bring.
With the same beauty do the flowers return,
And with like foliage is the tree new clothed;
But in more glorious bodies shall they come,
Who here have sought and loved and served the Lord,
When He, with all his saints, shall be revealed
In glory brighter than the morning sun.
E'en now is earth and man, though mortal, touched
With foregleams of the bright, immortal dawn.
They followed not myths cunningly devised,
Who have proclaimed the coming of the Lord;
For they beheld his glory on the mount,
And heard the voice which came to him from heaven.
So shall the Saviour in his kingdom come,
And man, e'en here, transfigured be like him,
A pledge of that more glorious final change,
When God shall bring with Him the righteous dead.

J. V.

A BRIGHT BOY.

We never read the scene in Henry IV. where Falstaff and Prince Henry exchange characters, without thinking of a similar one said to have occurred in an ancient parsonage a great while ago. Rev. Mr. Regulus was an excellent man, rather eccentric and somewhat economical. Jonas, a farmer's boy, used sometimes to go with presents to the parsonage, a sharp-eyed little fellow, but rather uncouth in his manners. One day he brought in a leg of mutton, laid it down without ceremony, and was making off.

"I'll teach that boy a lesson in good manners," said Mr. Regulus to his wife. "He needs to have the clown rubbed off a little."

"Jonas! come back here a moment. Don't you know, my fine fellow, that you should n't come into a house in this way, without knocking, and with your hat on. Sit down in my arm-chair. Imagine yourself the minister, and I'll come in with the mutton and show you how a boy ought to behave."

Jonas sits up gravely in the arm-chair, and Mr. Regulus goes out with the leg of mutton.

Enter Mr. Regulus, in the character of Jonas. He takes off his hat, with a low bow.

"My father sends his compliments to Mr. Regulus, and asks his pastor to accept a token of his regard."

Jonas, from the arm-chair: "I thank you. *Mrs. Regulus, just give that boy a ninepence.*"

The lesson was mutual.

FAMILY COMMENTARY.

We are glad to be able to present to our readers a specimen of a Family Commentary upon the New Testament, which the Rev. Dr. Morison has long been engaged upon, and which, we are happy to say, will soon be issued. E.

"Parables.

"The fountain of life within flows forth into outward acts, and those outward acts are an emblem of the mind from which they come. So in nature, whatever we see proceeds from a fountain of life within, and is an emblem and token of the divine source from which it proceeds. Everything in nature, therefore, is an expression of the Divine Mind, and has its message or its influence from Him for us. The lightest forms of nature associate themselves with our deepest feelings or our highest thoughts, and the more entirely we are born into the realm of spiritual things, that is, the more alive our spiritual perceptions are, the more shall we be able to see the tokens and to feel the influences of the Divine Mind in our intercourse with nature. To him who looks through the visible forms to the great spiritual realities which they would express, every object around us, every change in nature, as an expression of the Divine Mind, is the outshadowing or the foreshadowing of something higher than itself. This great fact finds its way more or less into our common speech. The morning or evening of the day leads us spontaneously to think of the morning and evening of life. When we see the sun go down, and as it departs light up the western heavens with a richness and glory which the day has never known, we can hardly help thinking of the good man's life, which when withdrawn from our sight throws around the whole place where he dwelt, in gracious and touching remembrances, affections, virtues, and prayers more beautiful and holy than when he was bodily present with us. So the flower, the fruit, the leaf, is each suggestive to us of thoughts and emotions which lie in a

higher plane of life. Thus it was that Jesus saw all outward objects and events in their higher relations, and made use of them to express the higher facts which they bodied forth to his mind. No one can understand his language who receives it merely in its literal acceptation; 'for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.' (2 Cor. iii. 6.) We have only to open the Gospels to see how in his use of speech material things are made to lift us up into the realm of spiritual being. When he says, 'Ye are the salt of the earth,' he speaks in no literal sense. When he speaks of light and darkness, it is the light and darkness of the soul. When he speaks of hell-fire, he speaks of it, not in its material, but its spiritual sense, as an emblem of the anguish into which the souls of the wicked shall be cast, unless they repent and are converted. So when he says, 'Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life,' it is in the higher and spiritual sense that these expressions are used. The devout heart catches this inner meaning of the Saviour's words, and finds them, as he has said, becoming to him 'spirit and life.' He that would read the Gospels in any other way loses all that is most holy and divine. It is as if we should confine our eye to the glass of the telescope, instead of looking through it to the worlds of light which it reveals beyond.

"These remarks are especially applicable to the chapter before us, which has been called the chapter of parables. The parables, like all figurative language and most of our reasoning from analogy, derive their power from the fact that material things not only have certain established relations among themselves, but also certain relations to spiritual things, which they may help to illustrate, explain, and enforce. The connection is not one arbitrarily assumed by man, but has its foundation in the constitution of the universe and of the human mind. The analogies which reach from one department of thought to another, from things material to things intellectual or spiritual, have impressed themselves on all languages, and perhaps most decidedly on those which have been used to express the highest spiritual ideas. The simplest mind catches these resemblances, and delights in the higher meanings which are bodied forth in the most common forms of speech. The image borrowed from some familiar object of sense, and standing as the representative of some higher truth, fixes itself in the mind, and acts upon it through the imagination with a power which more literal terms could not have. The greatest poets, the profoundest reasoners, and the common language

of mankind, alike abound in examples of this kind. Shakespeare, for instance, may be taken to show how, in the highest poetry, images drawn from material things or common life shadow forth to the heart a deeper, higher, or more affecting meaning.

> 'The immortal part needs a physician.' — *Henry IV.*
>
> 'The benediction of these covering heavens
> Fall on your heads like dew.' — *Cymbeline.*
>
> 'Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
> Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.' — *Romeo and Juliet.*

"No literal terms of description could convey to the mind the ideas here suggested with such exquisite beauty and tenderness. The Scriptures abound in expressions of this sort, which introduce into the mind some image easily comprehended, that fills the whole soul with sentiments and emotions suggested by it. Take expressions like these: 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' (Jer. viii. 20.) 'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.' (Rom. xiii. 12.) 'Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.' (Luke xxiv. 29.) 'I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine: and I lay down my life for the sheep.' (John x. 14, 15.) 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, ... and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' (Matt. xi. 29, 30.) We see at once how the simple facts, which are presented in the words, spontaneously awaken other ideas; and the images, so familiar to us in nature, carry us on to thoughts which lie wholly beyond them. And not merely are other thoughts suggested, but sentiments and emotions which we can hardly define are awakened by the words, and lift us up into a higher sphere.

"'It is not merely,' says Trench in the introduction to his Notes on the Parables, 'that these analogies assist to make the truth intelligible, or, if intelligible before, present it more vividly to the mind, which is all that some will allow them. Their power lies deeper than this, in the harmony unconsciously felt by all men, and by deeper minds continually recognized and plainly perceived, between the natural and spiritual worlds, so that analogies from the first are felt to be something more than illustrations, happily but yet arbitrarily chosen. They are arguments, and may be alleged as witnesses; the world of nature being throughout a witness for the world of spirit, proceeding from the same head, growing out of the same root,

and being constituted for that very end. All lovers of truth readily acknowledge these mysterious harmonies, and the force of arguments derived from them.'

"All just reasoning from analogy depends on the recognition of a unity of purpose running through all the works of God, and making them all, as parts of one great plan, point upward to the same results. The outward system of things stands forth to the mind as the representative of higher powers than address themselves to the senses. 'The heavens declare the glory of God.' (Ps. xix.) 'The invisible things of Him, even his eternal power and godhead, are clearly seen from the creation of the world, being understood by the things that are made.' (Rom. i. 20.) 'All things here,' says Tertullian, 'are witnesses of a resurrection; all things in nature are prophetic outlines of Divine operations, God not merely speaking parables, but doing them.' Not only in processes of reasoning, but in the finer and more important processes by which the imagination is quickened and the affections reached, we are constantly drawn up from what is material and temporal to what is spiritual and eternal. Works like those of Dante and Milton borrow their marvellous power from this fact. Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' delight the heart, and feed the religious sentiments of generation after generation, through the mysterious but vital connections which bind what is seen to what is unseen. This alone makes it possible to weave, from scenes and incidents addressed to the eye, a narrative which shall bring us into connection with a higher order of beings and events. The language which has most deeply moved the heart of the world, and especially that which acts most powerfully on the masses, and at the same time on the purest religious minds, partakes largely of this character. The world is not only a school-room, in which visible objects serve as diagrams by which to prove the reality of spiritual things; but on every side are pictures addressing themselves to the eye, through the eye to the imagination, and through the imagination to the heart, awakening our spiritual sensibilities, and educating our whole natures to a higher life. We can hardly overestimate the influence in the religious training of the world, which has been exercised in this way by the pictures from nature, or from common life, which have been used by Jesus to represent spiritual ideas, excite religious emotions, or help us on in our religious experience.

"The parables belong to this department of religious instruction.

The value of a parable is not to be estimated by the single truth which it is employed to set forth, however great that truth may be. Its accompaniments, its indirect and subtle influences, through the imagination, the new meaning which it thus gives to nature or to life, the atmosphere of spiritual beauty, joy, or reverence in which it enfolds the mind of the child, and by which it ministers to its spiritual and immortal life, are to be taken into account as adjuncts, apart from which the truth would be left comparatively without interest and without power. The parable of the Sower who went forth to sow, of the Wheat and the Tares, of the Ten Virgins, the Rich Man and Lazarus, the Good Samaritan, and the Prodigal Son, are among the most impressive and influential agencies in our religious education.

"As to the rules of interpretation, too much stress must not be laid on the details in judging of their relation to the main truth. Their office is rather, by completing the picture, to act on the imagination, to touch the feelings, and subdue the mind to the tone which is needed in order that it may receive the truth. This is a most important office. In the Prodigal Son, for instance, the little details which go to fill out the picture of want and wretchedness are what give its affecting pathos to the story. And the fact that they perform this essential office should put us on our guard against trying to force all the minute particulars into our interpretation. A parable is not an allegory."

THE CHILDREN'S GOOD-NIGHT TO GRANDFATHER.

It would seem as though brighter and sweeter spirits than those of childhood, if such there are, sometimes borrow their young lips to teach us concerning the dead. The night after their grandfather died, G. and F., of some three and four years, were dismissed as usual with their good-night kiss, in the hall at the foot of the stairs, to go to their trundle-bed. We listened lest any strange fear should overtake them. As they passed the chamber where the remains lay, one of them said, "Let us go in and bid dear grandpapa good night. *God may let him hear us.*" So they opened the door, and by the distant light of the hall lamp went up to the bed, uttered their sweet good-night, and went happily to their rest. Could the boasted oratory of any age have power so to flood the heart and suffuse the eyes until they ached from very fulness of blessing, as did those simple words of childhood?

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Christian Believing and Living. Sermons by F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D., Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — For many reasons, these twenty-five sermons will be extensively and eagerly read, but for no better reasons than the intrinsic value of the sermons themselves. They are produced out of a profound religious experience, and it would be difficult to say whether the riches of thought or of language are the more remarkable. For tenderness, unction, searching appeal, varied suggestion, quickening power, and subduing pathos, in a style that adapts itself to the theme, and rises and falls through all the shades and ranges of thought and feeling with inimitable dignity and ease, they are the most remarkable pulpit utterances we have ever known. Our sermon reading is somewhat extensive, but we have seldom met with anything from the English, French, or American pulpit which combines more excellences than these, or which seems to us better adapted to elevate the standard or sustain the honor of pulpit eloquence.

There is one characteristic which impresses us on reading the volume, and which reminds us of a remark we once heard from one of the preacher's most devout and intelligent hearers: "I always came away feeling sad." There is an undertone of pensiveness. It is true, he describes the joy and the triumph, the "peace by power," sometimes by the masterly touches of his rhetoric. But we are ever in a dim cathedral light, walking over graves, hearing the *miserere*, looking down the solemn aisles, and we never get sight of the naked heavens or hear the chants in open sunshine and air. This is not owing altogether to the sense of sin, which the preacher has felt deeply himself, and wishes also to produce in others, and which is one of the striking excellences of the sermons. It is owing to the nature of the remedy. Dr. Huntington evidently places the chief remedial power of the Gospel in the death of Christ, and emphasizes it as vital and central, and this, wherever it is done, gives its hue and tone to the whole cultus of devotion and piety.

The sermon to which the readers of the volume will turn with peculiar interest is the one entitled "Life, Salvation, and Comfort for

Man in the Divine Trinity." In this he takes decided ground as a Trinitarian, and fixes his final theological position with the Orthodox division of the Church. The following extract will give some of the reasons which influence him, as well as illustrate his skill in setting them forth: —

"Truth is not determined by majorities; and yet it would be contrary to the laws of our constitution not to be affected by a testimony so vast, uniform, and sacred as that which is rendered by the common belief of Christian history and the Christian countries to the truth of the Trinity. There is something extremely painful, not to say irreverent, towards the Providence which has watched and led the true Christian Israel, in presuming that a tenet so emphatically and gladly received in all the ages and regions of Christendom as almost literally to meet the terms of the test of Vincentius, — Believed always, everywhere, and by all,* — is unfounded in revelation and truth. Such a conclusion puts an aspect of uncertainty over the mind of the Church scarcely consistent with any tolerable confidence in that great promise of the Master, that he would be with his own all days. We travel abroad through these converted lands, over the round world. We enter, at the call of the Sabbath morning light, the place of assembled worshippers: let it be the newly-planted conventicle on the edge of the Western forest, or the missionary station at the extremity of the Eastern continent; let it be the collection of northern mountaineers, or of the dwellers in southern valleys; let it be in the plain village meeting-house, or in the magnificent cathedrals of the old cities; let it be the crowded congregation of the metropolis, or the 'two or three' that meet in faith in upper chambers, or in log-huts, or under palm-trees; let it be groups in dark and by-way alleys, companies of rescued vagrants, victims of persecution in caves of the rocks and hiding-places of the hills; let it be regenerate bands gathered to pray in any of the islands of the ocean, or thankful circles of believers confessing their dependence and beseeching pardon on ships' decks in the midst of the ocean. So we pass over the outstretched countries of both hemispheres: — it is well-nigh certain — so certain that the rare and scattered exceptions drop out of the broad and general conclusion — that the lowly petitions, the fervent supplications, the hearty confessions, the eager thanksgivings, or the grand peals of choral adoration, which our ears shall hear, will end in the uplifting ascription to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the one ever-living and almighty God of all the earth. This is the voice of the unhesitating praise that embraces and hallows the globe. Or we stand still, and look backward, to see what teaching it has been that has achieved all the great results that we glory in, as constituting our Christian civilization; and we find that in

* "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus."

simple. historical fact this very doctrine appears in immediate and significant connection with nearly all. It is this, or at least that system of which this is a characteristic and inseparable element, which has reverently reared the majestic and humbler temples, has piled up the vast cruciform structures by the hands of generations which crumbled one after another as the slow toil proceeded, has written the ancient creeds and modern confessions, has prayed the earlier and later litanies, has sung the *glorias* and *misereres* of exultant or penitent millions, has lifted the sweet hymns of East and West, has organized missions and sent forth their messengers, has called councils and subdued nations to the cross, has conserved the order and reformed the abuses of imperfect administrations, and has presided over the learning, the philosophy, and the poetry in the literature of the Christian centuries. Throughout all these diversities of sacred operation, this old and vital truth, reaffirmed, hardly questioned, if omitted soon resumed again, kept clear and confident, has wrought, has builded, has preserved. And then, if we enter into the private experiences, the griefs, and strifes, and sorrows of the unnumbered multitudes that have been born in pain, and died in the midst of tears, it is this truth which has kept its vigils by the weary processions of sufferers, and consoled them. All this is the undeniable report of facts. That there have been some, in different places, limited communities, or scattered individuals, avowing belief in the religion, and honorable in character, who have rejected the doctrine, is evident. Yet it keeps its place, — never more firmly established, or widely welcomed, with its related and attendant truths, than today. Grateful for a support so comforting, and a sympathy so large, its advocates can afford to leave all impatience and intolerance to less privileged men." — pp. 358 – 361.

Dr. Huntington goes on to state and further establish what he considers the essential doctrine, affirming not only the Trinity, but the Tripersonality of the Godhead, and attempting to prove it by Scriptural citations. All the texts quoted and the expositions of them for or against are already familiar to those acquainted with the Trinitarian controversy. He allows, nevertheless, that the doctrine is a "mystery offered to faith," and protests that the notion of personality is to be received in a special sense as applied to Deity.

"Hence it is pertinent to remember that, strictly speaking, personality is a human conception, applicable to God at all only by an extreme liberty, and not at all competent to include the measures of Infinitude; and that this is so generally held by all Trinitarian scholars that any attempt to press them into embarrassment by the consideration now before us is nugatory to the last degree. It is now as commonly admitted by the highest philosophy as it is cheerfully confessed by religious humility, that a proper, intellectual conception of the personality of an Infinite Being is impossible." — pp. 373, 374.

Dr. Huntington closes his argument by stating under three heads what he calls "the practical fruits of the doctrine." The first is, that it is a necessary means of manifesting and supporting in the mind of our race a faith in the true personality of God. It saves from Pantheism on one side, and idolatry on the other. The second is, that it is the groundwork of the whole Scripture doctrine of the atonement for sin. Under this head he assumes the ground that a vicarious atonement, one which satisfies the Divine law, is necessary to keep man alive to the enormity of sin. "There never can be a religion of vitality and commanding majesty, where enfeebled conceptions prevail of those two primal and terribly hostile forces, — the sovereign holiness of God and the wicked will of man." The third of these fruits is found in the vital connections which the doctrine establishes "between itself and the historic development and practical piety of the Church."

"When this view is denied, — if one may offer such a criticism with no affront to Christ's own charity, the bond of Christian perfectness, — it appears that, besides the direct loss of positive evangelical resources, there is also a general decline of Christian efficiency. There is a diminished attachment to the person of the Saviour, a cooler loyalty to him, a feebler sense of indebtedness to him, with a corresponding abatement of all those inspiring and grateful emotions toward him which the thought of God 'found in fashion as a man and humbling himself to become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross,' is calculated to sustain. Moral obedience takes on a prudential, calculating aspect. The exultant thankfulness at release by the cross from a deserved misery is gone. Even the belief in Christ's personal presence with his people often becomes an abstract notion, and the joy of it fades away. In not a few instances, a living faith in any divine personality gives place to a frigid intellectual nature-worship, and God either subsides into a philosophical abstraction, or is tied up in the changeless and fatal continuity of his own physical laws. The supernatural grows unreal; its glories vanish from the scenery of the soul, and all the tangible communications it opens between heaven and earth are shut. Deism is followed by naturalism, naturalism by materialism, a materialism not a whit the less Pagan because adorned with taste, learning, and a liberal application of those terms of Christian phraseology, and those external habits of decorum, which are the inestimable boon and heritage transmitted from the disowned creed of the Gospels. The doctrine of the Holy Ghost dwindles into an attenuated, esthetic impression of a regular, natural Providence. The special act of that Person, regeneration, is dwarfed into a self-improvement by the human will. The liberty of genuine prayer is shortened — if prayer survives in articulate

[illegible] — [illegible] — [illegible] — [

in life which Unitarianism in its best and true sense seems to him." This passage from the writer's preface sets forth succinctly the purpose and spirit of the sermons. In doctrinal statement they are thoroughly Unitarian, the views of God, Christ, retribution, progress, and Biblical interpretation being a very fair expression of the average Unitarian mind. On the subject of the Church, however, he adopts the idea of the minister of the West Church, and identifies the Church with the congregation.

The spirit of the sermons is uniformly gentle, and the style is clear as the waters of a purling brook. Whoever wishes to know what Unitarianism is, as reflected from one of the purest of minds and in the clearest intellectual light, cannot find a better volume for his purpose than this. S.

The Still Hour, or Communion with God. By AUSTIN PHELPS, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — This is a little book of 136 pages, designed as an aid to devotion. We heartily recommend it. Let all get it who prize the privilege of prayer, and yearn for its highest blessings. We are tempted to quote from the title-page the quaint lines of George Herbert: —

"By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 't is thine own;
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there."

S.

God Manifest; a Treatise on the Goodness, Wisdom, and Power of God, as manifested in his Works, Word, and Personal Appearing. By the REV. O. PRESCOTT HILLER. London: Hodson and Son. Boston: Otis Clapp. — The author of this volume is a native of Boston, and at present a minister of the New Jerusalem Church in Glasgow, Scotland. He is, we think, one of the best writers in the New Church communion. He is favorably known among New Church readers as the author of a volume of practical sermons. The present treatise sets forth in a style popular and sometimes beautiful, and in a spirit uniformly devout and tender, the manifestation of God in nature, in man, in the Bible, and in Jesus Christ, or God appearing to men "in a form accommodated to their sight and apprehension, — namely, with the cloak of humanity about him, — with a material veil over his

Divine countenance." In the last part of the book he treats of the problem of moral and physical evil, and attempts to reconcile it with the Divine attributes. No one can read the work in the love of truth without being led through fields of thought always suggestive, and into frames of mind always devout and elevated. S.

Life Without and Within; or Reviews, Narratives, Essays, and Poems. By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. Edited by her Brother, ARTHUR B. FULLER. Boston: Brown, Taggard, and Chase. — This is the third volume which Mr. Fuller has edited of the writings of his sister, and, as it seems, is to be the last. In our judgment, it is the best of the three. The essays and criticisms are spirited and racy. There is running through them a tone of independence and a freedom from cant which we like much, even when dissenting from the writer's views. Fronting the title-page is a portrait of Mrs. Ossoli, wonderfully idealized from any we have ever seen before. It has a pensive and contemplative air, and reveals depths of mind and heart, and great spiritual power chastened by suffering and sorrow. One would hardly take this to be the same Margaret whose countenance is given in a former volume, who wrote some rather sharp things in it, and whose self-consciousness seemed altogether too intense. *This* face is beautiful, almost heavenly, and is fit to represent one's idea of the wife and mother, after she rose out of the storm and the shipwreck and all earthly sorrows, and appeared in spiritual form among the soft serenities above. Both the face and the volume will be a memorial to be prized by her many admirers and friends.

S.

Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney, Knight, with a Life of the Author and Illustrative Notes. By WILLIAM GRAY, ESQ. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. — This volume does not include the Arcadia, which was regarded as Sidney's master-piece; but it *does* include the Defence of Poesy, full of the sweetest and most delicious things, drawn out in the most melodious and silvery of English prose. It contains also his miscellaneous poems and his famous letter to Queen Elizabeth, dissuading her from marrying the Duke of Anjou. The life is very full and satisfactory, and will be read with keen relish from beginning to end, both for the view of men and things connected with the court of Queen Elizabeth, and for the interest in the imme-

diate subject of it, "the mirror of knighthood and the flower of chivalry." The volume is rich in choice things, and the reading public do not deserve to be served well unless they buy it. The fair paper, clear type, massive binding, variegated title-page, and whole mechanical execution, are worthy of the contents of the volume.

S.

The American Almanac for 1860 abounds in statistical tables and "useful knowledge" of various kinds. Besides the calendar and the usual tables connected with it, there is the table of latitude and longitude of the principal places in the United States, a paper on Donati's Comet of 1858, from a pamphlet by Mr. George P. Bond, another on the Laws of Storms, an elaborate article on the Aurora Borealis and the Aurora Australis, by Professor Lovering, Meteorological Tables, &c. In Part Second we have a list of the Presidents, Executive Government and Cabinet, Army List, Navy List, the Marine Corps, the Judiciary, Abstracts of Laws, Revenue and Expenditure, Commerce and Navigation. S.

Hours with the Evangelists. By I. Nichols, D. D. In two volumes. Vol. I. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859. — This is a valuable contribution to our theological literature. Upon the subject of the evidences of our Christian faith, which in every century from the founding of the Church has tasked the powers of the profoundest intellects and engaged their largest scholarship, one would naturally conclude that there were no new views to be presented, no new investigations to be made, and no new interest to be awakened. But Dr. Nichols has proved that such a conclusion would be a very hasty one indeed. He has presented us here with a work on this well-used theme, which, on account of its intrinsic merits, must command the attention and call for the gratitude of Biblical students, and of all who attach a value to the records of our religion. Writing from the point of view of a consistent and earnest and still deepening faith, and with a large experience in a long and successful and honored ministry, he brought to his undertaking a preparation of mind which, in connection with his varied acquisitions and fondness for philosophical inquiry, eminently fitted him for it. There is a rare mingling in the work of simplicity with profundity. Anybody can understand it, and yet evidences are constantly appearing in every chapter that it is the production of a metaphysical thinker.

Its language is simple, choice, chaste, and vigorous, while its thought is broad, noble, elevated, and spiritual.

It is a very suggestive work. The several topics discussed in the volume before us it does not appear to have been so much a purpose of the author to exhaust, as to present in new and original views. The reader is made to feel upon almost every page how rich a mine of wealth has thus been opened to him, which he may enter and work with the best results. It does not appear anywhere that it was undertaken with the intention of refuting Strauss, although the author does not hesitate to grapple with the speculations and conceits of that bold and daring thinker, whenever they come in his way, and he seems to us to have succeeded in showing their flimsiness.

The present volume contains an Introduction conceived in remarkable beauty and simplicity, in which the author gives utterance to his own religious convictions in a tone and style which show how sincere and deep they were, and sixteen chapters upon the following subjects: General Coincidences; Characteristics of the Gospels; The Mythical Theory; Miracles,—their Harmony with Nature; their Uses; their Credibility; The Nativity; The Infancy and Childhood of Jesus; John the Baptist; The Baptism and Temptation; The Apostles and Evangelists; Nathaniel; The Miracle at Cana; The Traders in the Temple; Nicodemus's Conversation with the Samaritan Woman; Cure of the Nobleman's Son,—of the Impotent Man.

The work is dedicated to the author's parish in Portland, at whose request and expense it was published, "to serve as a memorial of a long and happy connection with them." It is printed in the highest style of the art, and to it is prefixed a beautiful engraving of Titian's celebrated painting of our Saviour's conversation with a Pharisee in regard to paying tribute to Cæsar. P.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Three Hundred and Tenth Thousand. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.—Mrs. Stowe, in our judgment, has never surpassed the first effort that made her famous. "Dred" was a second Uncle Tom, produced with more labor, but flagging towards its close, and never finished. Her last work is more artistically executed, and has splendid passages, and scenes beautifully drawn. But Uncle Tom wrote itself. The tender humanity, the searching pathos, the indescribable humor, the power of imagination

that gives to sentences and single words the charm of pictures, exist unsurpassed in Uncle Tom, and children go back to it and read it over and over, who never would attempt either of Mrs. Stowe's more elaborate productions. Sam and Andy will live as long even as Dogberry and Verges, and this world will be a better one evermore because Little Nell and Eva have appeared in it, if only as ideals and possibilities. The ghost-story, got up to help off Emmeline and Cassy, is the only thing in the book which seems an *interpolation*.

Uncle Tom marks an era in the history of a great reform. It was one of the most powerful agencies in reversing the pro-slavery current of opinion, and it shows how much stronger is one woman in the right than all the statesmen and politicians in the wrong. The praise of this book in coming history will be that it nullified the Fugitive Slave Bill. S.

Worcester's Quarto Dictionary, long and eagerly expected, has appeared at last. We promise our readers in our next number some account of this splendid result of learning and labor. But they need not wait longer for a Dictionary that combines as many excellences as can be compressed within the same compass and price.

Jesus, the Interpreter of Nature; and Other Sermons. By THOMAS HILL. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860. — We should be sorry to know that our churches had lost a minister of the Gospel like the author of these sermons, in giving a President to Antioch College. Discourses like these are always needed and always welcome, — never more so than now; and glad as we are to read them, the hearing of the ear is much better. They are built upon the Rock that is higher than we, and by a master-builder. Strong in faith, careful in statement, rich in thought and knowledge, and earnest in purpose, the preacher really edifies, speaking because he has something to say; and, what is a great merit in our times, we are not obliged to reach the solid land of fact and truth through a sea of turgid phrases, miscalled eloquence. E.

Ernest Bracebridge; or, Schoolboy Days. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — This is a very lively story of English school life, which will interest and improve our own school-children. E.

All the Children's Library: or, 1. *Noisy Herbert, and Other Stories for Small Children.* 2. *The R. B. R.'s, my Little Neighbors.* 3. *Bessie Grant's Treasure.* 4. *A Summer with the Little Grays.* 5. *Modesty and Merit, from the German.* 6. *Faith and Patience; a Story, and something more, for Boys.* Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860. — These six volumes, enclosed in their neat box, form a very rich entertainment for children of various ages, beginning with the youngest. One "small child" pronounces "Noisy Herbert" perfectly splendid. We commend the series to parents. E.

Self-Help; with Illustrations of Character and Conduct. By SAMUEL SMILES, Author of the Life of George Stephenson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — We have met with no book for young men, this many a day, to which we could give a heartier indorsement than to this. It is worth volumes of abstractions, exhortations, and generalities. Here are facts, things done, victories achieved. The book is an admirable tonic for debilitated youth; its spirit is as bracing as the air of October, and to turn to these pages from the sensation literature which is too often provided even for the young, is as pleasant as it is to pass from a house heated by a furnace to August heat into the fresh air of a pleasant winter's day. E.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

READERS of English literature will be glad to hear that Messrs. Brown, Taggard, and Chase of this city have in press the complete works of Lord Bacon, to be issued in superb style, in twelve crown-octavo volumes. They have made a wise selection. The English edition of Bacon now in course of publication is beyond the reach of most persons. We earnestly hope that their enterprise will be rewarded. The Riverside press have the matter in hand, and it is proposed to issue the volumes in a style of excellence which will leave nothing to be desired. We are promised also by the same firm a *complete* edition of Sir Walter Scott, including poetry as well as prose, and his Life by Lockhart. E.

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DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO "LIBERAL CHRISTIANS."

THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY IN THE GODHEAD, AND THE MEDIATION OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR.

A. Have you heard any of the discourses which have been lately delivered upon the doctrine of the Trinity?

B. I have not. I know nothing about them beyond what I have gathered from the newspapers; and the reporters, marvellously well as they often do their work, are not always to be relied upon for those nice statements, and careful records of the very words, which are so important in theological discussions.

A. Perhaps not; but they are accurate enough for me. I can't say that I take much interest in anything which must be so precisely worded. I like the practical;—good plain common-sense, every-day preaching about the love of God and of man, about street and office and household moralities and graces;—whatsoever things are true, honorable, lovely, and of good report. I wish that the ministers would preach about these things, and let the dogmas about which they can never agree even amongst themselves go by default. Here we are in a world full of sin and sorrow, and

what wisdom or love can there be in forever disputing about the nature of God, and the deep things of revelation, instead of trying to help one another to keep God's commandments? There is no practical significance in this doctrine of the Trinity one way or the other, and I cannot see, for the life of me, what difference it can make whether you say Yes or No to it.

B. I agree with you entirely, my friend, as to your estimate of the practical in religion, and should say with you most heartily, that the faith which does not work is useless; but I think that you go quite beyond the truth when you depreciate religious doctrine. The life which you justly prize is nourished by thought and feeling; you cannot forget that our Saviour said, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom God hath sent;" and, "This is Life Eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." Certainly it must be of great practical importance to have right thoughts about the Supreme Being; and if doctrines are so utterly unimportant as many seem to imply, how happened it that such an earnest man as St. Paul had so much to offer of that kind, and that even St. John has left in his Gospel and Epistles the material at least for so much profound speculation? Moreover, why is it that doctrinal discussions have had so much interest for persons of deep religious experience and of a very earnest Christian activity? Practical preaching is indeed to be desired, but how many are made good by being told what they know as well as the preacher, that they ought to be good?

A. I know that somehow those who talk most about faith seem, many of them at least, to be very ready to work, and if any doctrine can be proved to me plainly from Scripture, whether about Trinity or any other subject, why I must assent of course, for the Scripture cannot be broken; but we know that these plain proofs are not forthcoming, that these nice points have never been settled, and

are no more likely to be settled now than ever they were; that if a system of doctrine is to be gathered from the Bible, we must have an inspired Church as well as inspired Scriptures, that is, we must give up our individualism and Protestantism, and go back into the Church which our fathers left, and try to reform and be patient with it; but, even so, I cannot see what these dogmas all signify to you and me, who have our work to do and our burdens to bear, and would live justly and mercifully every day. If I accepted them at all, it would be as an outside matter altogether: I should not know what to do with them.

B. There, I think, my friend, you are quite wrong. I am not a Trinitarian. I do not like either that name or its opposite. Both of them seem to me misleading and non-Christian; but I can see, at least I think that I can, what the Trinitarian finds in his doctrine which is really significant, and which has led him to lay great stress upon it, even at the hazard of being called a Tritheist or a believer in three Gods, which he often, though unconsciously, is. I am satisfied, moreover, that, if you are numbered with the Unitarians, you will never succeed in gaining recognition as a Christian from the other side, until you have learned and witnessed for, in your way, the spiritual significance of the doctrine of the Trinity. When this has been widely done, we shall find that, however much Christians may differ upon other points, they are not so much at variance as may be thought upon this great subject, that men born within the recognized limits of the Church, and not Calvinistic in their theology, are essentially at one in their doctrine of the Godhead with many who were born Unitarians, and choose on the whole to be so classed.

A. Ah! I understand now. You are one of those dreamy, mystifying, transcendental theologians, who are forever trying and failing to make themselves understood. The next thing I shall expect to hear from your lips will be an avowal that you *are* a Trinitarian in some sort. Now I am a plain

every-day man. Moonlight is well enough when you can't have the sun, but there are twelve hours in the day when we *can* have the sun; and the night is given, not for dreams, but for sleep, which is better and more wholesome. Now I am a Unitarian of the Unitarians. I believe in One God, and that He is a Father, and that, being a Father, He sent his Son into the world to teach and save us; and all this seems to me plain, usable, simple Unitarianism, such as the Apostles, of whom we read in the book of Acts, preached before any of these creed statements were heard of or thought of, hundreds of years before the bishops met at Nicæa, and Arius and Athanasius contended —

B. Have a care, my friend, lest you be misled by phrases or adjectives! — Call me transcendental if you please, only try to mean by the word, a believer in that which *transcends* our finite understandings, one who is not ready to say, "Where mystery begins, religion ends." Certainly we must understand as well as believe; we are taught to be "men in understanding." Nevertheless, we should hardly expect to understand everything: there must be the deepest mystery about God and about the relation of God to us; we *ap*prehend more than we *com*prehend, and a system of divinity which should profess to resolve every difficulty would stand convicted of shallowness, and would be false upon the very face. But you believe in nothing of the sort. Look a little into this very plain doctrine of yours. You tell me that you believe in one God, and that He is a Father. Here all Christians seem to be at one, — *seem* to be, I say, for when we come to look a little deeper down into the matter, we may find that this is not so truly the case as we suppose. You call God a Father. Do you mean, when you apply this word to him, that He is as truly a Father to you as you are to your children?

A. Certainly, it is one of my dearest persuasions. This is the faith upon which my soul most confidently leans; in my hours of weakness I rejoice to know that I am encom-

passed by the arms of an Almighty and Everlasting Father; and, indeed, one of the complaints which I have to bring against Trinitarianism is precisely this, that it separates man from this Helper of his spirit, and teaches him to lean upon Christ, giving us instead of God the Father, God the Son, a being unknown to prophets and evangelists. Show me the Father, and it sufficeth me; Jesus shows me the Father, and leaves me with the Father.

B. I am glad to find that your persuasion is so strong. Allow me then to ask you, even at the hazard of putting a question which should answer itself, Does your love for your children include sympathy with them, joy in their joy, sorrow in their sorrow, dissatisfaction or complacency as they do ill or well?

A. Truly it *is* a question which answers itself. Thou hast said. How otherwise could I be a father?

B. Very well. Now if God is a Father to you, as you are a father to yours, what you have just affirmed of yourself and of your affection must be true of Him and of his affection?

A. The same is true in Him and in me.

B. He sympathizes with you then, He is an emotional being?

A. He is.

B. Should you call a friend truly sympathetic who did not share your sorrows as well as your joys?

A. I should not.

B. I understand you, then, to allow that God suffers with you? Do you believe in a suffering God, a God whom you can grieve?

A. I did not say that, did I? I cannot have said that! The idea is horrible to me, — God a Sufferer! Why, it sounds almost blasphemous! God, the Everlasting One, the Fountain of all being, unlimited, illimitable, self-existent, possessed within himself of all possible perfections, blessed forever, perfect in peace as in power and wisdom, inde-

pendent of time and space, to whom past and future are an Eternal Now, and with whom all worlds, creatures, and all souls are present, — such an one a Sufferer! O no! I cannot have said that! The two ideas are irreconcilable!

B. Do you then take back what you have affirmed of the Fatherhood of God? Will you say that all that was spoken in a figure? Will you limit your creed to a faith in this absolute and unapproachable One? Consider before you reply, how much such a limitation involves. In saving the majesty of God, you separate him from yourself utterly. He is no God to *you* any more. Cicero says, in his treatise on the *Nature of the Gods:* "Epicurus plucked religion from the minds of men by the very roots, when he denied to the Immortal Gods the power and the will to render assistance to us." Consider too that consistency would seem to demand that you should refuse to accept creation as of God. He needs nothing, He has perfect joy in himself, His is a perfection to which nothing can be added, from which nothing can be taken away. He does not need a universe to be the image of his infinitude. Why then say that the God who dwells within himself, sufficient to himself, goes out from himself, and is the Life of all worlds, a Spirit of order, strength, and beauty, seen in ever-changing forms, revealed in birth and growth, and death and resurrection, manifested within the limitations of time and space, sending forth planets and races, one after the other, in predetermined succession?*

A. I cannot tell what to reply; but I must cling to my

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* Since writing the above, we have come to the following passage in the course of a most satisfying perusal of a fourth volume by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, entitled "Expository Lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians": —

"The death of Christ was a representation of the Life of God. To me this is the profoundest of all truths, that the whole of the life of God is the sacrifice of self. God is Love: love is sacrifice, — to give rather than to receive, — the blessedness of self-giving. If the life of God were not such, it would be a falsehood to say that God is Love; for, even in our human nature, that which seeks to enjoy all instead of giving all, is known by a very different name from that of

faith in the Father, come what may; and, moreover, I must honestly confess that the "simplicity" of which I boasted is not so apparent, and that I ought rather to cry out, "Who by searching can find out God?" I see that there is a mystery about the Divine Nature, and that this mystery becomes more and not less profound the more we meditate upon the Father and upon our relations to Him. But what after all has this to do with the doctrine of the Trinity?

B. Let me try to tell you. It seems to me that this doctrine is an attempt to state in a dogmatic way what we would believe about God, and that there is a true meaning in it for the sake of which the Church holds it fast, and will continue to do so, until in some way it has been universally recognized. I believe in One Supreme Divine Personality, One God, the Father Everlasting; but I can conceive of this Personality only under three modes of being, a Triunity which is very distinct from a Tripersonality. I object, as I understand many who call themselves Trinitarians to object, to the phrase "three *persons* in one God," but I do find three *modes of being*. I find, — 1. The Absolute One, to whom nothing can be added, from whom nothing can be taken, the Unconditioned and Unconditionable, before whom we may bend in adoration, but to whom no man prays; 2. The Creator and Redeemer, the Friend and Sympathizer, the Rewarder of all who diligently seek him, who is in real living and loving connection with us and our world, and bears with our infirmities and sins; 3. The Spirit which is common to the Two, which is the resultant, so to speak, of the Two, which could not be or go forth if either of the Two were not. And I say, these Three are ONE; it is absolutely essential to my practical purpose that I should

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Love. All the life of God is a flow of this divine, self-giving charity. Creation itself is sacrifice, — the self-impartation of the Divine Being. Redemption, too, is sacrifice, else it could not be love; for which reason we will not surrender one iota of the truth that the death of Christ was the sacrifice of God, — the manifestation once in time of that which is the eternal law of His life." Amen!

affirm this *Unity*, — absolutely essential for me to be a Unitarian so far as to deny that the Creator and Redeemer, though He seems to be limited and conditioned, is any other than Supreme God, and that the Spirit of perfect Peace and perfect Sympathy is any other than the Eternal Spirit. God, without ceasing to be God over all forever blessed, is our Father and our Redeemer. I do not believe in one God who is unconditioned, in another God who is conditioned, and in still another God who is the medium between the one and the other. Now I cannot understand these things. Indeed, I cannot understand the Personality of the Infinite at all; and yet when my thought of the Supreme Being is unfolded, and God becomes real and present, I have these three conceptions of the Eternal, each one of which seems to be a part of the completeness of the Supreme.

A. Do I understand you to say, that all this is contained in the doctrine of God our Creator and Father?

B. I believe that it is. Otherwise I cannot see, on the one hand, that God is a real Creator and Father, and not merely so called, by way of figure; and, on the other hand, it would not be clear that the Creator and Father is really God, and not a mere world-spirit, such as the Pantheist tells of. The Unitarian who really believes in the Father, in a God that hears and answers prayer, must virtually, if not in so many words, accept this doctrine; unless he is willing to admit so much, he will be driven to deny to the Supreme all emotional life; and whilst he refuses to talk of Three *Persons* in the Godhead, he must not refuse to contemplate the One Person in these three modes; because he cannot understand all about God, he need not decline to recognize what can be understood about Him.

A. Do you think that this is what the Trinitarian really means by the mystery of the Godhead?

B. I do think that this is the essence of their belief upon the matter, the truth which they suppose the Unitarian to

disown, and which many Unitarians do disown, and, if names could be forgotten, and Christians come together, mind to mind and heart to heart, I am satisfied that, dropping the unsatisfactory word Person, they would meet upon some such common ground as this.

A. But let me ask you, how is this doctrine about the Everlasting God connected with the Trinity which the Church has developed from the Scriptures, in the light, as it is claimed, of the Christian consciousness?

B. It supplies a firm and broad ground for the belief that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, and that the Holy Spirit is evermore building up all true disciples of Christ, unto Him who is the Head, and the Beginning of the new creation of God; it serves this great purpose, because it offers to our faith a God that is not hidden away in the depths of Absolute Being, but on the contrary goes forth from all eternity in all His fulness to create and redeem, — One who, since He is Love, must impart himself, and must have an object for his Love besides his own Wisdom.

A. Be careful, my friend! Have you not admitted more than you meant to admit? If God creates from all eternity, putting forth all his power and goodness, if He is the Father Everlasting, must there not be an Eternal Son who is the perfect image of his infinitude, of his might and beauty, — one who is second to Him, not in the order of *time*, but only in the order of *apprehension*, and dependent upon Him only as the Son must needs depend upon the Father, without whom he can do nothing? Have you not here a doctrine of Pre-existence and of Eternal Sonship which differs little, if at all, from the dogma of God the Son as taught by the Church?

B. I believe that I am fully aware of the extent of my admissions; but it seems to me that to affirm an Eternal Son of God, forever dependent upon the Father, the "First-born of every creature," is not the same as to speak of "God

the Son," which is a phrase unknown to Evangelists or Apostles. Besides, you must be on your guard when you speak of *Eternities;* you will do well to remember, that by the same process of reasoning you would reach the conclusion that, since the Almighty and All-loving has been putting himself forth from everlasting, there should be no Evil in the universe. In all eternity Good should have conquered Evil, or rather there never should have been any Evil, for there never was a time when God, who is Perfect Goodness, had not been at work from all eternity. The Eternal is ever revealing himself, and yet is never perfectly revealed; He is ever conquering evil, and yet evil is never perfectly conquered; from all eternity He is a Father, and yet He says, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee!" He has ever been showing to the Son all things that Himself doeth, and yet "of the day and the hour knoweth no man, not even the angels in heaven, neither the *Son*, but the *Father* only;" which is manifestly spoken, not merely of the human son of Mary, but of Him who is above the angels in heaven. I have no objection, however, to the phrase Eternal Son, when it is understood in the light of these considerations. Please to observe, however, that the Scriptures do not find the Mediator between God and *man* in the Eternal Son until he is seen in the man Christ Jesus, first suffering and humbled, and then exalted and glorified, and raised from earthly humiliation to the right hand of God: — "*therefore* God also hath highly exalted him." It was necessary that the Sonship should be clothed in Humanity, and that Humanity should be taken up into the Sonship.

A. This reminds me to ask you what you mean when you say that God was in Christ. It is admitted, I believe, by all orthodox Christians, — though Mr. Henry Ward Beecher seems to deny it, — that the Christ was perfect man. Now in this perfect man did there dwell a being who had pre-existed as the Son of God, or shall we say that the Indweller was God himself? Have we, in a word,

three beings in Christ, namely, God, the Son of God, and the Son of Mary, or have we God in man?

B. The question, I think, cannot be fully and finally answered, and, fortunately, it is not absolutely necessary that we should be able so to reply. It is sufficient to say, first, that the name by which the Saviour was most accustomed to speak of himself was "Son of Man," and that his reliance and appeal, whether he spoke of the Son of God or of the Son of Man, were these: "The Son can do nothing of himself," and, "I am come in my Father's name." The Word is made flesh. The manifesting God is manifested. The Father is made visible to men in Humanity, to angels and men in glorified Humanity. I think it is very remarkable that the Saviour points us so steadily to the Father, bids us see the Father in the Son, speaks of himself as one whom the Father has sent, who is to image the Father, to fill us with the fulness of the Father, and to make us at one with himself and with the Father.

A. Notwithstanding what I said at the outset of our conversation about the simplicity of our faith, I must admit that there is one point which has never been very clear to me, and if you can help me to a better understanding of it, I shall be very grateful. You recall the exalted language in which St. Paul, who would not know Christ after the flesh, speaks of our Saviour as the Lord of angels as well as of men. Can we reasonably apply such words, and ascribe the offices which they indicate, to one whose life dates from a period in time? Was there no Lord of angels before Jesus was born of Mary?

B. It seems to me that there must ever be such a Lord, the Head of the Creation of God, a Son who perfectly images the Father. This is eternal truth for all ages and for all worlds, before the foundation of our world as well as since, before man was created as well as since. But observe that this truth is manifested, realized, embodied, for us who live in time and space and in bodies which are born

and die, which grow and decay, only in the life and death and resurrection and exaltation of Him who was miraculously born of Mary eighteen hundred and sixty years ago. The Son of Man could embody this Eternal Sonship for us, because man is made in the Divine Image, and because redeemed and glorified Humanity may be the perfect image of God, and can be perfectly blended with the most transcendent likeness of God which the universe can yield to the utmost searching of men and angels, because these perishing frames contain within them the germs of those celestial forms that shall be fashioned like unto the glorious body of our Lord, "according to that mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto himself." It is admitted, I suppose, by all, that our Lord took his Humanity with him into the heavenly world, that it is a Divine Man who is Lord of the Angels, and this perfect union of the Highest with the lowliest constitutes a Divinely human and a humanly Divine Personality, above all angels and men, and which is from the beginning, though for us who live and think and feel under the conditions of time and space, it had a beginning and local habitation. I know that this is obscure. How can I make it otherwise? Is the Trinitarianism very plain which presents to our faith the Second Person in the Trinity dwelling for an indefinite term of years in a human form, and then reabsorbed into the Godhead, the human personality forever lost to us? I only offer these thoughts upon a very high theme for your hours of meditation, reminding you again, that, when we try to rise out of time and space, we are always confounded, and involved in apparent contradictions, as when we say that it is the property of good to conquer evil, and yet affirm that in all eternity evil has not been conquered, but still exists.

A. I confess that I do not quite discern your meaning, but I hope, to borrow an expression from Coleridge, that it is my ignorance of your understanding, and not my understanding of your ignorance. It cannot be easy for us who

were born only yesterday to roam through the eternities, past and future, and find the place in them which is held by One who was at once human and divine. Even the Scriptures which are given to enlighten must be obscure, as well as luminous, upon this point.

But one question more, since I have accepted the position of an inquirer, and you kindly consent to be catechized. Do not the exalted views which you cherish of Christ interfere with your devotion to the Father?

B. They would, if I regarded him even in his exaltation and perpetual mediation as the End of my communing and devout seeking; but this he never is, only the Way, the Truth, the Life, whilst the End is God, even the Father. When I magnify the Mediator it is as a mediator, and whether he is clothed in clay or in a body celestial the Mediator is the *Mediator;* and although the Divine dwells in him, and through him descends into us, in him and in us the Divine returns to its Source, and confesses its Source in adoration, worship, and prayer. Christ is the Head of the Church, but God is the Head of Christ, says Paul. He is raised to the right hand of God, and all who are his are raised with him, and they sit down with him in heavenly places, and his life is their life, and his Father is their Father, and together they see God as the pure in heart see Him. He is called also, you remember, the Chief Corner-Stone, and Christians are said to be the body of Christ, filled with his Spirit, which helps our infirmities, leads us into all truth, and makes us at one with each other, with himself, and with God. God sees us in him. He has redeemed Humanity in the sight of God. In him we pray and love and keep the commandments, forgive and are forgiven, suffer gladly, die peacefully, rise into the life everlasting, which is the earnest of immortality. He is the First-born amongst many brethren, and we are made joint heirs with him, adopted through him into an everlasting Sonship, and sit down at his right hand even as he sits

down at his Father's right hand; for the glory which is given to him he shares with us, according to his own word, "The Glory which Thou gavest me I have given them."

A. There are many other points in this great argument upon which I would gladly exchange thoughts with you, did time permit. I had no conception of the various paths that would be opened for our minds, or of the possibilities of a systematic Christology, or doctrine of Christ, awaiting those who, because they cannot accept the unscriptural dogma of a tripersonal God, are supposed to have no rich and positive views of our Lord and Saviour.

B. I am much your debtor for the patient audience which you have given to many things that must have sounded strange and obscure to you, some of them perhaps irreverent. If upon reflection any of my poor words should offend your religious sense, I crave for them your charitable judgment. We have not yet learned all the truth that is to be gathered from Scripture and from the Christian heart about Christ. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!" The Spirit is the Life of the Church, and is still leading the Church into Christian knowledge, and we must try not to mistake the forms of truth for the eternal verities, or accept any creeds, however rich and sacred, as finalities. The Catholic doctrine of an inspired and teaching Church is essentially true; but remember, it is just as true of the Church now as when the great creeds were formed, and the Spirit which speaks to the churches to-day is competent to restate these creeds. A divided Christendom fails to hear the Spirit's voice, and shuts out as dissenters and excommunicate many who honor and love the Lord as they best can. They did not seek, they do not glory in their disfranchisement. It is a grief to them; but it is a grief which they must bear, and listen as they may in their loneliness to the Lord, who will not refuse to come even to them, though they are not found in any of the great companies of believers. They must not be driven into any narrow antagonism, or refuse to accept views which are

Scriptural and true, merely because they seem to differ but little from the doctrinal statements of Christians who repudiate them as heretics. They will try to be as liberal towards the Orthodoxy which brands them unbelievers, as towards the infidelity which reproaches them as superstitious and timid compromisers, halting between two opinions, and unwilling to give up Christ because they cannot accept the received doctrine of God the Son. What we want is a Unitarianism which has a kind side for Orthodoxy as well as for Rationalism, — a Unitarianism that is too wise to cherish obsolete antagonisms and keep alive old strifes when the thought and feeling of the age point towards the One Faith. Because the fathers differed very honestly and earnestly upon vital matters, it does not follow that the children must perpetuate the difference. But come what may, let us not sacrifice peace and love, mutual confidence and respect and good neighborhood; let us carefully abstain from adjectives, and resolve that the world shall not be scandalized by any new exhibitions of the *odium theologicum*. E.

"FOR THE LOVE OF GOD."

The incident which suggested the following lines is briefly related in Mrs. Jameson's "Communion of Labor."

City, hamlet, and wood,
High tower and castle old,
In the growing light of the morning stood,
Tipped with its rosy gold.
The waking earth astir,
And the white caps of the sea,
The hymn of the earliest worshipper,
And the hum of the earliest bee,
Were matins that hallowed the breaking dawn,
Ere the rush and roar of the day came on.

The beams of the sun, aslant,
Crept up on a storied pile;
The crazèd walls were grim and gaunt,
As they caught its radiant smile.
Storied, — but not with the deeds
Of the brave chivalric days;
And the windows were stained, but not with hues
Which the touch of the artist lays;
'T was crowded, — but not with the gay or fair;
There were voices, — but not of triumph, there!

There were sounds of human woe, —
Wailing and writhing and pain!
The gibbering of hopeless idiocy,
And the laugh of the maddened brain!
The feeble infant's cry,
The blasphemous oath and curse;
And wounds and ills and deformity,
Waiting for shroud and hearse!
O'er birth unwelcome, and death unwept,
Had the solemn stars their vigils kept.

There, through the livelong day,
There, through the weary night,
With noiseless steps, in their robes of gray
And their hoods of spotless white, —
Unthanked, yet with gentlest care, —
Toiled the meek sisterhood,
Who went about, like their Master, there,
On their mission of doing good.
Loathsome the task, o'er disease and crime,
But done with a constancy all sublime.

How were their brave souls strung
With the might of a purpose high?
How should they labor with heart-strings wrung,
Nor falter, nor fail, nor die?
Not enough were woman's faith,
With its anchor cast above,

Nor that which is stronger far than death, —
The strength of a woman's love.
Pause! for 't is morning soft and gray;
Listen! the sisters kneel and pray!

Mater sanctissima! Hear us, we pray!
Ora pro nobis! Weak and dismayed,
Come we to thee, ere the heart-sickening day
Conquers our courage! O, grant us thine aid!

Mater sanctissima! O, by the night
Once in Gethsemane broken by prayer, —
By the betrayal, forsaking, and flight,
Scourging and agony, thorns and the spear, —

Ora pro nobis! Will He not hear, —
Jesus, the strengthener, when human hearts fail,
By the great love which he bore to us here,
Bears to us still, — till we strive and prevail?

Mater sanctissima! Even as *He* bore
Meekly the cross, and the thorns, and the rod,
Following the path he hath trodden before,
Labor *we* still for the love of God!

Then up, with their strengthened hearts,
They rose from their bended knees,
For what they would do for their Lord on earth,
They would do for the "least of these."

Take courage, O heart of mine!
Which falters along the way,
Nor turn aside from that work of thine,
Which has saddened thee so to-day!
Kneel when the morning dew spangles the sod,
And labor still — "for the Love of God."

H. W.

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

A SERMON BY REV. DEXTER CLAPP.

MATTHEW xxii. 42: — "What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is he?"

IT was Jesus himself who put this question, and when the Pharisees answered, "Son of David," he had still another question to ask them: "How then does David call him Lord?" After this, it is said that they could not answer even a word; and more, they were intimidated as well as silenced, and from that day forth there was "not a man who durst ask him any more questions."

Jesus did not say that the Pharisees' answer was wrong; but intimating plainly his sense of its incompleteness, he asked them in effect, and very directly, "Is that *all* you know or believe about the Christ?" "Son of David" makes him a king on the earth, and not Lord in the heavens; enthrones him only at Jerusalem, and not at the right hand of God. Now we know that Jesus did not literally fulfil the Pharisees' expectation: he never sat in David's seat, he never gathered the dispersed Israelites, never restored their capital, nor their temple, nor their worship. So that, as simple matter of history, Jesus could not have been only what these Pharisees believed him to be, but must have been something more and greater. And to the unbelieving Pharisees now who still answer to this same question, "Son of David," Jesus replies in the same old words, "How then does David call him Lord?" There is a tone of mingled sadness and rebuke concealed in this language of Jesus. Plainly that answer did not satisfy him, and as plainly to my own mind, it never *has* satisfied and never *can* satisfy the truly awakened and seeking soul. The Christ is more than a temporal, earthly king, and the Gospel declares that, while he is Son of Man, he is also Son of God. Here he seeks to vindicate his divineness and spiritual lineage. There are other instances given where he vindicates the lower side of his nature, when

he seems to fear that the Divine will overshadow the human, and so tend to remove him beyond the sphere of our sympathies and needs. Therefore, he does not rest after asserting his union with the Father, but connects himself with publicans and sinners. In word and deed, by example and life, he proves himself both brother of the lowest and Son of the Highest. By his temptations he proves his humanity. By his sinlessness he proves his divinity. He weeps because he feels our love and tastes our sorrow. He is upborne and calm, because he has a divine consciousness that the Father is with him. He brings these states of being together, and shows that they are only states, conditions, parts, not distinct or separate existences. His nature is not divided, though sharing humanity with us and divinity with God. He can be both Son of Man and Son of God, and still keep unimpaired all the integrity of his being. Throughout the New Testament these two elements are affirmed and reaffirmed, and one is made as prominent and positive as the other. That book, as I read it, is a continued protest, from beginning to end, against the exclusive assumption of his manhood or his Godhead, against all denial of one or the other part of his nature; — it does not allow you to call him entirely and only human, or supremely and only Divine. Everywhere it blends the two, reconciles them, teaches their spiritual identity, and asks with Paul as if it were morally impossible, "Is Christ divided?" In the face of dogmas to the contrary, in face of sects that differ, one affirming the Divinity, another the humanity, *we* affirm, as believers in the Gospel, that he is not divided, that he is one in soul and life, though the range of his being is through all the spheres of earth and heaven. That Gospel teaches, if it teaches anything, that Jesus dwells here with us in our lowly habitations, while he also sits at the right hand of the Majesty above.

This is just that view of Christ which the Pharisees reject, and which the Apostles affirm. And here Scriptural

language is clearest and best. In our minute explanations we get bewildered and lost. It is the plain and obvious meaning that is most satisfactory. I accept Jesus's own words, when he asserts his spiritual Lordship. David in his prophetic speech called him Lord, and we are to call him so. Without knowing all the fulness of the language or the limits implied by it on one side or the other, we *do* know that it magnifies the Saviour, it exalts him beyond all mere human and Pharisaic meanings, gives him complete supremacy among men and among angels, putting him "above every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." Jesus represents spiritual power on earth and in heaven. He represents *here* a divine condescension, and *there* he represents a divine intercession. Here he loves us, and there he pleads for us. "One is our Master, even Christ." "He is the end of the law for righteousness." Let us gladly admit his supremacy and Lordship over us. If we demand a perfect manhood, we have it in Him "who was tempted in all points as we are, and yet was without sin." If we demand the higher knowledge of heaven and the resurrection, we have *that* also in the same Christ, who is the Lord of life, who died, and rose, and liveth for ever and ever. Christ leads our feeble, faltering steps today as we move among the duties and cares, the sorrows and changes, of our mortal state. And it is he who leads our sublimer aspiration and thought when we are lifted out of this world into communion with "the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven." And in the Father's many-mansioned house, it is Christ who prepares the places for us. His Lordship extends over our entire existence, reaches and directs us on the lowest plane of action, — inspires us on the highest plane of worship and affection. He is both Master of our manhood, and Saviour of our souls. He teaches us what *to do*, as well as how *to pray*. There is not a sphere of life where Christ is not present to determine our way. After "putting on the new man," the Apostle says

that all diversities and differences are done away; there is no longer "either Greek or Jew, bond or free, but Christ is all and in all."

Again. This truth of Christ's Lordship has a further application to the conduct and life. No doctrinal exposition can exhaust its meaning or interest. Christ is "way and truth and life," — all these. Do we consider the immense practical gain that the Gospel here announces, revealing, not a complicity of laws or commandments, but a single moral supremacy sufficient unto all the purposes of being, suited to every heart and to the whole world? Jesus is Lord in our doing, in our believing, in our living. The entire New Testament, in all it teaches and promises, gravitates around him. Everything in that book falls to the ground if there be no Christ. Even hope fails if he be not risen. Out of Christ God himself retires back into the great and silent infinitude, beyond the reach of finite conception, and the old, dreary orphanage returns upon the heart, leaving us alone with our cries and prayers, without answers or help or light. But with this "Lord over all," so rich in mercy that "whosoever calleth on his name shall be saved," every need is met and every soul is satisfied. And the language does not mean merely a partial or technical salvation. It is unqualified and unlimited. Believing on the Lord Jesus Christ is a faith that saves even to the uttermost. That faith answers to every human want, and will save you in everything and everywhere, make plain your duty at this moment and secure your welfare in eternity. Christ stands for the entire regenerate life. He purifies, refines, and moulds the inmost heart, out of which come all the issues of life. He cleanses the spring, and every stream that flows from it bears healing in its waters. Turn them upon the desert, upon the old wastes of sin, and the dry sands shall become a garden of green. The Christian heart will save the whole man, make his affections clean, his thought high, his action just. *That* will make him a sound man, worthy of trust, seeing the right, joining the strictest life to the largest charity.

But it is only Christ, by his Lordship, by the diviner fulness dwelling in him, who promises so much or justifies so much. He, and no other, claims *all* your faith. He alone works so mightily, so completely, on the soul. He alone can create you a new man in the likeness of God. This explains why the New Testament is so full of Christ. We are to preach him, believe on him, live and die for him. It is in him that we behold the Father, see the heavens opened, feel that we are pardoned, renewed, and justified. Put your faith anywhere else, in the best man that ever lived, base it on the steady, immutable laws of nature, and what living help or joy or peace do you gain? What satisfaction or repose of heart do you have from knowing that to-morrow shall be as to-day? You may know that the harvest shall come in its time, because the seasons cannot fail; but that only assures you of bread to eat, "daily bread," while your soul is hungering for the bread of life, — that "bread which cometh down from heaven, of which if a man eat he shall never die." Nature answers for the body and its needs, but only God answers for the soul. Gravitation is a good law, and it works to beneficent results; but what comfort does it bring to sorrow, what word has it to speak over the grave? Flowers will bloom above our dust, and the green earth will smile when our lips are cold, but they never break the silence into which the dead sink, and for aught they can tell us, we do not know that that silence is ever broken. Their voices are uttered on the lower plane of being, while the voice of the risen Christ alone reaches or consoles the heart. The sun rises daily in the glorious eastern sky, and if you were kindred to the sun there might be a prophecy in it of your own resurrection. But the doors of the tomb do not open when the beautiful light unbars the gates of the morning. Alike through the dawn and the darkness our dead slumber on as ever, and all our hope that they are risen, and that we shall rise with them, centres in the living Christ, who "*is* the resurrection and the life." Laws are powerless, nature is dumb,

before the mysteries of life and death. The soul demands something higher than these, something kindred to itself, that can answer its prayers, respond to its love, and fulfil its hope. So we mount upward above nature and law into the sphere of spiritual life, the Divine Lord's own realm, and there alone do we meet a Saviour and find the Christ, in whom our hearts can rest, who is worthy of all our faith, and ready to answer all our needs.

Faith in Christ thus comes to have a character of its own, distinct, exhaustive, entire. Sometimes and most irreverently men write the name of Jesus with other and lesser names, and put his cross on a level with other and lesser symbols of suffering; — but whose heart, in its silent, spontaneous devotion, does not utter a solemn protest, and put the cross and the Crucified back on their own heavenly heights, far above all human martyrdoms, and wide apart from all the names of men? The reverent, believing soul always distinguishes Jesus from Socrates and Plato and Seneca, denies all equality of spiritual rank between them and him, takes *them* into its own mortal fellowship, and exalts *him* as the only sure hope of our immortality. Think what Christian faith is, and what it implies. Faith in nature makes you believe in to-morrow's sunrise, in the return of seed-time and harvest, in the revival of spring with the grass and flowers, in the order of night and day, of heat and cold, of growth and decay, and that is all. It has no promise for your heart, no word or sign about your destiny hereafter. Faith in man is a little higher, and carries you a little farther. It makes you believe in progress, in the victory of mind over matter, in the power of the human will to control circumstances and shape the conditions of outward life to moral uses and ends. But man, the noblest of the race, passes away. You can trace his steps down to the grave, and there they vanish like footprints on the sea. The divinest works of human genius are bounded by the present world. They were all wrought *here* while the pulse beat

and the heart was warm. But when these were still, no word came back to break the silence and reveal the future. It is faith in Christ, and that alone, which takes us beyond this earthly sphere, and speaks from the mysterious heavens in tones as articulate and clear as ever fall from mortal lips. The Lord's great promises all concerned his resurrection and return as the Comforter. For the first time in the world the heart feels and knows that death is not final, that its silence and mystery bear angel voices and ministries to the believer's soul. So Christ went away only that he might come again. So speedily did the Pentecost follow the crucifixion. And here where prophecy and fulfilment meet, the heart finds repose and rest. The disciple passes through these eras of the spiritual life, verifies them in his own experience, sees how they lie in his own soul, exact transcripts of the Gospel history, and how entire they are wrought into the Christian consciousness. The crucifixion and Pentecost, losing life and finding it, — what other words so clearly proclaim "the victory of faith"?

But faith in Christ is not only a central force and motive in the heart, — it must also work out into the life. And here the field is the world. To believe in the Lord is to accept all duty, to become personally responsible for every cause of righteousness, to seek the relief of all suffering and woe and want. Your Master, he in whom you have all faith, passed no sorrow by, but went with the healing of his perfect love to every troubled heart. Go ye and do likewise. Joined to him, you must do his work and bear his cross. You must be inwardly determined on his service, and be able to verify in your own higher experience the heroic words of Paul, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." So life expands under the impulse of Christian faith, giving us the highest ideal of practical manhood. The genuine believer becomes the greatest man that lives; his being extends the farthest, and comprehends the most; it absorbs most out of this world, and has the strongest hold on the world to come.

Finally, "What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is he?" Once it was answered, "Son of David." And from time to time we hear repeated the same imperfect answer. But the words of Jesus also remain in which he forever vindicates his divine lineage as the Son of God. Accept only the words of the Pharisees, and you have no "advocate with the Father." Accept the words of Jesus, and you have a perfect humanity comprehended in "the Word that was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." There is a deep, practical earnestness in the question, Will you repose your faith in man, or in Immanuel? It is only when Christ rises into Lordship over the mind and heart, over this world and the next, that faith can rise into a divine power, embracing and consecrating our entire being, and making us heirs of immortality. And it is only when Christ, the Son of God, is formed within, that we pass from death unto life. Then, by faith in him, we also become sons and joint heirs of the same eternal inheritance. For the sake of your human affections and hopes let the Saviour represent the Divine mercy, and so draw you to the Father. Come therefore to Christ, put all your faith in him, that, "whether living or dying, you may be the Lord's. For to this end Christ both died and rose, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living."

STORE thy mind well with the best thoughts of others. Make them thy companions in the house, and by the way. Con them over in thy memory, while thou pliest the busy needle, or when thou performest thy heavier tasks. They will lighten the labor of thy hands in thy active days; and, should wearisome days and nights of sickness be appointed thee, thou wilt have with thee unwritten books of precious lore, which will beguile many a heavy hour. Whether it be the choice lines of gifted men, or the diviner Word of the Holy One, they will be as ministering angels around thy uneasy couch, and aid thee to bear cheerfully whatever God may send.

SONG OF THE HAMLET.

CALL us not poor, though naught have we
Of gold or silver ore;
Nor enter we the lordly hall,
Nor ring at rich man's door.

Call us not poor, though costly robe
Ne'er from our shoulders hung;
Nor for our feet, in mazy dance,
His harp hath minstrel strung.

Call us not poor, though pomp and power
To us are words unknown;
And never for our humble name
Will fame's loud trump be blown.

But call us poor, and mean, and low,
If, in the early morn,
We walk not with the beautiful,
While earth seems newly born;—

If we can press the dewy grass,
So richly strewn with flowers,
Without a pulse thrilled through with joy
For this sweet world of ours.

O, call us poor, if we can close
Our hearts to all the charms
That Nature pours so lavishly
Into our open arms!

Ay! winter's lovely pencilling
Upon our window traced
Gives truer pleasure to the heart,
Than if with damask graced.

The stars our sweet companions are,
  Before the break of day;
And soft, bright tints at gentle eve
  O'ercanopy our way.

How radiant o'er hill and glade
  Falls the pure, mantling snow!
A gift of glory, from above,
  To kindred hearts below.

We 're passing rich, when we may look
  Upon the fair, young brow,
And read the voiceless eloquence
  That fills that spirit now.

We 're rich in mines of untold wealth,
  If sweet affections twine
In holy truth around the heart,
  Like some full clustering vine.

We 're rich, if life hath found an aim,
  Free, simple, unconfined:
Enough to do, — some soul to bless, —
  Some broken reed to bind.

Call us not poor, — the beautiful
  To us is richly given;
Bright things of earth, dear memories,
  Calm hopes of peace and heaven.

Call us not poor, but call us rich;
  Man living as man should
Shall *ever see the Beautiful,*
  Shall ever find the Good.

* * *

"THE SUSPENSE AND RESTORATION OF FAITH."*

It was a saying of the scholastics of the Middle Ages, that a thing is not well defined until you have told what it is not. And how often we see a bold and explicit negative performing, by reaction, the office of bringing into clearer relief the distinguishing principles of the Christian faith! Mr. Parker's "Experience as a Minister" will have its uses, at least in this respect if in no other. There were strong words needing to be spoken, about things as they exist, which he alone, perhaps, was exactly prepared to phrase and utter. Much that he tells us about God, and Right, and Conscience, and Duty, the religious perceptions assent to, while the heart rises up in response. But when he claims all this moral and spiritual light, now so brightly shining in our advanced Christian communities, illuminating the minds of the intelligent and wise, as the product of the human understanding, we shake our heads in doubt; and when he says further, that the great ideas and impulses of true religion — ideas of God and spiritual life, love to the Maker and the neighbor — are natural or native to man, as he is, without Divine interference, we open our eyes in wonder. Involuntarily, we picture Mr. Parker as he would have been if born and reared in the igloe of the Esquimaux, the kraal of the Kaffre, or the miserable earth-hut of the Fuegian; and we ask ourselves, What, then, would have been the ideas natural to him on these same subjects? And we turn to that early Christian nurture, of which he speaks, in a New England family, and to that constant teaching until his twenty-third year out of that old English Bible, as the sources whence his mind derived all that is valuable in it on these momentous themes.

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* Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister. — Theodore Parker, and his Theology, by James Freeman Clarke. — The Suspense of Faith, by Rev. Dr. Bellows. — The Suspense and Restoration of Faith, by Rev. John Cotton Smith.

No; Mr. Parker, here, is blinded by the fallacy which mistakes that which is proper or normal to the human constitution for that which is native or inheres within it. Food is normal to the body, but hunger only is the innate susceptibility which declares it. The food is not born there, the body does not evolve it from itself by any of its processes; it comes from without, and must be supplied. And if articles suitable for nourishment were not placed within his reach by Divine provision, man would pine in inanition and starve to death, — let him laud his native capacities as much as he may.

So the mind must get its spiritual food from without. It can hunger for it, but cannot supply its own wants. It can give soil and rooting-place to the seeds of Divine Truth, but the seeds it must have given. Revelation is the only medium through which these can be derived. No true spiritual ideas ever came to man in any other way. The eye can see, light being given; but withhold the light, and total darkness ensues. The light remaining in the world's religions outside of Christendom is only the twilight of a sun gone down, variously refracted and obscured, — the gradually lessening tradition of the primitive Revelation. Man left to himself continually lapses; as the nations depart they decline, until at length, like the destitute tribe of Southern Africa, they have no words left to denote spiritual ideas, and the very name of a Supreme Being perishes from among them.

In the suspense of a living faith, therefore, we must look to what is divinely given for its restoration.

Dr. Bellows, as we think, has well depicted some of the marked religious characteristics of our time; has uncovered the great main current in the general tide of Protestantism, and discriminated accurately enough between tendency and movement. But his title has made it easy for hasty readers to misapprehend him, as well as for some of his reviewers to appear to have answered him, when they

have refuted only something that he did not say. As we read him, he argues, not that there is a suspense of faith in the general truth of the Christian Religion, but mainly as to the particular forms of doctrine and ritual in which it is now embodied by the numerous denominations around us. Men pause rather than commit themselves to the keeping of any one persuasion. This at least is our own view. The Rev. John Cotton Smith has argued well the first point, contrasting the eighteenth century with the nineteenth, showing an increase rather than a decline in the total Christian sentiment for the last hundred years. This we are not only ready to assent to, but willing to maintain. But what is the answer to the present indecision among the masses in regard to existing organizations and the right form for a true Christianity? Men are ready enough to believe, but they want something *to* believe, that they can rationally confide in. Only show them clearly that the statements of doctrine and the form you present are what Christianity actually means, that they are the real teachings of the Divine Word, and that they are rationally confirmed by what we know of the universe, and they will go with you.

But this is just where their faith hangs suspended; they do not believe that what you hold out to them is the absolutely true Christianity.

It is useless to point us to the Anglican Establishment, or its American branch, telling us to take refuge in that; for it satisfies its own inmates and its native born no better than the other denominations around it. Has it not already tried the experiment and failed? Has it not once had the denominations within its keeping, and did they not one after another burst forth from its pale, unfed and unsatisfied? Whence came Puritanism, Methodism, Puseyism, and the rest? There is motion away from the Protestant Episcopal Church, as well as motion towards it. The running is to and fro. The truth is, men feel unsettled where they are,

wherever that is, and the impulse is to try a new place. There is a desire for something more than is realized under any of the old forms.

The "Church," truly venerable, indeed, for much that it possesses and for much that it has done, points us to its roots in the past, its "admirable Liturgy," its three orders in the ministry, and its short, accommodating creed, saying, Come in, be quiet, and think as you please. But in vain. It is a fatal mistake to put mere external aggregation, for real internal unity of sentiment. The day of short creeds is passing away. And in putting in this plea for its acceptance, the defenders of that Church do but expose its inadequacy. Precisely here lies her defect in view of the special demand of the times. If she teaches only the Apostles' Creed, it is too little; men now want to know more. If she teaches the Thirty-nine Articles, men have no faith that those articles are true. "The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." It is not enough that you tell one with how little raiment he may come into your church, or take a seat in your pew; he wants to know where he can go and get fully clothed. Positive, clear, definite, rational statement on a thousand points of Christian doctrine on which the old creeds say nothing, or speak what cannot be received, is what the spiritual mind of humanity is now longing for. And hence we should prefer to call it, what already it has been aptly termed, "The Hunger of the Churches," rather than "The Suspense of Faith."

The few words of an ancient formula, that may be interpreted almost at will, and made to mean a hundred different things to as many different minds, — however true they may have been to their framers, or however useful they may be for some purposes, — afford no satisfaction to a person whose special inquiry is how he ought to think on innumerable particulars of faith and spiritual truth. It would be a poor recommendation for a school of physical science, that it con-

fined itself to a few fundamental axioms, leaving its students the freedom of forming their own conclusions on the details of the science; when those students are there for the very purpose of being instructed as to what those facts and details are.

It is true that the theological systems of the past have been the embodiments of human opinion, and not simple statements of Revealed Truth; and this is the reason why they now fail to satisfy, and are beginning to pass away. But a system consisting of such statements, and of such statements only, is intrinsically possible. Such a system is now the want of the time, is what the future will have, and with which alone the present unrest will be satisfied.

We believe that the Church of the Future can reach its institution only through reconstruction by a new and vitalized doctrine. We believe that the first Christian Age is consummated, that its several agencies have done their appointed work, and all branches of the apostolic tree borne their respective fruits.

We believe, therefore, in a New Dispensation of Divine Truth, and in a New Church founded on that Truth, — the Church foretold in the seventh of Daniel, and more distinctly shadowed in the New Jerusalem of the Apocalypse, — a Church having a Revealed System of Doctrines, breaking forth in light from the Divine Word itself, now opened and explained, — a system in which men are taught how they may truly think on every point on which the Christian mind seeks instruction; — where the key is given to the interpretation of Sacred Scripture, and where every inquiring, truth-loving mind can read for itself the laws of our being, the mysteries of man's spiritual nature, his connection with the spiritual world, the life after death, with the great truths concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, the glorification of his humanity, his work of redemption, and of life, duty, and regeneration, as they have never been opened or given before. Such is now the "Word of the Spirit to the

Churches." The great body of Christian believers may be compared to the children of Israel encamped before Nebo. Thus far they had come, under the leadership of Moses; but now he can conduct them no farther, he cannot show them the Holy Land; but a new leadership must be instituted. So the Christian host of to-day has advanced as far as the Literal Sense of the Word can take it; henceforth the leadership is changed; and the Church is called upon to follow the Doctrine of the Spiritual Sense. This Doctrine alone can conduct its famishing hosts to the place where the tabernacle of God is with men, this alone can show them the way to the Holy City, and lead them into it.

Is it not proof that we live in a New Age, when men of sentiments so inharmonious, and from points of view so opposite, can yet discuss these momentary and exciting topics with every token, not only of Christian patience for each other's views, but of kindly feeling, and without the rupture of private friendships? Every attempt, from whatever quarter made, of honest and earnest minds to discern the signs or answer the questions of the times, is to be treated with deference and candor, with charity and consideration. W. B. H.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. — PRAYING TO CHRIST.

Prayer as an active exercise of the mind and heart, and a means of personal communion with the Lord, in distinction from vague reverie or mere contemplation, is an indispensable condition to growth in the Christian graces. The Lord's prayer as a guide to devotion, and as furnishing the "vials full of odors sweet," through which man's heart goes up to God, and the Holy Spirit comes down to man, is better than any uninspired human form; and, apprehended in its spiritual sense, expresses every possible want of the human heart.

But how few there are who do apprehend its full spiritual meaning; and hence, if these are the only words which we use in our devotions, devotion will be likely to languish and grow cold. We have often heard them used when they seemed to slide over the tongue as the mere routine of custom, neither opening the heart up to God, nor opening the Divine heart down to the worshipper. When once the object of Christian worship has been clearly apprehended, and our deepest needs have come fairly into our consciousness, there is no grief, doubt, or perplexity, — above all, no state of remorse or self-conviction when our evils stand out black in the light, and we abhor ourselves as unclean, but makes us yearn towards God as a personal friend, and pour out ourselves in our own language till we obtain cleansing, pardon, and peace.

There are some who think that all prayers addressed to the Saviour are idolatrous and forbidden by him. There are others who think it is the truest and most life-giving of all worship. Between these two classes there is sometimes evidently a misunderstanding and a false issue. The worship of any created and finite being must be regarded by all Christians alike as idolatrous and untrue; and the Saviour, seen only in his finite and suffering humanity, should not be the object of Divine adoration. But taking the first chapter of John in its unforced and obvious meaning, Christ within and above the finite human nature is the Word made flesh, the Father brought forth to view, the glorious and complete Theophany, and herein the object of all adoration and love. His glorification is none other than the more entire unfolding and coming forth to view of the Divine Humanity and the waning and passing out of sight of the assumed and finite nature when the purpose was accomplished for which its assumption was made. Those, therefore, who worship Christ, not as the suffering and crucified, but as the glorified, the Divine Theophany, God humanized to mortal conceptions, weaknesses, and wants, have no taint of idolatry, and

those who cannot see him as the revealing Divinity should not pray to him.

But happy those who *can* see Him thus, for God is brought how marvellously near! — a Divine Person, and not an abstraction; a person undivided, and therefore causing no painful doubts and distractions in prayer. The Holy Spirit is not now a person who "passes over" from place to place, but the surgings of the Divine Energy into the believing heart, from Him who said, "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." Those promises, which were nearly meaningless before, or which we missed of by our ingenious criticisms, now fulfil themselves in us with a significance that makes us look up in wonder and in tears. "No man knoweth the Son but the Father, NEITHER KNOWETH ANY MAN THE FATHER SAVE THE SON, AND HE TO WHOMSOEVER THE SON WILL REVEAL HIM. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

S.

"THEY feared as they entered into the cloud." So was it with the chosen three of old, when the folds of that mysterious curtain closed around them. Yet when that celestial barrier had interposed itself between them and the outward world, they found themselves admitted to a view of their glorified Lord and Master, and to a conscious union with "the Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven."

What a type is this of the experience of humanity! How many hearts have quailed at the approach of the hour of trial, mysterious in its unknown depths! Yet when the encircling folds have set it apart from the world of common life, how many a sorrowing but trusting spirit has echoed the words, "Lord, it is good for me to be here!" Under the cloud of adversity many a soul has met its glorified Master, and found itself very near to the spirit-world. Often through the portal of sorrow lies the way into the "secret pavilion of the Most High."

SONG OF THE MIDNIGHT.

'T is midnight on the waters, midnight upon the hills,
Midnight in silent valleys, and o'er the dancing rills;
Midnight, mysterious midnight, with its low, quiet sleep,
Lying upon the woodlands, within their cloisters deep.

Midnight, — O awful midnight! — can things unholy dwell
Beneath thy wing's stern shelter, — within thy magic spell, —
When that Pure Eye looks downward, piercing with spirit power,
Into the depths of being, and scans each secret hour?

God of the voiceless midnight, let each true heart draw near,
And, nestling close beside thee, think not of doubt nor fear;
And as the night's dark curtain is drawn around his bed,
May gentle slumbers bless him, and peace anoint his head.

Or if he holds a vigil at this calm, sacred hour,
And early memories gather, and hold him in their power,
Or if, entranced and silent, he looks the future through,
Weighing its hopes, its burdens, its duties yet to do, —

Still, strong in faith and blameless, the good must reverence thee,
Midnight, with all the darkness that crowns thy majesty;
A talisman thou holdest, that tries the human heart, —
Innocence alone can know and love thee as thou art.

So welcome, gentle midnight, and to the depths unseen
Open our misty eyelids, while humble and serene.
We tread, as Christ on Olivet, who, on the midnight air,
Sent up, amid its shadows, his soul in earnest prayer.

So shall each hour be hallowed, and life become a shrine,
For lowly hearts to offer all that is most divine;
And as thy sable garments spread lovingly around,
Order and peace shall blossom, and earth be holy ground.

JOHN JACKSON AMONGST THE EMANCIPATED.

"12 mo. 9th. Our little schooner did not land us until about nine o'clock in the morning. It was a beautiful night; the full moon was shining brightly, and the stars appeared in their greatest beauty. I conversed with our seamen about the size of the moon and planets, and distances of the stars, and found they supposed them about a mile and a half off."

"10th. During an excursion this morning, we examined the Bombox Seva, or silk-cotton tree, which grows about two miles from the town. This tree, which bears a light foliage, and pods full of silky cotton, which is sometimes used for making hats, loses its leaves once a year. Its trunk is about fifty feet in circumference, of a singular contorted shape, with very high and thin projections; its vast branches spreading to a great distance at right angles with the trunk, and shooting out others nearly at right angles with themselves, very curious. On many of the branches various kinds of parasites are growing luxuriantly, and a number of aloes are also to be seen growing upon it, as though they had been arranged on the shelves of a green-house. This tree is of African descent, and is supposed to be near two hundred years old."

"The town of St. Thomas is very handsomely situated upon three hills, which run parallel to each other, from the harbor to the mountains. It is a great place of business; the commerce of all nations appears to be fully carried on there; often, more than two hundred vessels are there at one time. . . . . But little time is occupied with those religious services which are calculated to redeem from the world. . . . . The despotic government does not sanction religious liberty, but prescribes the form of worship. The tendency of such laws, which prevent the free exercise of conscience, is almost invariably to lessen love for the worship of the Almighty; and men do homage one to another, by a pretended rever-

ence for dogmas of human invention, which they erroneously call Divine worship."

As this island was under the control of the Governor-General, residing at Santa Cruz, no religious meeting was allowed, although the local Governor had no objection to it, and expressed an interest; therefore they left St. Thomas for Tortola.

"12mo. 12th. Being furnished by our kind friend, E. S. of St. Thomas, with a basket of provisions and a demijohn of good water, we set sail quite cheerfully, in an open boat, thinking we should have a short passage to Tortola. We were highly gratified by the scenery, as we passed St. James, St. Johns, José, Vandyke, and a large number of smaller islands, or keys, which rise abruptly from the sea, covered with verdure, and some of the high hills cultivated to their summits. As we passed St. Johns we saw the clouds resting upon the sides of the mountains, presenting a very novel and interesting appearance. Night came on as we approached the lee of Tortola, and our progress was greatly retarded, the trade-winds and tide being both against us. The night was clear and beautiful; Venus shone with a brightness that excelled anything I had ever seen of her, being sufficient to give a distinct shadow to illuminate our watery path. Orion and his attendant train trod quickly upon the last steps of the planet; and to complete the beauty, the moon rose at nine o'clock, to disclose to us the scenery of the surrounding hills. The whole firmament was aglow, and a field of contemplation was opened on this extended and luminous page of the book of nature; I resigned myself to meditation on the wisdom of the Great Architect of the Universe. . . . . .

"In taking a little view of the town to-day, we have seen many sad effects of violent tornadoes. In 1819 and 1827 many of the houses were demolished, the ruins of which are still left, to show that there were once comfortable and commodious habitations. The destruction by these hurricanes

is often so complete, that the owners of property destroyed by them are unable to rebuild, and restore from the desolation they have made. We delivered letters furnished us in St. Thomas, to some of the principal inhabitants, and were kindly welcomed by William R. Isaacs and James B. Rogers, who immediately manifested a willingness to afford us any assistance in their power; and we soon had it arranged to hold some religious meetings to-morrow, in the Methodist meeting-house, which was kindly offered us by the minister, whose name is Thomas Bates. He also offered us assistance in getting the people together from the town, and the plantations. We were also waited upon by a colored man from Kingston, a small place in sight of this, who informed us that the people there would be glad to hear us 'talk religion;' and said, if we would have a meeting, he would go home and tell everybody about it. We told him he might notify the people (for we had previously concluded to go there).

"13th. The morning had been very wet; but we found a large number collected in the Methodist meeting-house. Here we had an opportunity of witnessing a congregation of people, many of whom had lately been released from bondage; the meeting was composed of colored persons chiefly, of all grades and complexions, mingled with whom was to be seen, here and there, the fair European skin. One thing, which we did not before notice in these islands, was very apparent, — the very neat appearance of the people; their dress would have been considered an evidence of refinement, even in our American cities. The minister had some services to perform, agreeably to an appointment of his own, before ten o'clock, and we arrived before he got through, and had an opportunity of seeing the people in their usual morning devotions, in which they manifested much sincerity; and, although different from the form of worship to which we have been accustomed, yet I doubt not many of them will be justified, and their offerings ac-

cepted, by Him who sees not as man sees, but who looketh at the heart. My mind was very soon forcibly impressed with the confession of Peter, when at the house of Cornelius: 'I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, they that fear him, and work righteousness, shall be accepted of him.' And I was led to open to them, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, the wonderful dealings of God, at sundry times, and in divers manners, with the children of men. . . . . .

"It being a pleasant day, we undertook to go to Kingston on foot, by a winding pathway along the shore, through the thickets, about five miles, instead of crossing an inlet in a boat, three miles. We found a large number of people collected, all of them colored; and as there was but one meeting-house in the place, and that belonging to the Church of England, which could not be granted to us, we held an old-fashioned Quaker meeting under the dense foliage of a tamarind-tree. . . . . After we had sat with these people awhile in silence, my mind was opened in great love for them, and we were enabled to set before them the duties they owe to one another and to God, and many things connected with their salvation; which they appeared fully to comprehend, and manifested a degree of attention and feeling that I have seldom if ever witnessed; and I believe they fully appreciate our labor of love, for their souls seem to be visited with Divine favor, and they will remember the season till the latest period of their lives. We assured them that we did not come coveting their silver and gold, but that the love God shed abroad in our hearts had prompted us to visit them; that we felt them all as our brethren and sisters, and wanted to encourage them to love God and one another. It may be said of these people, whom many would be willing to pass by, as the priest and Levite did the poor man that had fallen among thieves, what the blessed Jesus said on one occasion, 'I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.' And when I saw, from the youth to the hoary-headed, the

full tear freely flowing over their sable faces, I thought it worth a voyage across the Atlantic to hold such a meeting; and although many high professors had treated our mission with contempt, yet here I was encouraged to believe that now, as formerly, the Divine Master sends his servants into the highways, and by the hedges, to invite to the marriage supper. It was with great difficulty we could leave them; they seemed unwilling we should close the opportunity, but we had our evening appointment at Roadston.

"Kingston is altogether an African settlement. It consists of about a hundred buildings, and five or six hundred inhabitants. Its history is this: the English, some years ago, captured a number of slave-ships, and it became a question whether they should colonize the people or send them back to their native country. They determined on the former project, and this location was selected for the purpose. They had several hundred acres of land granted them by William IV., which they cultivate in patches for provisions, raising cattle, &c. Sometimes, as one of them observed, they have plenty; but very often the drought is so great that they can gather scarcely anything from their gardens. Their condition had been represented to us in the worst light; we were told they were idle, poor, and lived by stealing. But these reports are evidently the work of an enemy, for we had evidence to the contrary; and even with the little they possess, they are content. They were very neatly dressed, and well-behaved; very many of the native Africans can speak English, and can read; and we noticed very intelligent countenances, indicating minds susceptible of the refinements of civilization and Christianity.

"The evening meeting at the Methodist chapel in Roadstead was attended by a large number of the white inhabitants, and a very respectable and well-dressed company of the colored people. This, too, was a season of Divine favor, in which, I trust, many minds were reached.

"14th. Being furnished with horses, and accompanied

by our kind friend, W. R. Isaacs, we set off to visit his estate, to which he had invited us, to have a religious opportunity with his laborers, amounting to about seventy field hands, besides the aged and children. We found men, women, and children busily employed preparing the ground for the cane, and could not but remark how earnestly and cheerfully they appeared to labor; very differently from the slow motions of the slaves of Santa Cruz. There was a reason for this: they were stimulated by a reward for their labor. We then went to the school, kept on the estate, in which we saw fifty-three children, and were gratified at the manner in which they went through their exercises. The next object of interest was our meeting, which was truly satisfactory to us. I think I may say we were all edified together in love. About one hundred and sixty persons were present.

"After the meeting was over, we concluded to pay the President of the island a visit, and attempted to cross the mountains of Tortola. We ascended about a thousand feet, over a path by great precipices, and absolutely dangerous to travel on, unless upon the back of a Tortola pony. I was assured my little horse understood the mode of ascending and descending these frightful places, and I therefore left the matter to his judgment, while I entertained myself in making observations on the delightful scenery that at different elevations was presented to our view. From the summit of Sage Mount, sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, nearly all the Virgin Islands are to be seen, — also Santa Cruz.

"We were politely received by President Hay. We offered him our 'minutes,' and after reading one of them, he said he did not want any certificates; he doubted not our object in visiting the island was a good one, and he would gladly offer us any assistance in his power.

"The conversation we had with him was chiefly in relation to the moral state of the colony since the emancipation

had taken place. He related many evidences of the well-working of the new system, and its advantages to both servant and master over the old one of slavery. He said the amount of crime was not one third as much as formerly, and that the morals of all classes were on the advance; that none who had now tried the system of free labor would be willing to return again to the former practice, and that many who had been the most strenuous opposers of emancipation were now its strongest advocates. The people who had been subjected to slavery did not manifest any disposition to take advantage of their new condition to injure their former masters, but, on the other hand, manifested a willingness to work for even limited wages. I inquired of him what cause or causes had occasioned the decline in the sugar cultivation of the island, as only about half as much was annually exported since emancipation. He gave the following reasons: — 1st. The failure of many of the planters, just about the date of emancipation; for the extravagance in which they had lived had obliged them to force their estates to produce the full amount of sugar, working their people to an unreasonable extent, so that, when emancipation came, many of the people refused to labor for such masters, and turned their attention to other things more favorable to themselves, in consequence of which many estates were given up. 2dly. The dry weather for two years, and the hurricane of 1837, which destroyed nearly all the buildings on the island. 3dly. Emigration to Demerara and Trinidad, hundreds having gone thither. These were causes which operated against the production of sugar.

"William R. Isaacs was formerly the President of Tortola, and he was then a decided enemy of emancipation. But he said it had succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations; and now he was so well satisfied that freedom was better for both the laborers and planters, that he lately recommended to the planters of Santa Cruz, at which island

he has a large estate worked by slaves, to petition the King of Denmark to abolish slavery in the Danish islands immediately, even if it has to be done without compensation from the government. This, I thought, was a strong testimony in favor of freedom, and the man who gave it was as well qualified to judge as perhaps any other in the islands. I inquired of an intelligent colored man, how they liked freedom? 'O, very well, massa.' But I again inquired, 'Did not your masters give you plenty to eat, and were they not kind to you?' 'Yes, massa, dey kind enough to us, and dey use to gib us plenty to eat; but den we hab to eat it with a very sorry heart.' Liberty is dear to man; whenever a ray of intelligence sparkles, it kindles a desire to enjoy the free gift of Heaven."

E. P. P.

THE SUN AND STAR.

THE sun and star both draw their beams
From the same fount on high,
That wells, in never-failing streams,
From the Eternal Eye!

So, to all pure and faithful souls,
Each keeping its command,
Our God the same fair truth unfolds,
Though far apart they stand.

Meekly the little twinkling star
Into the dark retires,
Soon as the sun, from burning car,
Scatters his wide-felt fires.

The star has light enough to know
Whence sprung the sun to birth;
And while its own small lamp burns low,
Rejoices for the earth.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

PART IV.

"No burial did these pretty babes
Of any man receive,
Till Robin Redbreast painfully
Did cover them with leaves."

Old Ballad.

The Nest.

CAROL.

Were they not lovely, Dolcè, as I thought?
Why lookest thou so sorrowful?

DOLCÈ.

I mourn
The younger of the two is dead! Alone
The other roams about so sadly, that
It will not waken!

CAROL.

Ah! poor little ones!
How came they in this wood, without a guide?

DOLCÈ.

How, truly! if they came not from the sky.
But, then, they have no wings.

CAROL.

Whence did they come?
If now we fly to Nelly's cot, to find
Some crumbs around her open door, our nest
Of birdlings will be safe; for we can list
If anything disturb it. Dolcè, come!

The Bank whereon the Babes are lying.

EDGAR.

Asleep! asleep! I cannot waken her!
But she will waken when mamma doth come,
I know! I'll go to sleep beside her!

Ah!
Mamma is coming! dear mamma! I see
Thee now! And thou wilt lead us both to Heaven!

(CAROL *and* DOLCÈ *appear.*)

DIRGE OF THE ROBIN REDBREASTS.

Behold the lovely lying
In death a-sleeping,—
Angels hovering o'er!
Hear the wood-echo sighing:
"O sight for weeping!
Never to waken more!"
Hie we quickly to the bowers
Where the pure white blossoms grow!
Mournfully bring leaves and flowers
O'er the lovely babes to strew!

The Terrace of the Forest Castle.

THE UNCLE.

Thou calm, pure River! give me, if thou canst,
Serenity and hope! Return to me,
Dark Wood, the treasures thou hast reft me of,
The which I vowed to keep so carefully!
The Demon of Ambition tempted me,
Resistlessly, or still they would have been
My joy and pride. Ah! what avail me now
These noble turrets, and these princely lands!
I cannot gaze around, but I am filled
With tumult of remorse. Serpents my heart
Are gnawing ceaselessly; and furies wild
Come thickly round, to mock me. Pity have
Thou God of Mercy, on my wretched soul!
Ye holy angels! save me from the fiends
That thus torment me! Edith, thou alone
Lookest with gentle sorrow on my fate!
Shineth with pale, seraphic light on me
Thy pitying eye! Canst thou forgive, forgive
The cruel deed? Oh! not in vain, I cry
To thee,— forgive! forgive!

The Wood.

HUBERT.

Wilt thou alight here, Bertha? Near this oak
We left the orphan babes. O, God be praised!
My dagger is unstainèd with the blood
Of innocence, — O Heaven! — and my soul!

BERTHA.

And art thou sure this path will lead us there,
Hubert?

HUBERT.

Sure as my life. I marked it well:
They could not wander far.

BERTHA.

O, Heaven grant
That we may find them safe! I tremble, lest
Some famished beast of prey already hath
Devoured my darling babes, or reptile tongue
Hath poisoned them. O, let us haste, Hubert!
To rescue them, if still they wander here!
My heart doth yearn for their embrace; and yet
It strangely faileth me! Here, on this mossy seat,
I 'll wait thy coming, Hubert. Horrid doubts,
Misgivings, have unnerved me; for, alas!
They may have perished even now, from thirst
Or hunger. In these wild and tangled woods
No sustenance for tender frames is found.
Ah! heedlessly I 've kept my lady's charge!
And yet I dreamed not of this cruel deed
By one so seeming fair and good! Alas!
Woe 's me if Hubert seek the lost in vain!
Hark! hark! 't is Hubert's voice. He beckoneth
My coming. Holy Christ! my fainting heart
Revive! Uphold my faltering foot, and nerve
My failing eye! Hubert! O holy Christ!

(*She follows Hubert.*)

HUBERT.

O'erstrewn with leaves and flowers, here they lie,
Bertha! What meaneth this? They are asleep!
The flowers are fresh with morning dew, as if
Just gathered now. Some gentle, unknown eye
Hath watched their slumbers! Bertha, fear no more
To know their fate!

BERTHA.

Alas! my babes are dead!
My babes are dead! O hapless, hapless fate!
Weep, weep, O eyes that saw the waking morn
Of this sad day! My beauteous angel-babes!
The gentle waving of their golden hair
By the soft, summer wind, no more they know, —
No more the snowy lids of their sweet eyes
Will ope to the glad sunlight, as it seeks
Their prisoned joy so vainly to unlock!
How lovely was the smile upon their lips,
As the death-angel came to lead away
Their infant souls to Heaven! Gently so
They woke in the dear presence of the one
They loved with the fond trust of infancy,
Thus to fulfil her dream of hope! My heart,
What tender, sweet consoling calmeth thee!
This holy thought, — their lips' soft smile, — this veil
Of purest, incense-wafting angel-flowers!
Before this shrine of innocence, I kneel,
Most Holy One, to thank thee!

RANDOM READINGS.

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

UNDER the patronage of Charles II. was established the Royal Society. The king sent one day to the learned body for an explanation of the following remarkable phenomenon: "When a live fish is thrown into a basin of water, the basin, water, and fish do not weigh more than the basin and water before the fish is thrown in; whereas, when a dead fish is employed, the weight of the whole is exactly equal to the added weights of the basin, water, and fish."

This was considered a very curious fact, and the learned Royal Society put their heads together to explain it. Several elaborate papers were read upon the subject. Various theories were broached, but still the question did not seem to be settled, as neither hypothesis was entirely satisfactory. It finally occurred to one of the learned members that it might be well to ascertain whether the fact were so. This raised an angry discussion.

"The fact is notorious," argued one of the members.

"To doubt it would be an insult to his Majesty, and would amount to constructive treason," argued others.

The experiment, however, was made, when, lo! it was found that the fish, whether dead or alive, increased the weight of the basin and water by exactly his own weight.

"The Wise Men of Gotham," as the society was popularly called, were filled with surprise and confusion; but a very important principle began to dawn upon them, not yet universally acknowledged and practised either in science or theology, — that, before you attempt to investigate the *cur sit*, you had better look at the *an sit;* in other words, before you try to explain a thing, find out whether it exists. See Sir W. Hamilton's Lecture on Hypotheses. S.

POET-THEOLOGY.

WE have thought sometimes that a more complete and consistent "System of Divinity" could be made out from the poets than from the theologians, because men in their highest moods of inspiration

have clearer and grander perceptions of truth than when they undertake to argue it out dogmatically. All heresies are of the understanding; — only by the soul do we grasp truth in its catholicity. Henry Vaughan, one of the old English poets, believed doubtless with his understanding in the resurrection of the natural body; but observe how he soars clear of it in the following exquisite stanzas, from "They are all gone," and how beautifully he images forth the true doctrine of the resurrection in the deserted bird's-nest and the birdling that left it singing in some fair and far-off grove: —

"Dear, beauteous death! the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

"He that hath found some fledged bird's-nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair grove or field he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

"And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes
And into glory peep."

Mrs. Browning is still more explicit, and sets the truth over against its besetting falsity with great emphasis, in these remarkable lines: —

"There are many even
Whose names are written in the Christian Church
To no dishonor, — diet still on mud,
And splash the altars with it. You might think
The clay Christ laid upon their eyelids when
Still blind he called them to the use of sight,
Remained there to retard its exercise
With clogging incrustations. Close to heaven,
They see for mysteries, through the open doors,
Vague puffs of smoke, from pots of earthen-ware;
And fain would enter when their time shall come
With quite a different body than St. Paul
Has promised, — husk and chaff, the whole barley-corn,
Or where 's the resurrection?"

THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE OPENLY SEEN.

It relieves somewhat the horrors of calamity, such as the one which lately occurred at Lawrence, that the hand of Providence, in some instances, seems to be thrust out visibly to save or to relieve the sufferers. Mr. Stevens relates a touching instance of this same kind in his History of Methodism, and we give it for the special attention of our young readers. We cannot turn to it, but it is substantially thus:—

A little girl who worked in the mines had been converted to Christ, and was in the habit of daily prayer. While in the mines, she had knelt one day during one of the intervals of labor, and was rapt in her devotions, when one of the accidents occurred not unfrequent in those underground operations. A large mass of earth fell, lodging at the right hand of the kneeling and praying girl. Then another fell at her left hand. Then a hugh rock fell, laying itself across the two mounds, thus making an arch under which she was preserved unharmed. It seemed as if the inanimate matter were endowed with a sudden intelligence, and by Divine direction preserved the little worshipper in the hollow of the Almighty's hand. So we are preserved all the while, only in these instances the Divine hand breaks through its concealments somewhat, to give us an idea of the unseen powers that encamp around us.

HOW PEOPLE CREATE WHAT THEY SEE IN NATURE.

Four men visited Niagara Falls. One was a preacher of the more lurid type of theology, the second was a mill-owner, the third was a poet, and the fourth was a geologist. What was your impression of it? was asked the clergyman.

"I could only think of the outpouring of God's wrath."

And what was yours, Mr. Utilitarian?

"I thought it a shocking waste of water-power."

And what was yours? was asked the poet.

"It seemed as if a million war-horses were rushing down a precipice, foaming, and with white-flowing manes."

And what was yours, Mr. Geologist?

"I calculated how fast the rock was wearing away, and how long it would take the cataract to travel up to Buffalo."

Sir William Hamilton, in one of his lectures, quotes an anecdote from some one who describes a parson and a fashionable lady looking by turns through a telescope at the moon, to see if it were inhabited.

"Why," said the lady, "do you observe those two shadows? They bend towards each other, and, I have no doubt, are two happy lovers."

"Nonsense," said the parson; "they are the two steeples of a cathedral!" S.

DESOLATION OF UNBELIEF.

A FRIEND kindly sends to us "Footfalls on the Borders of Another World, by Robert Dale Owen," which we are reading, charmed by its philosophical spirit, equally removed from credulity and cant. It is fashionable to denounce unbelief, making no allowance for the solid strata of error and absurdity which clear and earnest minds must often upheave and struggle through before they can come to the open sunlight of truth. We have seldom been more deeply touched than in reading the following extract in the foot-notes, which describes the confessions of an unbeliever: —

"I have been rudely driven out of my old beliefs; my early Christian faith has given way to doubt; the little hut on the mountain-side, in which I had thought to dwell with pastoral simplicity, has been shattered by the tempest, and I turned out to the blast without a shelter. I have wandered long and far, but have not found that rest which you tell me is to be obtained. As I examine all other theories, they seem to me pressed by equal difficulties with that I have abandoned. I cannot make myself *contented* as others do with believing nothing; and yet I have nothing to believe. I have wrestled long and hard with my Titan foes, but not successfully. I have turned to every quarter of the universe in vain. I have interrogated my own soul, but it answers not. I have gazed upon Nature, but its many voices speak no articulate language to *me;* and more especially, when I gaze on the bright page of the midnight heavens, those orbs gleam upon me with so cold a light, and amid so portentous a silence, that I am, with Pascal, terrified with the spectacle of the infinite solitude."

S.

MY WEST WINDOW.

I ALWAYS avoid a room that looks north. If I wanted to let a man down gradually into insanity or hopeless melancholy, I would put him in a room with a northern prospect, with only one window, covered with yellow or dingy paper, and with an old apple-tree to obstruct the view and for crows to alight in. I would set his bedstead with the head toward the south. Do you ask why? Reichenbach says that you must sleep in such posture that the electric currents will sweep your nervous system in the right way. If you let them sweep crossways or against the grain, your case will be like that of a kitten whom the boys stroke against the fur. Now, the magnetic fluids, it seems, set southerly; and Reichenbach says he has known nervous people who would sleep like infants with the head to the north, but would tumble and toss all night with the head south, east, or west. I am not so sure about this, but I am very sure of the other conditions. I am a Parsee so far as this, that I never turn my back upon the sun if I can help it. My room has a glorious outlook south and west, and I should insist upon one east also, only, for reasons too personal to mention, I am not always sure of seeing him in that extreme quarter. Then I put all the sun colors into the paint and paper that I can. To these arrangements I owe very much of my cheerfulness of disposition and my good-will towards all mankind. I would even add, my delightful religious views, for the reader must know that our moods and feelings color our religious opinions. It was said of the elder Buckminster that his theology ebbed into Calvinism, or receded from it, according to the state of his health. I contrive to get all the sunlight into mine possible, being here again of the Parsee faith, that the true God is Light, and uɯɯıʇuɐ — for they wrote the Devil's name inverted, in order to pour contempt upon him — is Darkness.

A correspondent of the London Builder says that, from several years' observation of manufacturing-rooms, he has found that in those with large windows, through which the sun looks in all day, the operatives are more healthy and cheerful; but in those with small windows, though equally ventilated, the operatives droop and pine. He says, moreover, that he finds invariably that workers in white rooms are more healthy than those in yellow or buff-colored rooms;

and once, by having the *yellow ochre* washed off and the walls and ceiling whitewashed, he wrought a corresponding change in the spirits of the occupants.

It is said that an epidemic follows the shady side of a street, in preference to the opposite or sunny side. It is a sort of judgment upon the people who turn their backs upon the sun; for darkness and shadow let in the prince of evil, with all his grisly train of diseases.

I wish I could describe the revelations that come to me through my west window, say between sunset and candle-light. Every evening the heavens have a new aspect, and new combinations of the prismatic glories. You have no idea, reader, of this endless shifting of celestial scenery, if you are so unfortunate as to live in a room that looks northward. And you have no idea of the openings to thought which are vouchsafed, and the liftings up towards the unseen and more glorious realities. Sometimes the clouds lie across the horizon, solid and mountainous, but somehow the sun contrives to get through them his good-night. Sometimes he only gives a faint streak at the bottom, which means, "You will see me again to-morrow." Sometimes he makes a broad opening, and shows Wachusett and Nobscott, and all their brethren of the hills, in clear yellow light, under a black canopy; and the hills seem to have moved towards you in fairy colors, they are so much more distinct than at noonday; and

> "Herds range along the mountain-side,
> And glistening antlers are described,
> And gilded flocks appear."

It is very much like the black, overhanging errors of the Church, which serve, nevertheless, to give you, by contrast, the fields of truth in more sharp and refulgent outline. Sometimes he changes the black mass into long horizontal bars, and turns them into golden ingots. But the other evening we had a new phenomenon. The clouds were light and feathery, and the sun seemed to have polarized them and turned them into radii that ran half-way to the zenith, with granular streaks as regular as those in curled maple. Nearly a third of the western sky was run into the moulds of this inimitable carving. Sometimes he clears all the clouds out of his way, and, as he sinks down, seems to swim in a molten sea. Sometimes the colors change so rapidly, that you half believe there is conscious life there,

and that these are the shades and tints of some great agony. Nobody has described this so well as Byron: —

"Filled with the face of heaven which from afar
Comes down upon the waters, all its hues
From the rich sunset to the rising star
A magical variety diffuse:
And now they change, a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; *parting day*
Dies like a dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone and all is gray."

S.

TRIPERSONALITY.

THERE could not be a greater mistake, than that of those who assume that the popular doctrine of God in three persons has been held essentially the same in all the ages of faith. It is practically rejected or left out by a great many people within the Trinitarian churches, and Neander himself avows that it is not in the New Testament, but was developed by the Church, or rather by the theologians, and that too in opposition to the masses among the laity, whose "Christian consciousness" revolted against it. He traces distinctly three currents of opinion. First, those who denied the proper Divinity of Christ, and admitted only the Godhead of the Father; secondly, those who asserted the Divinity of Christ, but divided the Divine personality; thirdly, those who asserted the Divinity of Christ, and held that in him all the Father was revealed in one person. And he represents that these last were the mass of Christians in whose consciousness the Saviour's presence and love were most warm and intense. Neander says the Church teachers "did not do enough for them;" that they were "mainly actuated by the practical religious interest;" that they were a great number of common Christians, or, quoting Origen, "the multitude of believers." It seems perfectly clear how the matter stood. As Christ began to fade out from the pious consciousness, they ran into dialectic speculations, either denying the Godhead of Christ altogether, or else making him a God subordinate to the Father.* We suspect that this will

* Christian Dogmas, Vol. I. pp. 150, 151, Bohn's ed.

be found true in all ages, and that the common people, who keep closest to their Lord, and in whose Christian consciousness his presence is most intense, practically ignore the human "developments," and preserve theology in its greatest fulness of life and purity.

S.

"FAITHFUL WOUNDS."

A LETTER TO THE PROPRIETOR.

"FAITHFUL are the wounds of a friend," said the wise man; and we are unwilling that the following pungent but friendly criticism should pass to the old letter-basket, before we have witnessed for its faithfulness, and made it render some service to others besides those for whose especial benefit it was written: —

"DEAR SIR: —

". . . . . If you would permit me to make a suggestion, I would just say, that, if there is any drawback to the usefulness of the Journal, it is in consequence of most of the articles being overloaded with *words*. For such a small publication the articles are not *direct* enough. Take, for example, ———. The introduction, *occupying four pages*, is quite useless. The articles generally are quite lifeless; they have no *quickening* influence, and for a magazine to become popular it must have something in it that will come home to the popular heart. The sentences generally (for a magazine) are too long. . . . . I don't think they (the editors) are much accustomed to prepare articles for the press. Hoping you will take what I have said in good part, I remain, truly yours,

"——— ———."

This letter, be it understood, was addressed to the proprietor of the Monthly, and, we ought to add, has since been qualified a little in a further epistle, called forth by the February number, which "has a little more freshness about it than some of the others."

Now we are bound to say, that there is a great deal of truth in what our friend has ventured to write, and we like his outspoken, and evidently well-meant, criticism. Life is indeed short, and paragraphs are long, and books are many, and pamphlets are numberless, and of making them there seems likely to be no end. Brevity and inspiration are indeed words to be pondered. That is a significant sentence by the "disciple whom Jesus loved," — "There are also many

other things which Jesus *did*, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." The *words* which are spirit and life, and which have been "bread of life to millions of souls," are few, contained in four very small books, which repeat again and again the same golden sentences. But how are we to realize this ideal of a brief lesson filled to overflowing with life? Will not our good friend send us something of the sort? Does he say that he is not an editor? True; but the office of the editor is not so much to "prepare articles for the press," as to bring the articles of others, the contributors, in good form before the eyes of the readers; but whilst we are abundantly supplied with elaborate pieces, essays, dissertations, and the like, pithy paragraphs and pages do not come. Now if we are long, let others be short, and the less shall prevail over the greater. Sometimes, however, a subject will come up for discussion, which cannot be disposed of in a page or two. The Magazine must not be a mere collection of laconisms. We recall, in this connection, a passage in our college rhetoric, in which the food of the mind was compared to the food of horses, and the necessity for quantity as well as quality was pointed out. It will not answer to supply only oats. There must be hay to distend the stomach, not to speak of the over-excitement produced by stimulating grain. Pithy sayings are quickening to the mind, but there is no reading which so soon palls as the reading of proverbs. One might as well go to dine in a confectioner's shop. However, our friend is doubtless largely in the right, and if we can only find the time, we will try to be shorter. Meanwhile, will not some of our friends who have the gift of brevity, and at the same time a burden to be rolled from their souls, come and help us?

E.

THE FATHER'S GIFT OF THE SON.

VIEW OF DR. THOMAS ARNOLD.

We have given in a note to the first article in this number an extract from the fourth volume of Rev. F. W. Robertson, which suggests, though it does not fully unfold, his idea of the Atonement. What attracts us in the passage is the emphasis which it puts upon the infinite love of God, as manifested in that Christian mystery, with

the virtual rejection of that strange imagination of conflicting divine attributes, which has misled so many Christians. We believe that the thought which Robertson had in his mind, and sought to convey, is very dear to believers, and that, could it only be brought home and made clear to Christians, they would find in it a discharge from the dreary conflict about the doctrine of Atonement. The Unitarian at first relucts from Robertson's statement, but not, if we may trust the Rev. Dr. Pond, as lately quoted in one of our religious journals, any more decidedly than the Trinitarian; but it really does not contain the painful and incredible element in the vicarious atonement which has had power to prejudice many liberal Christians against the Fact and the Mystery as they are exhibited in the dying of the Lord. We have thought that the belief upon this topic of that large-minded and large-hearted Christian, the late Dr. Thomas Arnold, might be of interest and value to our readers. He writes thus: —

"The highest act of love is the sacrifice of self, — the highest act of God's infinite love to man was in the redemption; but from the ineffable mystery which hangs over the Godhead, God could not be said to sacrifice himself, and therefore he sacrificed his only Son, that object which was so near and dear to him, that nothing could be nearer and dearer. And so it is written, not as some would have it, that God died, but that 'God spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all,' and 'God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.'" E.

LENT. — GEORGE HERBERT.

We have some readers, we know, in that dear old Church of England, which we love with a sincere affection, spite of its Calvinistic articles that we cannot subscribe, and spite of its "three persons and one God" that we cannot find in the Book; and our quiet Magazine occasionally falls into the hands even of that more ancient Church, which claims to be the mother of us all, even of the prodigals who are children still, though they may be in a strange land and feeding upon husks. So we suppose that we may have a word to say about Lent, though our Church in the wilderness did not need it, maintained as it was amidst the graves of those who died martyrs to the forms of truth which they prized beyond ease and refinement

and their native land and earthly life. Lent is not a part of our sacred tradition. We have no such custom. Unless we find that there is a real necessity, it can hardly be wise to take it up. Imitation is hazardous. Be yourself! Be true to your own ideas! Stay where Providence has placed you, until you are clearly bidden to withdraw! He will be but an unsuccessful miner who is ever shifting from vein to vein. What we want most, is to take up cheerfully the crosses which come providentially in our way, to be temperate at all times, not merely abstinent upon occasions. But it is something, if not by any means all that one would desire, to have at least forty days in the year during which it shall not be necessary to amuse one's self; and an earnest person, without falling into will-worship or any sort of formality, may thankfully avail himself of a season providentially set apart for more frequent acts of meditation and prayer. Let us offer to any, who may find it in their hearts to keep the old fast, these words of George Herbert, whose sweet poems might persuade many who are beyond the reach of argument to observe the old Church order: —

. . . . .

"Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use; lest by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

"'T is true, we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better than to rest:
We cannot reach our Saviour's purity;
Yet are we bid, "Be holy e'en as he."
In both let 's do our best.

"Who goeth in the way which Christ has gone,
Is much more sure to meet with him, than one
That travelleth by-ways.
Perhaps my God, though he be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and, more,
May strengthen my decays.

"Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sin, and taking such repast
As may our faults control:
That every man may revel at his door,
Not in his parlor; banqueting the poor,
And among those his soul."

And whilst the volume is in our hands, and penitence is our theme, we must copy the little poem entitled

"MARY MAGDALEN.

"When blessed Mary wiped her Saviour's feet,
(Whose precepts she had trampled on before,)
And wore them for a jewel on her head,
Showing his steps should be the street
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humbleness should live and tread:

"She being stained herself, why did she strive
To make him clean, who could not be defiled?
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
And not his feet? Though we could dive
In tears like seas, our sins are piled
Deeper than they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

"Dear soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deign
To bear her filth; and that her sins did dash
E'en God himself: wherefore she was not loath,
As she had brought wherewith to stain,
So to bring in wherewith to wash:
And yet in washing one, she washed both."

What a true utterance of the sense of sin in those words, "Though we could dive in tears like seas"! and how the theologian and the poet join their voices in that sentence, "her sins did dash e'en God himself"! E.

GOD AND MAMMON: CHRISTIANITY *vs.* TRADE.

Look on this picture: —

"They considered 'if God would be pleased to discover some place unto them, though in America, where, being free from Antichristian bondage, they might keep their names and nation, and not only be a means to enlarge the dominions of the English state, but the Church of Christ also, if the Lord had a people among the natives whither he would bring them, — hereby they thought they might more glorify God, do more good to their country, better pro-

vide for their posterity, and live to be more refreshed by their labors, than ever they could do in Holland, where they were.'" *

Then on that: —

"The barks ——— sailed from this port for Japan on the 24th, to obtain cargoes of fancy goods and other productions of that country, such as have recently sold here at enormous profits. Some skilful designers accompany the ———, with the purpose of furnishing Japanese mechanics or artists models, after which to manufacture articles better adapted for the American market; the object being to get the advantage of Japanese skill in execution for the manufacture of articles of furniture, &c., after plans designed by Americans. High hopes are indulged that such employment of Japanese labor will prove vastly profitable, and result in introducing into common use in this country many useful fixtures of household furniture of exquisite taste and beauty, and at moderate cost.

"*Rev. Mr. Gable and lady wished to go to Japan as missionaries, by one of the vessels above named, but the charter parties refused to take them as passengers, on the plea that their presence in that country as teachers of a new religion might lead to trouble, and hinder commercial operations.*" †

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and whatsoever else ye need shall be added unto you. E.

WORSHIPPING THE FATHER IN THE SON.

At the hazard of being regarded as a divided household, we must — (and by "we," please understand the "Junior Editor," who believes himself to be entirely at one in spirit, if not in the letter, with his associate in editorial service) — say that the proper worship of Christ does not commend itself to us as in accordance with Scripture, not even with the first sentence of St. John's Gospel, to which reference has been made on another page. If the *Logos* or the Word spoken of by the Evangelist is not *hypostatized*, regarded as a strict and proper personality, then to worship the Word is to worship God

* Winslow, Briefe Narration, 81, as quoted in Palfrey's History of New England, Vol. I. p. 147.

† Overland Mail from California, February 18.

as the Word, i. e. to worship God. If, on the other hand, the *Logos* or the Word is *hypostatized*, regarded as a strict and proper personality, then we must acknowledge a subordination in some sense of the Word to God, as of a Son to the Father, as of the Image to Him who is imaged, as of One who can do nothing of himself but what he seeth the Father do to Him who can do all things, as of One who knew "not the day nor the hour," to Him who knoweth all things. We may, we must worship the Father in this *Logos* or Word, — "no man cometh unto the Father but by me;" but we do not worship the *Logos* or Word, — our thoughts still mount upward to the Father, in whom are all things, and we in him. And if this is true of the *Logos* or Word not incarnate, it must be as true of the incarnate *Logos* or Word, the Divine Man, Christ Jesus.

"To the Father, by the Son, in the Holy Spirit," seems to us the ancient and true Christian ascription, whilst the law of life is this: "God in Christ, Christ in us, God in us!"

But we did not propose an argument, only another statement, which we would offer in all charity, and not as a dogmatizer or "disputer of this world." E.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Dictionary of the English Language. By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL. D. Boston: Hickling, Swan, and Brewer. 1860. — Dr. Worcester's labors as a lexicographer have been well known for thirty years, and have gained steadily in the public confidence. The present is not an enlargement and republication of his former works, but a new Dictionary throughout; and it seems to us almost a miracle of industry for one man to accomplish. It is a large quarto of 1854 pages of triple columns, closely packed, including the preliminary dissertations, the appended Key to the classical pronunciation of Greek, Latin, and Scripture proper names, it being Walker's Key corrected and much enlarged; a list of modern geographical names; a list of the names of distinguished men of modern times, with the key to their pronunciation; and a collection of words, phrases, and quota-

tions from ancient and modern languages. The preliminary dissertations will be exceedingly valuable to every student of the English tongue. That on the "Origin, Formation, and Etymology of the English Language," presents a clear view of its rise and progress, and the elements that enter into it; and that on English Orthoëpy gives a succinct and perspicuous statement of the principles by which the rules of pronunciation are determined.

The English reader wants a Dictionary for three things, — for definition, for pronunciation, and for clearing up the *haze* which lies more or less on almost every page of modern literature from anomalous phrases or words only half naturalized, yet of frequent recurrence even with popular writers. In the matter of definition, we do not believe that anybody will supersede Richardson. In the department of etymology, he is unsurpassable. He gives the root of the word if it can be found, always digging for it at any rate, — and he seldom leaves you till the root, trunk, branches, stems, and leaves, if it have any, stand out clear to the eye, illustrated by quotations that show the history of the word, and its changes of meaning from the oldest times down to the present. The quotations alone are invaluable, and give to the study of words in Richardson the continuous charm of a novel. But Richardson makes no pretensions as an orthoëpist, and his dictionary is too bulky and expensive to come into general use. Dr. Worcester combines in his work all the excellences of Richardson which he could compress within such limits as would render it available to the mass of English readers. The etymology of the word is always traced when known, its ranges of meaning precisely defined, illustrated often by brief and apt quotations from the choicest English literature. The wood-cuts, a new feature in English lexicography, render important assistance, especially in the definition of terms used in the natural sciences.

In the department of orthoëpy Dr. Worcester leaves us nothing to be desired. For many years the standard of pronunciation in the schools and among the best speakers was Walker. Walker was an English elocutionist, and gave the pronunciation prevalent among the best speakers and the most cultivated classes of the English metropolis. But nearly seventy years have elapsed since his Dictionary was published, during which some changes in pronunciation have taken place. Not only so. Walker's notation was exceedingly faulty and defective. In his Key he failed to discriminate between the two

long sounds of *a*, — for example, *a* in *name* and *a* in *care*, and the consequence was, that many teachers introduced into the schools a set of provincialisms, under the impression that they were reforming bad habits of pronunciation. The fault lay wholly in Walker's Key, for it is known that he did not confound in his own practice the sound of those letters. Since Walker's day several pronouncing dictionaries have been published; but Smart, an English elocutionist, following Walker in part, and reforming him where the best usage has departed from him, is held the most correct expositor of the usage of the present day. Dr. Worcester generally follows Walker as reformed or supplemented by Smart; but where the pronunciation of a word is variant, he gives the authorities on all sides, that the reader may have all the means for guiding his own judgment, and he cites from English orthoëpists, and especially from Walker, any remarks that are deemed of value.

Another and most invaluable excellence of Dr. Worcester's present work is the admission of some thousands of words not yet Anglicized, but yet in such frequent use that any one who reads learned works, or even the current literature, wants to know their meaning. They are words which we might call "proselytes of the gate." Dr. Worcester only admits them as such. He puts them in Italics, as if only admitted to the outer court, and having no business among the faithful. The number of words which are technical, obsolete, provincial, or colloquial is also quite large; but these also are carefully marked and distinguished, so that the genuine natives and rightful occupants may be kept distinct. How extensive the author's researches are in this department may be judged from the fact, that, while the number of pure English words does not exceed 35,000, this Dictionary includes about 104,000. The reader of any English book, old or new, which is worth reading, if he finds himself beset with foreigners or barbarians, will get all the relief from Dr. Worcester which can be consistently rendered.

The list of the names of distinguished men of modern times comprises those of uncertain or difficult pronunciation, and will be found almost indispensable by every public speaker and scholar.

The publishers have executed their part of the work admirably, and it is an honor not less to American typography than American learning. It is not necessary to depreciate the labors of others in the same department in order to do justice to Dr. Worcester's truly mag-

nificent work. It must of necessity come into general use, both as a defining and pronouncing dictionary, as it leaves little to be desired or hoped for. Not only for the study of language, but as an encyclopædia to refresh one's knowledge or render it more distinct and precise under the various departments of science and art, such as zoölogy, mineralogy, architecture, chemistry, botany, mechanics, it might be turned over any hour, the wood-cuts examined, and the extracts from scientific works read without any flagging of interest. S.

Seven Years. By JULIA KAVANAGH. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — A series of tales, thirteen in number. We have read the first and principal one, which gives the title to the volume. It is a charming picture of life in the French metropolis among people struggling against poverty and reverses, — of unselfish and faithful love. The interest is well kept up, and the heart is made better for having made the acquaintance of Baptiste and Fanny. S.

The Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scripture Records, stated anew, with special Reference to the Doubts and Discoveries of Modern Times. In Eight Lectures, delivered in the Oxford University Pulpit, in the Year 1859, *on the Bampton Foundation.* By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M. A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Editor of the History of Herodotus, &c. From the London Edition, with the Notes translated. By Rev. A. N. Arnold. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — We ask for this book the particular attention of any of our readers who have ever been, or are now, students of the Bible. It is especially valuable to all who have been affected by the prevailing scepticism with relation to the Old Testament. Those who are familiar with the Notes to the second volume of the work on the Genuineness of the Gospels, by the late Professor Norton, in which the question of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch is discussed, should not fail to read what is here written. Professor Norton was not so much at home in the history and criticism of the Old Testament, as in the matter of the Christian Evidences; but his authority has led many to give to the more ancient record a much lower place than properly belongs to it, whether amongst sacred or amongst secular Scriptures. Our own study of the Jewish Bible has been productive of an ever-increasing reverence for it, and interest in its wonderful contents. The reader of Rawlinson will be surprised to

find that many sceptical assumptions about the Old Testament, which pass in what are called learned circles almost without challenge, are wholly unfounded. It is strange how ready some persons are to accept almost any secular tradition, however vague, — to give in, for example, to some preposterous scheme of Egyptian or Indian chronology, — whilst they regard everything in the Book of Genesis with utter suspicion. Rawlinson's able and admirable Lectures may help to cure them, if they wish to be cured, of this illiberal and untaught liberalism. It is a timely publication. E.

Sermons on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. Delivered at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M. A., the Incumbent. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — Our readers are familiar with the name of this wondrous preacher, and if any have thought, as we will confess was our case, that in three volumes of Sermons and one volume of Addresses they must have received his best thoughts, let us make haste to assure them that this fourth collection does really add to a gift so precious before. These Sermons are admirable specimens of Expository Lectures, and are not to be confounded with the needless explanations, the weak paraphrases, the slipshod disquisitions, the commonplace "improvements," that are offered to congregations in so many instances, when they have innocently asked for Bible lessons in the place of more formal discourses. Such lessons are soon found to be unattractive. The persons who asked for them pay the penalty for their rashness by due attendance; the uncommitted multitude do not come. The truth is, that only when the spirit of a passage of Scripture has been heartily and intelligently appropriated, and the great principles from which the writer sets out have been firmly grasped, is it possible so to represent his thought as to gain audience for it from the living age. When the old truths and facts are thus resuscitated, we find that the old condition of mind and heart, of private and public opinion, — the ancient conflicts of representative men and organized sects, — have their counterparts in our day, and the inspiration which was profitable in the first century is found to be just as profitable in the nineteenth. Without proposing anything of the kind, Mr. Robertson really produced in these familiar lectures an admirable commentary upon the portions of Holy Writ which he discussed, — a commentary at once enlightened and reverent in its tone, pervadingly marked by spiritual

discernment, and as free from cant as from coldness. We shall ask with great eagerness for the Lectures by this same prince of preachers upon portions of the Old Testament, for we do not know where to look for his equal in the unfolding of the letter and the re-embodiment of the spirit of Scripture story. E.

Christ in History. By ROBERT TURNBULL, D. D., Author of "Genius of Scotland," &c., &c. New and revised Edition. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — Dr. Turnbull's work is a very successful illustration of that pregnant sentence of St. Paul, in which, speaking of the Christ, he says, "By him all things consist." History must needs be regarded by the Christian as the realization in time and space, by the various races and ages of man, of that eternal purpose which God purposed in Christ Jesus his Son. Everything which preceded the coming pointed forward to the manifestation of the Life, to the incarnation of the Eternal Word; the hope of man was the promised Heavenly Lord. And now that the Dayspring from on high has visited us, and we live in the light thereof, progress has been achieved and will be achieved only so far as the seed of God has been or shall be scattered in the world, — only where the new Life passes from heart to heart and down the long Christian ages. Dr. Turnbull illustrates this — we will not say theory but — fact from the pages of ancient and modern story, Jewish, Gentile, and Christian, summoning his witnesses from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, showing us Christ before Abraham on the one hand, since Luther on the other hand. So studied, the records of human sorrow and of human achievement need be no longer a *rudis indigestaque moles*, no longer a haphazard collection of isolated occurrences; they are in a true sense the events of a creative and redeeming life, the steps of that Word by which the ages are ordered and humanity steadily but slowly raised to its heavenly seats. Dr. Turnbull has brought to his task a spirit at once earnest and catholic, and a competent scholarship; and what he has here written will be read with interest and profit. E.

The Eighteen Christian Centuries. By the REV. JAMES WHITE, Author of a "History of France." With a copious Index. From the Second Edinburgh Edition. — Eighteen Christian centuries must needs be very closely packed to be brought within five hundred and

twenty-six pages *duodecimo;* but Mr. White is a skilful economist of space, and the life has not been pressed out of the ages. In truth, a volume of this kind by one who can group his facts skilfully, and select representative incidents and persons, and sketch with a ready hand, is an unspeakable relief to many who are unwilling to be ignoramuses, and yet have but few hours in a month to give to reading; and perhaps those who are not so restricted would do well to be familiar, through many reperusals, with such a manual, though, as a general rule, original authorities are to be sought, rather than the productions of those who give us history at second hand. Mr. White is a very pleasant writer, and has made a readable and usable book.

E.

Restatements of Christian Doctrine, in Twenty-five Sermons. By HENRY W. BELLOWS, Minister of All Souls' Church, New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1860. — We have been able to read only a portion of these sermons, but we shall not lay the volume aside unfinished. They are the words of a man who thinks aloud, and in whose utterances the abundance of a large and loving heart blends with the outpouring of a vigorous brain. They are representative discourses too, — they tell in a manly and reverent way what numberless persons would tell, but are not able. In some respects they disappoint us, — not more, however, we are inclined to think, than they disappointed the preacher himself. Sometimes the discourse only just fails to be perfectly satisfactory, — rouses, guides, nourishes, but leaves us at last asking and disappointed, because we have not heard the conclusion of the whole matter. Sometimes we find a great spiritual truth unfolded with marvellous spiritual discernment, and we walk in the light thereof, and presently we hear a word which throws us back into the darkness, and we are groping our way again. But continually do we say to ourselves, — Something will come of all this: here are the old verities, here is the dear Gospel truth working like leaven in a noble soul, and whatever is written in living Scriptures, whatever can be realized in human experience, whatever the Spirit that guides the Church, and each true soul in it, shall say to this mind and heart in Christ, shall go forth in good time a veritable *credo* and a spiritual *cultus*, and the Church, by which we mean all those who are vitally joined to Christ, gathered up into the fellowship of the Divine Lord, shall be the gainer thereby. Here is a man

who is not afraid of what looks like Truth because it is called Orthodoxy, or unable to recognize the struggles of honest souls in the questionings of those who are called unbelievers. Far more than this we can truly write of some of the Discourses, especially those entitled "Docility," and "Religion a Refuge from Evil," which are admirable at once for breadth and for positiveness. The latter is at once a grand refutation of the sciolism which presumes to justify the ways of God to man, and a most successful testimony for the true defence against our fear and our grief. E.

The Voyage of the "Fox" in the Arctic Seas. A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions. By CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK, R. N., LL.D. With Maps and Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — There is something especially refreshing in a book which was not made by a bookwright. Professional writers have much to learn from those who, with only the education of a gentleman, take up the pen, not because they would make paragraphs, but because there is something which must be told, and can be told only by them. We are secure in such a case against rhetoric and mere verbiage, especially if the writer, having achieved much in act, is under no temptation to try to add achievements in word. This Narrative *is* a narrative, and not fine writing; and although many of the details are such as the reader of stories of Arctic explorations is perfectly familiar with, the account of the discovery of the remains of the Franklin Expedition gives a peculiar and sad interest to the volume. We should say, Let the Arctic world rest, let us lose no more valuable lives of brave navigators in those barren regions! — were not the utterance checked by the remembrance of the heroisms that have been born of these seemingly unprofitable ventures. Certainly one might as well go and perish bravely, if to no tangible purpose, there, as die of routine and of utter *ennui* amidst comforts. E.

A Trip to Cuba. By MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Mrs. Howe's tale of travel deserves to be rescued from the imprisonment of a bound volume of magazines, and to be sent forth in comely guise, as a manageable fireside book. We followed the steps of her pilgrimage in the day of it with great interest and real entertainment, and not, we trust, without profit, though we

are ready to confess that our object was amusement, not instruction. We found what we sought, — for there is a deal of true humor in the narrative, — and more; and we are glad that so clever a woman has sailed on the sea, and lived in hotels, and visited plantations, places of amusement, of torture, of worship, and lived to write out her experiences for duller and less enterprising mortals. The course of travel was old and familiar, but the eyes that saw, and the ears that heard, and the pen that wrote, were new; and even in the multitude of books the appearance of the little volume is justified. E.

Poems, by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — In common with a multitude of persons, we are thankful to know who wrote "Now and Afterwards," the exquisite and most touching little poem, beginning

> "Two hands upon the breast,
> And labor's done;"

but this is *the* flower of the anthology, and most of the residue seem to us to be scarcely more than *mediocre.* E.

Poems. By SYDNEY DOBELL. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — Our first feeling in turning over these pages was a sense of disappointment; but as we went on, and looked deeper down, the words began to glow, and the true poetic fire made the heart burn. E.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery: or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1860. Exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Zoölogy, Botany, Mineralogy, Meteorology, Geography, Antiquities, &c., together with Notes on the Progress of Science during the Year 1859, a List of Recent Scientific Publications, Obituaries of Eminent Scientific Men, &c. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A.M., Author of Principles of Natural Philosophy, &c. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — To all who are interested in the progress of science, to the true children of the age of inventions, to the rhetorician who would replenish his store of metaphors and illustrations, to the general reader even, this volume is of great value and interest. E.

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GOOD CHEER.

We presume there is no character from which hope has been completely eliminated and lost. But there are a great many characters in which it is not a prevailing and inspiring force. There are some whose future is never clear, and, as a consequence of this, the present is always under a cloud. Good cheer we hold to be one of the prime Christian virtues and graces, and it depends more upon ourselves than we generally acknowledge. There is no one, whatever his temperament or his surroundings, who may not attain unto it, unless there is in him some hereditary taint of monomania; and even then we are not sure but the mania may always be kept at bay. Despondency, in fact, is an inceptive insanity, and needs to be watched and carefully barred out from our domestic, social, and religious world; while the door should always be kept open toward hope, that it may come in with its irradiations and rainbows.

In the household, a morbid disposition develops itself in chills and gloom. Sorrow is good for us, for it melts our hearts and subdues our selfish will. Anger we can endure, provided it comes and goes like the lightning, and leaves a

clearer atmosphere afterwards. But a moody temper, that glooms out day after day, and loves the darkness better than the light, is a great deal worse than that. It generally chooses to retreat within the prerogatives of silence and reserve. It says very little, it refuses to state its case with any such explicitness that you can apply a remedy. Only it implies by its tone and manner that it is enduring great wrong and suffering, slow martyrdom, somehow and from somebody. Its influence on the economy of the household is very much like one of those long easterly storms that invest your premises with a sullen air which permeates all the nooks and crannies,— makes even the paint and the furniture look dingy,— singing doleful tunes around the corners of buildings, wailing on a minor key through old crevices, and finally possessing the whole house with its damps and shadows. Not less pervading are the chills and damps of a moody spirit, too fond of self-martyrdom to utter loud complainings, but choosing rather in silence to radiate itself through the household. Whenever any house has become possessed with such a spirit as this, I rather marvel that the swallows and the robins should come and sing about the premises, for it seems more fitting that the owls should perch on the chimneys, and the bats seek their habitation under the eaves.

Mark the contrast to this where good cheer is the prevailing and elastic spirit, and sheds over all things its light and gayety. When hope has become such a habit of mind as to give spring and buoyancy to its natural movements, two results invariably follow. Duties become easy, and common troubles become light. The same amount of physical strength goes twice as far, if put forth in a cheerful and not in a desponding mood. In one case obstacles become slight; you stretch out your hand, and they vanish. Distance becomes less, because wings are added to your feet. In the other case, the body hangs lifeless on the spirit; you carry it about by main strength, and even the grass-

hopper is a burden. And, what is of vast importance, when hope lends its spring to your motions and radiates from your heart, it inspires all about you with strength and confidence. The secret which a great many people have of gaining the victory, is that they breathe courage into those that work with them. They make the atmosphere about them electric, and so it braces everybody else that comes and breathes it. The troubles that come, bound off with feathery lightness, yea, in such an electric air they rather dance through it for sport and pastime; whereas, upon one of these collapsed souls they are sure to alight and cling with a tenfold tenacity. We infer, then, that good cheer is one of the prime duties of the household, — that good cheer which is born of hope, flinging its prismatic colors over common interests and common things.

Temptation comes in subtle and variant shapes. There are some who can resist the Devil when he urges to grosser sin, but who do not resist him when he sends those multitudinous little imps of darkness, that come up into the house like the frogs of Egypt, covering the chairs, the floors, the ceilings, the window-panes, and settling down as an impalpable cloud on all the household, and the minds of all within it, so that whereas there was once merry sunshine, flashing free and filling the whole house from cellar to attic, there is now moping silence, despondency, and spleen. These tempters are sometimes harder to keep off, for they creep in through cracks, and broken panes, and doors ajar, and sometimes, perhaps, have got possession before you know it. Some will have it that there is no resisting the emissaries of Satan when they come in the shape of these dusky but almost invisible gnomes. Do not believe it: they seldom come where affection reigns in its fulness; and when they do, they will vanish before a few flashes of heart-sunshine, and

> "Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away."

Not less important shall we find this virtue of good cheer, if we enlarge our view a little, and look at social relations. Here again the contrast is quite as striking between those who have it and those who have it not. Eliminate the hopeful element from a man's character, or even obscure it considerably, and you unfit him very thoroughly for all efficient duty in society. St. Paul, describing Charity, names it as one of her essential virtues, that she hopeth all things. He means by this that she hopeth the best things of other people. Take this away, and you will be dwelling eternally upon what is faulty or defective in character. The spots which you see upon it — for every character has them — will take up your whole attention. You will always be sighing, and looking solemn, and shaking your head in view of your neighbor's sins and evil prospects; and this will be very sure to beget within you a censorious temper, that feeds on evil surmises and short-comings. That person does you a signal benefit who puts you on the best terms with your fellows, by bringing you into correspondency with all that is good and noble in character. That person does you a heinous wrong who impairs your confidence in man and woman, so that you may not see the luminous spots as well as the nebulæ, — so that you may not sometimes hear commendation that shall not be followed by the croak of the ravens.

This disposition is generally produced, or at least very much aggravated, by taking some artificial or technical rule of duty, and gauging everybody else by it. Does a man believe this or that dogma which I have settled to be all essential? Does he believe in this or that measure of reform, or adopt this or that practice in special cases? Then I put him down as a saint; otherwise, a very great sinner. By some such standard as this a man goes forth and takes the gauge of character, and comes to the conclusion that the world is in a very bad way, unless he

and God together can contrive something for its relief and safety. So he goes forth with his taper-light, like Diogenes emerging from his tub and peering about with his candle to find an honest man. How many have been passed over by such people as hopelessly incurable, because they fell short of some standard of civic virtue or local morality, who nevertheless are quite reclaimable through that largeness of charity that can look through circumstance and accident, and hope for all things.

From want of this buoyant hopefulness comes the disposition always to scold and find fault. Matters are always out of joint, and always going backward, and everybody is to blame. Cheerfulness, however, that comes from this gay and living hope, always thanks God for the good that is, and on that basis asks your aid to work for the better time; and such a one works with tenfold efficiency, and obtains tenfold co-operation, because his courage is contagious, and puts heart into everybody else.

Hopefulness is all-essential as an element in your character, if you would educate your children and educate them well. Let them feel that you expect the best things of them, and they will delight in making efforts to come up to your expectations. Hope nothing good of them, and very likely they will see to it that you shall not be disappointed. Some maxims of education take it for granted that youth will do nothing but sin, — they were made for that, and nothing else; and under such systems of culture I believe there is generally a very large crop of depravity. Other systems of culture — that of the Moravians, for instance — assume just the opposite. Youth are expected to grow up religious, — that thing is taken for granted, and they generally do. They hope the largest and best things; they assume vice to be the exception, and not the rule; and their own efforts are stimulated to make it the exception. And the young are stimulated, too, by this generous confidence, and co-operate with their teachers, and the result is auspicious.

Never give a child to think that you expect he *can* do a mean action; lead him rather to think that you expect of him none other than true and generous courses, and your confidence will inspire him with the hope that maketh not ashamed. Under the depressing conviction that nothing good is hoped of him, who could make his way upward to the field of noble achievements?

In religious life, good cheer is not only important, but we attain to no full and rich experience unless it becomes largely dominant, yea, unless it settles at length on the Christian brow like a crown of light. There are two things which are very often confounded; and because of the mistake, the result is sometimes doleful indeed. These two things are self-examination and self-contemplation, — things very different. The first is a very good thing, the last is a very poor and wretched thing. Self-examination is important, and every one ought to practise it, not only now and then, but statedly; and if he does, he will find enough sometimes to fill him with dismay. But this is only in order to a great victory afterward. It reveals the want and the chaos within, that God may come and fill it up, to your greater and abounding joy. Afterwards your eye is not on self, but on God, and he fills your whole vision. But there are those who, having found out that they are in themselves nothing, and worse than nothing, never pass out of themselves; they dwell there eternally, parading their own littleness before their own eyes. This is self-contemplation, and is sure to beget a pensive and desponding tone of mind, — never ending in that self-oblivious repose in the Divine strength and love, when we forget our weakness and littleness in God's almightiness and grandeur. Cowardice and despondency come from morbid self-contemplation. Courage, strength, and exuberant peace come from passing out of self over into God, and fixing on him the steady and unclouded gaze. Self-examination reveals our deepest needs and our inmost sins, to the end that our needs may be met and our sins

purged away. Self-contemplation keeps the eye turned inward long after the work of self-examination is done; and so not God, but the uplooming depravity, fills the vision, and lends to piety its melancholy tinge. False views of God may have something to do with the matter, but false views of God even are generally nothing more than some projection of self upon the Divine character, that overlays, and so shuts out, the Divine glories. Hence two styles of piety: one that whines and one that sings. Though an Apostle says that hope shall vanish away, he is only speaking of a specific and technical kind of hope, — the hope the Christian has of his own salvation. That salvation obtained, he will hope for it no longer. Still this angel of good cheer will go with him; for, one heaven attained, another breaks on his faith, and so hope will spring up anew. So that the bard of this virtue sings its praises aright when he says it began with the march of time, and will continue "when all the sister planets have decayed." S.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A STRANGER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

First Recollection.

Childhood has its mysteries and its wonders; but who can tell and who can explain them? We have all wandered in this dark, wondrous forest; we have all, at some period, opened our eyes in happy astonishment, while the fair reality of life overflowed our spirits. Then we knew not where we were nor who we were, — then the whole world was ours, and we belonged to the whole world. That was an eternal life, — without beginning and without end, — without repose, — without pain. Our hearts were serene as the

spring sky, fresh as the breath of violets, — still and holy as a Sunday morning.

And what disturbs this God's peace of the child? How can this innocent and unconscious state of being come to an end? What drives us out of this blessedness of isolation and universality, and plunges us at once alone and solitary into a darkened life?

Do not say, with solemn aspect, that it was sin! Can a child sin? Say, rather, we do not know, and must submit ourselves.

Is it sin which makes the bud a flower, and the flower fruit, and the fruit turn to dust?

Is it sin which makes the caterpillar a chrysalis, and the chrysalis a butterfly, and the butterfly dust?

And is it sin which makes the child a man, and the man old, and the old man — dust? And what is dust?

Say, rather, we do not know, and must resign ourselves.

But yet it is so charming to look back on the spring of life, to penetrate its mysteries, — to remember one's self. Yes, even in the sultry summer, the stormy autumn, the cold winter of life, there comes now and then a spring day, and the heart says, "It is spring with me now." This is such a day, and I stretch myself down on the soft moss in the dewy grove, extend my weary limbs, and look up through the green leaves into the infinite blue, and think, How was it with me in childhood?

Then everything seems obliterated, and the first pages of memory are like an old family Bible. We find the first leaves wholly faded out, something scrawled upon them, and not quite clean. Not till we look further, and come to the chapters which tell of Adam and Eve being driven out of Paradise, does all begin to be clear and legible. Ah, but if we could only find the title-page, with the place where it was printed, and the date! But that is wholly lost, and instead of it we find only a simple inscription, — merely a record of baptism, — and there is written when we were born, and the

names of our parents and sponsors; and so we need not consider *ourselves* as editions without name or place.

Yes, but the beginning, — if there were only no beginning, for at the beginning all thought and memory ceases at once. And when we thus look into childhood, and back from childhood into the infinite past, it is as if this mysterious beginning receded more and more, and the mind goes back in vain, and yet can never get away, just as a child tries to find the place where the blue sky touches the earth, and runs and runs, and the sky keeps running before him, and still always rests upon the earth, — but the child is tired and never gets up with it.

But now as we were once there — there — here, — as after all we did once begin, — what then do we know about it? Yes, memory shapes itself like a poodle emerging from the water which half blinds him, and makes him look very oddly.

But yet I think I can remember still the first time that I saw the stars. I may have often seen them before, but one evening it seems to me as if it were cold, although I was lying in my mother's lap, and I trembled, and was either chilled or frightened, — in short, something was passing within me which made my little self more than commonly observant of myself. Then my mother pointed out to me the shining stars, and I admired them, and thought they had made my mother look pretty. And then I felt warm again, and fell asleep pleasantly.

And I remember too how I was once lying on the grass, and everything around was shaking and nodding, humming and buzzing. And then came a whole swarm of little many-footed winged beings, who placed themselves on my forehead and eyes, and bade me good morning. Then my eyes ached, and I called out to my mother, and she said, "Poor child, how the mosquitos have stung him!" Then I could not open my eyes, and look any more at the blue sky. But my mother had a bunch of fresh violets in her hand, and then it

seemed to me as if a deep blue, fresh, aromatic fragrance went through my head, and even now when I see the first violets I recollect this, and it seems to me as if I must shut my eyes in order that the old dark-blue sky of that day may again arise in my soul.

Yes, and I remember also how a new world again opened upon me, and one which was more beautiful than the starry firmament and the violet fragrance. It was on an Easter morning. My mother awaked me early, and our old church was before my window. It was not beautiful, but it had, nevertheless, a high roof and a high tower, and on the tower a golden cross, and it looked also much older and more gray than the other houses. Once I wanted to know who lived in it, and looked in through the iron grating of the door. But it was quite empty within, and cold and cheerless, — not a soul in the whole house, — and after that I always shuddered when I went by the door. Now, on this Easter morning, when there had been an early rain, and afterwards the sun had risen in full splendor, and then shone the old church with the gray slate roof, and the high windows, and the tower with the golden cross in quite wonderful brilliancy. All at once the light which streamed through the high windows began to live and move. But that was much too bright to permit one to see within; and as I shut my eyes, the light came as it were into my mind, and everything within seemed to beam light and breathe fragrance, to sing and resound. Then it seemed as if a new life were beginning within me, as if I should become another man; — and when I asked my mother what it was, she said it was an Easter hymn they were singing in the church. What pure, sacred song it was that penetrated my soul at that time, I have never been able to find out. It must surely have been an old church melody, such as sometimes burst upon the earnest soul of our Luther. I have never heard it since. But even now when I listen to an adagio of Beethoven, or a psalm from Marcello, or a chorus of Handel, or sometimes

when I hear in the Scotch Highlands or in the Tyrol a simple song, it seems to me as if the high church windows were shining again, and organ-tones passed into the wind, and a new world were opening itself, — more beautiful than the starry heavens and the violet fragrance.

This is what I remember from my earliest childhood, — and then comes between the dear face of my mother, as well as the mild, serious glance of my father, — and gardens, and vineyard, and green, soft turf, and an old, venerable book of prints, — and that is all I can make out from the first faded leaves of memory.

After that it becomes clearer and plainer. Names and forms are deciphered. Not only father and mother, but brothers and sisters, and friends and teachers, and a host of *strange people*. Ah yes! of *strange people*, — so many of these are written in the memory!

Second Recollection.

Not far from our house, and opposite to the old church with the golden cross, there stood a large building, even larger than the church, and with many towers. These towers looked gray and old, but they had no golden cross; stone eagles were seated on their summits, and a large blue and white flag fluttered from the highest tower over the high entrance-door, which was ascended by steps, and where on both sides two soldiers on horseback kept guard. The house had a great many windows, and behind the windows one could see red-silk curtains with golden tassels, and in the court-yard the old linden-trees stood around strewing the turf with their white, fragrant blossoms, and overshadowing the gray walls with their verdant foliage. Often had I gazed on all this, and in the evening, when the lindens gave out their fragrance, and the windows were lighted, I saw many figures like shadows gliding hither and thither, and music was heard from above, and carriages drove up, from which men and women alighted and hastened up the steps. They

all looked so good and beautiful, — and the men had stars on their breasts, and the women had fresh flowers in their hair, — and I often thought to myself, Why dost not thou go in also?

At last one day my father took me by the hand and said: "We will go up to the castle. Thou must behave very gently, if the Princess speaks to thee, and must kiss her hand."

I was about six years old, and was greatly delighted, as one can only be at six years. I had already had so many silent thoughts about the shadows which I had seen passing before the lighted windows of evenings, and had heard so many good things said of the Prince and Princess, how gracious they were, and how they helped and comforted the poor and the sick, and how they were chosen by the grace of God to protect the good and to punish the bad. I had for a long time pictured to myself how everything must go on in the castle, and the Prince and the Princess were already old acquaintances in imagination, whom I knew as familiarly as my nut-crackers and my tin soldiers.

My heart beat when I was going up the high steps with my father, and whilst he was still telling me that I must call the Princess "Your Highness," and the Prince "Your Excellency," the doors flew open, and I saw before me a tall figure with brilliant, penetrating eyes. She was coming towards me and holding out her hand. There was an expression in her face, — which I had long known, — and a familiar smile passed over her features. Seeing all this, I could restrain myself no longer; and while my father was still standing, and bowing very low, I could not tell why, my heart sprang to my lips, and I ran up to the beautiful lady, fell on her neck, and kissed her as if she had been my mother. The beautiful tall lady did not seem displeased; she smiled and stroked my hair. But my father seized my hand, and drew me away, saying I was very naughty, and he would never bring me here again. This perplexed me

greatly; the blood rushed to my cheeks, for I felt that my father was unjust to me. And I looked at the Princess, expecting that she would defend me; but there was an expression of mild seriousness in her face. And then I looked round to the ladies and gentlemen who were in the room, thinking that they would stand by me. But when I looked, I saw that they were all laughing. Then the tears came into my eyes, and I ran out to the door, down the steps, passed the linden-trees in the court-yard, and ran homewards till I got to my mother, when I threw myself into her arms, sobbing and crying.

"And what has happened to thee?" said she.

"Ah, mother!" cried I, "I was near the Princess; and she was a beautiful and kind lady, just like thee, my dear mother, and so I fell upon her neck and kissed her."

"Ah," said my mother, "but thou shouldst not have done that, for they are strangers and high dignitaries."

"And what then are strangers?" said I. "May I not love everybody who looks upon me with kind, loving eyes?"

"Thou mayst love them, my son," answered the mother; "but thou must not show it."

"And is it then anything wrong," I asked, "that I love people? And why then should I not show it?"

"Well, thou art quite right," said she; "but thou must do as thy father tells thee; and when thou art older, thou wilt understand why thou must not embrace all the beautiful ladies who look at thee with kind, friendly eyes."

That was a dark day. My father came home, and insisted on it that I had behaved ill. In the evening my mother put me to bed, and I said my prayers; but I could not sleep, and I kept thinking what these *strangers* could be, whom one dared not love.

Alas the poor human heart! thus were thy leaves torn off even in the spring, and the feathers pulled out of thy wings! When the spring dawn of life opens the folded-up bud of thy

soul, all within is breathing out love. We learn to stand and walk, to speak and to read; but no one teaches us to love. That belongs to us as life does; indeed, we might say it is the inmost foundation of our existence. As the heavenly bodies attract and revolve about each other, and are held together by the eternal law of gravitation, so do heavenly souls attract and revolve around each other, and are held together by the eternal law of love. A flower cannot blossom without sunshine, and a man cannot live without love. Would not the heart of the child break with anguish, when the first cold breath of this strange world comes to it, did not the warm sunlight of love meet it from the eyes of mother and father, — as a mild reflection of divine light and divine love? And the longing which arises then in the child is the purest and the deepest love. It is love which encloses the whole world; which kindles when two kind human eyes shine upon it; which shouts again when it hears the voices of men. This is the old, inexhaustible love, — a deep well which no plummet has sounded, — a source of immeasurable riches. He who knows it knows also that there is no measure in love, no more and no less, but that only he who loves with the whole heart, the whole soul, with all his powers, and from his whole mind, can love at all.

But O how little remains of this love, before we have accomplished half our life-journey! The child learns that there are *strangers*, and ceases to be a child. The well of love is uncovered, and in the course of years it is wholly filled up. Our eyes kindle no more, but we pass each other soberly and quietly on the miry streets. We scarcely greet each other, for we know how sharply it cuts into the soul when a greeting is not returned, and how much pain it gives to separate from those whom we have once greeted, and whose hand we have pressed. The wings of the soul soon lose all their feathers; the petals of the flowers are almost all torn and faded; and from the inexhaustible fountain of love there remain to us only a few drops, which

cool our tongues to keep us from quite fainting away. And then we call these drops love. But it is no more the pure, full, fresh child's love. It is love with care and anxiety, — a burning glow, a raging passion, — love which consumes itself like rain-drops on the hot sand, — love which desires, not love which bestows itself, — love which asks, Wilt thou be mine? not love which says, I must be thine, — selfish, doubting love it is! And that is the love which poets sing, and which youths and maidens believe in, — a flame which flashes up and vanishes, but does not warm, and leaves nothing behind but smoke and ashes. We have all believed, at one time or another, that these rockets are sunbeams of eternal love. But the clearer the brightness, the darker the night which follows.

And then when all around is dark, when we feel ourselves truly alone, when all men, right and left, pass us by, and know us not, then a forgotten feeling sometimes arises in the breast, and we know not what it is, for it is really neither love nor friendship. "Dost thou not know me?" one might call out to each one who passes us by coldly and strangely. Then we feel that man is nearer to man than brother to brother, father to son, friend to friend. And it resounds through our spirits like an old, sacred tradition, that *strangers* are our nearest neighbors. And why should we pass by them silently? We do not know why, and we must acquiesce in our ignorance. Try it when two railroad trains are passing each other, and thou seest the eye of a friend who would fain greet thee, — try to stretch out thy hand and press the hand of thy friend, who is flying past thee, — try it, and thou wilt perhaps understand why man here below passes silently by his fellow-man.

An old sage has said: "I saw the fragments of a shattered bark floating on the sea. A few encountered each other, and kept together a little while. Then comes a storm, and drives them eastward and westward, and here below they never come together again. So is it with men. But no one has seen the great shipwreck."

Third Recollection.

The clouds in the sky of childhood do not last long, and they vanish away with a soft, warm shower of tears. I was soon at the castle again, and the Princess gave me her hand, which I ventured to kiss, and then she brought her children, the young prince and princesses, and we played together like old acquaintances. Those were happy days, when after school-time — for I had now begun to go to school — I was allowed to go to the castle for my play. There we had everything which heart could wish. Playthings, which my mother had shown me in shop-windows, and which she had told me were so dear that poor people could live a whole week on the money they would cost, I found at the castle; and if I asked leave of the Princess, she would let me take them home and show them to mother, or even keep them for myself. Beautiful picture-books, which I had seen at the bookstores with my father, but which were only for very good children, these too I found at the castle, and might turn over the leaves by the whole hour. And everything that belonged to the young princes belonged also to me. At least it seemed so to me. For I not only took away whatever I fancied, but often gave away the toys to other children; in short, I was a young communist in the full sense of the words. Once only, I remember, when the Princess had a golden serpent twined around her arm, as if it were alive, and she gave it to me to play with. Now when I was going home, the serpent was around my arm, and I thought I could frighten my mother with it. But as I was on the way home I met a woman who spied out my golden serpent, and begged me to show it to her; and then she said that, if she might keep the golden serpent, she could free her husband from jail. On this of course I did not hesitate a moment, but ran on and left the woman behind with the golden bracelet. The next day, however, there was a great uproar; and the poor woman was brought up to the

castle, and the people said she had stolen the bracelet from me. I was greatly troubled at this, and told with great vehemence how I had given her the bracelet, and that I would not take it back again. I do not know what was the end of it, but I remember that after that I was told to show everything to the Princess that I wanted to carry home.

It was a long time, however, before my conceptions of meum and tuum were fully developed, and even quite lately they have been much confused, so that for a very long time I could not distinctly distinguish between the red and blue colors. The last time I remember my friends laughing about it was when my mother had given me some money to buy apples with. She gave me a groschen. Now the apples cost only a zechser, and as I was giving the woman the groschen, she said, and it seemed to me as if she were quite sorry, that she had sold nothing the livelong day, and had not a penny to give in change. She wanted that I should exchange the sixpence. Then I recollected I had another penny in my pocket, and, much delighted that I had solved the difficult problem, I gave it to the woman, saying, "Now you can give me back a penny." She understood me, however, so little, that she gave me back the sixpence and kept the penny.

About this time, when I used to go almost every day to play with the young princes at the castle, as well as to learn French with them, there comes to my memory another figure, — this was the daughter of the Prince, the Countess Maria. Her mother had died soon after the birth of the child, and the Prince had afterwards married again. When I first saw her I do not know. She comes slowly and by degrees from the darkness of memory, — first as an aerial shadow, which gains more and more in expression, presses nearer and nearer to me, and at last comes before my spirit like the moon on a stormy night, when she throws from her all at once the cloudy screen with which she has been enveloped. She was always ill and suffering and silent,

and I have never seen her otherwise than stretched on a couch, on which she was brought into our room by two bearers; and when she was tired, she was taken out in the same manner. Thus she lay in her ample white robe, her hands generally folded, and her face was so pale and yet so gentle and beautiful, and her eyes were so deep and impenetrable, that I often stood before her lost in thought, gazed upon her, and asked myself whether she too belonged to the world of *strangers*. And then sometimes she would lay her hand upon my head, and it seemed to me that some magnetic influence rushed through me, and I could not go away nor say anything, but could only gaze into her deep, impenetrable eyes. She said very little to us, but her eyes followed our sports; and even when we were very noisy and obstreperous, she never complained, but only held her hands over her white forehead, and closed her eyes as if she were asleep. Some days, however, she said she was better, and then she sat upright on her couch, and then there would be a light glow on her face, and she talked with us and told us fairy stories. I do not know how old she was at that time. She was like a child in her helplessness, and yet she was so serious and thoughtful that she must have been more than a child. If people spoke of her, they involuntarily spoke in a low voice, and gently. Often when I saw her lying so silent and helpless, and thought that she might never be able to walk, and that there was neither labor nor pleasure in store for her, and that she would be carried back and forward on her couch, until she should at last be laid on her last couch of rest, I asked myself why she was sent into this world, when she might have rested so sweetly in the lap of angels: they would have carried her through the air on their soft wings, as I have seen them in many of the images in the churches. And then I felt as if I must share a part of her sufferings, so that she might not suffer alone, but me with her. But I could not say all this to her, for I scarcely knew it myself. I only *felt* something; it was not as if I

must fall on her neck, — no one could do that, for it might have hurt her. But it seemed to me that I could pray for her from the very depths of my heart, that she might be released from her sufferings.

One warm spring day she was again brought into our room. She looked very pale, but her eyes were brighter and deeper than ever, and she sat on her couch and asked us to come near to her. "This is my birthday," she said, "and I have been confirmed this morning. Now it is quite possible," she continued, looking at her father with a smile on her face, "that God will soon call me to himself, although I would gladly stay much longer with you. But when the time comes that I must leave you, I would not like to be wholly forgotten, and so I have brought a ring for each of you, which you must wear now on your forefinger, and when you grow larger, you can wear it on one of the others, till it comes to fit the little finger; but you must wear it there all your life."

With these words she took the five rings which she wore on her fingers, drawing one off after the other, looking all the time so sad, and at the same time so lovingly, that I shut my eyes to keep from crying. She gave the first ring to her eldest brother, and kissed him, and then the second and the third to the two princesses, and the fourth to the youngest prince, kissing them all as she gave the rings to them. I stood by looking steadily at her white hand, and I saw that she had still a ring on her finger; but she took a reclining posture and seemed exhausted. Then my eye met hers, and as the eyes of a child speak so plainly, she could not but be aware what was passing within me. I would much rather not have had the last ring, for I felt that I was a stranger, that I did not belong to her, that she did not love me so much as her brothers and sisters. At this thought, something gave me a sudden pain in my breast, as if a vein had opened or a nerve been cut, and I knew not which way to look to conceal my distress. But

she raised herself up, laid her hand upon my forehead, and looked so deeply into my eyes that I felt as if there were no thought within me which she could not see. She drew the last ring slowly from her finger and gave it to me, saying: "I meant to take this with me when I leave you all, but it is better that thou shouldst wear it, and think of me when I am no longer with you. Read the words which are written on the ring: 'As God wills.' Thou hast a wild and a tender heart; may life tame, but not harden it." And saying this, she kissed me as she had her brothers, and gave me the ring.

What passed within me on this, I cannot distinctly tell. I had grown up already to be a boy, and the soft beauty of the suffering angel had not been without its attraction to my young heart. I loved her as a boy can love, — and they love with a depth, truth, and purity which but few can retain in adolescence and maturity. But I thought that she belonged to those *strangers* to whom one must not say that they love. The serious words which she said to me I scarcely heard; I only felt that her spirit was as near to mine as those of two human beings can be to each other. All bitterness had vanished from my heart; I felt myself no longer alone, not strange, not excluded, but by her, with her, and in her. Then I thought that it would be a sacrifice for her to give me the ring, and that she would like better to take it with her to the grave. And then a feeling came to my heart, that overpowered all other feelings, and I said, with a hesitating voice: "Thou must keep the ring, if thou wouldst give it to me; for what is thine, that is mine." She looked at me an instant with surprise, and musingly. Then she took the ring, replaced it on her finger, kissed me again on the forehead, and said to me in a low voice, "Thou dost not know what thou sayest. Learn to understand thyself, and thou wilt be happy, and make many others happy."

Fourth Recollection.

Every life has its years, during which we go forward as on a dusty, uniform alley of poplars, without knowing where we are, and of which nothing remains in our memory but the melancholy thoughts that we have been going on, and have grown older. As long as the river of life flows on tranquilly, it remains the same river, and only the landscape on both shores seems to change. Then come the waterfalls of life. These remain fixed in the memory, and even when we have got far beyond them, and are approaching nearer and nearer to the silent sea of eternity, it is as if we still heard from afar their rushing and raging; indeed, we even feel that the strength of life which remains and urges us forwards, still derives from those waterfalls its strength and nourishment.

The time of going to school had passed, and the first years of life at the University were over, — and many beautiful life-dreams were passed too, — but one thing had remained: Faith in God and in man. Life had indeed become very different from what had been thought of it in the childish brain; but everything had gained a higher consecration, and exactly the painful and mysterious circumstances of life had become proofs to me of the omnipresence of the Divine in the earthly. "The least thing does not disturb thee, unless God wills it," — this was the short maxim of life-wisdom which I had adopted.

Now came the summer holidays, and I returned with them to my native place. What a joy is that of reunion! No one has ever explained it, but the seeing again, the finding again, the memory of one's self, is the chief secret of all pleasures and of all enjoyment. What one sees, hears, or tastes for the first time, may be beautiful and good and agreeable; but it is too new, it surprises us, we have not yet enjoyed it tranquilly, and the excitement of the enjoyment is greater than the enjoyment itself. But

to hear a familiar piece of music again after a long interval, when we thought we had forgotten every note of it, and yet, as fast as they came, to greet each one as an old acquaintance, — or to stand again after many years before the Madonna de Son Sisto in Dresden, and then to recall all the feelings which the infinitely spiritual eye of the child have kindled in you from year to year, — or even to smell a flower, or taste something pleasant, of which we have never thought since our school-days, — all this gives one so deep a joy, that we know not whether we rejoice more at the present impression or the old recollection. And so when one returns after long years to his native place, the soul unconsciously swims in a sea of memories, and the dancing waves break mysteriously on the shores of long past times. The church-clock strikes, and we feel as if we should be too late for school, and then recover from the fright, and rejoice that this trouble is past. A dog runs across the street; it is the same dog which years ago we went so far out of the way to avoid. There sits the old apple-woman, whose apples once led us into temptation, and which now, in spite of all the dust with which they are covered, we fancy must taste better than any other apples in the world. There they have torn down a house and built a new one, — that was the house where our old music-teacher lived: he is dead; but how pleasant it used to be to stand here under the window on a summer day and listen to the good soul, when the hours of daylight had passed, pleasing himself with his fantasiren, and like a steam-pipe letting off all the superfluous steam which had been collecting during the day, with rushing and impetuous sound. And here in this narrow path in the grove, — but it seemed then much wider, — here it was that, as I was coming home late one evening, I met our neighbor's pretty daughter. I had never ventured before to look at or speak to her; but we boys in the school often talked about her, and called her the handsome girl; and

when I saw her at a distance coming down the road, I was so delighted I could scarcely believe that I should ever be so near to her. Yes, and here in this wood-walk, which leads to the church-yard, I met her one evening, and she took me by the arm, although we had never before spoken to each other, and said she would go home with me. I believe we neither of us spoke a word the whole way; but I was so happy, that even now, after many years, when I think of it, I could wish the time would come again, and that I could walk home again so silent and so happy with "the handsome girl."

And thus one recollection follows another, until the waves meet over our heads, and a long sigh escapes from our breast, which warns us that by mere thinking we have even forgotten to take breath. Then the whole dream-world vanishes, as risen shadows at the crowing of the cock.

Now when I passed by the old castle and the linden-trees, and saw the body-guards on their horses, and the high steps, what memories rushed into my soul, and how was everything here altered! It was many years since my visits to the castle had ceased. The Princess was dead, the Prince had resigned his place and gone to Italy; the eldest Prince, whose companion I had been, having assumed the government. His train consisted of young noblemen and officers, whose company was agreeable to him, and whose society had wholly estranged him from his former playmates. Other circumstances contributed to dissolve our youthful friendship. Like every young man when he first learns the needs of the German people, and the crimes of the German government, I had acquired readily some phrases of the liberal party, and these would sound, at the least, somewhat as indecent expressions might in a respectable clergyman's family. In short, for many years I had not once gone up the steps. And yet, there lived in the castle one being whose name I pro-

nounced almost daily, and whose memory was almost constantly present with me. I had long accustomed myself to the thought that I should never see her again in this world; indeed, she had attained in my mind a form such as I knew did not and could not exist in reality. She had become my good angel, my other self, to whom I spoke instead of speaking with myself. How this had happened I could not explain even to myself, for I really scarcely knew her, and only as the eye at times transforms the clouds into living figures, so, I felt, had my imagination enchanted before me this shadowy apparition in the sky of my childhood, and from the delicately drawn lines of reality my fancy had constructed a complete picture. My whole course of thought had involuntarily become a dialogue with her, and everything which was good in me, everything for which I strove, everything in which I believed, my better self, — all this belonged to her, I gave it to her, it came from her lips, from the lips of my good angel.

I had been but a few days in my paternal home, when I received one morning a letter. It was written in English, and came from the Countess Maria.

"DEAR FRIEND:—

"I hear you are with us for a short time. We have not met for many years, and if it is agreeable to you, I should like to see an old friend again. You will find me alone this afternoon in the Swiss cottage.

"Yours sincerely,

"MARIA."

I wrote back immediately, also in English, that I would wait upon her in the afternoon.

The Swiss house formed a wing of the castle, which was towards the garden, and which could be entered without going through the court-yard. It was five o'clock when I went through the garden and approached the house. I struggled to repress all emotion, and prepared myself for

a formal interview. I endeavored to quiet my good angel within me, and to prove to her that this lady had absolutely nothing to do with her. And yet I felt myself very uneasy, and my good angel herself would not inspire me with any courage. At last I took heart, murmured something to myself about the masquerade of life, and knocked at the door which stood half open.

There was no one in the room but a lady whom I did not know, and who immediately addressed me in English, and told me the Countess would be here directly. Then she went away, and I was left alone, and had time to look about me.

The walls of the room were of oak-wood, and there was a twisted lattice-work all around, on which a full, broad-leaved ivy was entwined, which went round the whole apartment. The tables and chairs were all of carved oak. The floor was of tessellated wood-work. It made a singular impression to find in this room so much that was familiar to me. Many objects were known to me, being from our old play-room at the castle; but others, namely, the pictures, were new, and yet they were the same pictures which I myself had in my room at the University. On the walls were hanging the portraits of Beethoven, of Handel, and of Mendelssohn, — the very same which I had myself chosen. In one corner I saw the Venus of Milo, which I had always regarded as the finest statue from antiquity. There on the table lay volumes of Dante, of Shakespeare, Tauler's Sermons, the "Germania Theologia," Rückert's Poems, Tennyson and Burns, Carlyle's "Past and Present," — the very books which lay in my study, and which I had just before had in my hands. I began to be perplexed in mind, but I shook off my strange thoughts, and was just standing before the picture of the deceased Princess, when the doors opened, and two bearers, the same whom I had so often seen when a child, brought the Countess into the room reclining on her couch.

What a vision! She did not speak, and her face was calm as a lake, until the bearers had left the room. Then she turned her eyes on me, — those same deep, impenetrable eyes, — her face became every moment more animated, until her whole countenance wore a smile, and she said: "We are old friends; I think we have not changed for each other, — I cannot say *Sie*, — and if I may not say *Du*, we must talk in English. Do you understand me?"

I was not prepared for this reception, yet I saw there was here no masked ball; here was a soul seeking for a soul; here was a greeting, as when two friends, in spite of their disguise, in spite of their black masks, recognize each other by the mere glance of the eye, — I seized her hand which she held out to me, and said, "When one speaks to an angel, he cannot say *Sie*."

And yet how peculiar is the force of the forms and customs of life, how difficult is it, even with souls the most closely allied, to speak the language of nature! The intercourse was constrained, and we both felt the embarrassment of the moment. I broke the silence by saying just what came into my head: "Men are accustomed from their infancy to live in a cage, and even when they are in free air they do not venture to move their wings, and are afraid every moment of striking against something should they attempt to fly."

"Yes," said she, "and that is all just right, and cannot be otherwise. We often wish, to be sure, that we could live like the birds, who fly about in the woods, and meet each other on the boughs, and sing together without waiting to be introduced. But, my friend, there are among birds owls and sparrows, and it is well that we may go by these in life as if we did not know them. Yes, it is perhaps in life as in poetry; and as the true poet knows how to say the truest and most beautiful things in a prescribed form, so should men also know how to preserve the freedom of thought and feeling, in spite of the fetters of society."

I could not help reminding her of Plato's lines: —

"For what, where'er we find it,
Shows an eternal life,
Is when our bounded language
With boundless thought is rife."

"Yes," said she, with a friendly and almost a roguish smile; "but I have a privilege from my sufferings and my isolation; and I often pity the young girls and the young men, that they cannot have any confidence and any familiarity with each other, without either themselves, or their friends for them, being forced to think of love, or of what is called love. By this means they lose a great deal. The girl does not know what slumbers in her soul, and what might be awakened there by the earnest words of a noble friend, and the young man would regain so many knightly virtues, if women ventured to be the distant spectators of the inward struggles of their spirits. But this does not answer, for love must always come into the game, or what is called love, — that quick beating of the heart, that stormy movement of hope, the pleasure in a pretty face, the sweet emotion, perhaps even the prudential calculation, — in short, just everything which disturbs that ocean calmness, which is, after all, the true image of pure human love."

With this she stopped suddenly, and an expression of pain passed over her face. "I must not talk any more to-day," said she; "my physician would not allow it. I should like to hear a song of Mendelssohn, — the duet, — my young friend used to play that years ago. Did he not?"

I could not answer, for just as she left off speaking, and folded her hands as before, I saw on her hand a ring, — she wore it on her little finger; — it was the ring which she had given me, and which I had given back to her. The thoughts were too many to be clothed in words, and I placed myself at the harpsichord and played.

When I had done, I turned round, looked at her, and said, "If one could only speak so in tones without words!"

"And that may be," said she. "I understand all. But to-day I cannot speak any more, for I grow weaker every day. But we must get used to one another, and a poor, sick *solitaire* may count upon indulgence. We will meet to-morrow evening at the same hour. Shall we not?"

I took her hand, I would have kissed it. But she held my hand firmly, pressing it, and saying, "That is best. Good by!"

THE IMMEDIATE VISION OF GOD.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH, BY C. A. BARTOL.

REV. 4, 2: — "And immediately I was in the Spirit; and behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne."

You will bear me witness, that I seldom preach what is called a doctrinal sermon. If I do it to-day, it is because I think it seasonable and useful in the aspects of the times. "I was in the Spirit *immediately*," says the writer of this book. Whoever he was, he certainly was an inspired man, if anybody ever was inspired, or if a divinely exalted heart and sanctified imagination be essentially what by inspiration we mean. — "Immediately I was in the Spirit."

But this statement does not fall in with most of the thinking and the popular theology of our day. If we were asked what substantive word of general meaning recurs most frequently in the human speech of this age, we should answer, It is the word, of precisely contrary signification, *Medium*. This is a material word in Natural Philosophy. Through what *medium*, light or air, solid or fluid, electric or magnetic, was an observation made, a result reached, a discovery confirmed? It is a sentimental word in society. Through what *medium* did the acquaintance, introduction,

message, or letter come? It is a word, sometimes very spiritual and sometimes very gross, in religion. By what mediation, personal, ecclesiastical, or dogmatic shall the soul of man behold, arrive at, and know God?

This last is the most important question that can be asked. Let me, in answer to it, maintain, by the warrant of reason and all Scripture, as well as of our text, the possibility and reality of an interior and immediate acquaintance with God. That the soul has momentous *mediate* or indirect relations to its Author, through nature and history, through Christ and the Church and all living humanity, I do not deny, but gladly and gratefully own. But that in nature and the Church, in the flood of events and the host of persons, the soul of every one has or may have an immediate relation also to the Most High, I both affirm in the light of truth, and I might cite the loftiest experience, the most ecstatic piety, blessed living and triumphant dying, in proof. Of all the literature, however, in which such things have been recorded, excepting only the Gospels, and perhaps some of the Psalms, the Book of Revelation stands at the head. The author of the Revelation asserts *his* direct heavenly vision. In this immediate opening on his intuitive mind, what did he see? Here certainly is the decisive point, conclusive of all controversy about the Godhead. When all was clear in a blaze of light, through all height and breadth of perception and prospect, what did he see? A throne, and *One* sitting on it. There was no *Trinity*, then, when the sky was uncapped, and the doors flung wide from the mansions of glory, and the very constitution of the heavenly hierarchy unveiled. The Greek pronoun used allows nothing but unity. There was no *third* or *second* person visible in the supreme seat disclosed to the prophet's eye.

It was not because he did not see what there was to be seen. Certainly no believer in the Book and its infallibility can take that ground. It was not because the sup-

posed second person in the Godhead was absent at the time, on earth and in the flesh. Long before, the Saviour of the world had risen and ascended; and, as we learn elsewhere in this very book, he was actually in heaven receiving homage as the Lamb and Son of God, but not as the absolute, all-perfect, and eternal One. As to the third person in the Trinitarian Godhead, not only did none such occupy the throne of the universe, thus made apparent to the great seer who is supposed to have had his earthly observatory of heavenly things in the isle called Patmos; but none such, as *a third person*, was visible, or anywhere *extant*, in the scene of supernal splendor described. The Spirit, to this sublime scribe of the Apocalypse, came not as a person at all. It was a *presence*, that encompassed him. It was an air he breathed. It was a power he was in. It was an effluence of God himself, who sat on the throne, the *object* of his sight, yet moreover passing to and beyond with measureless and infinite reach, to fold him as the subject of eternal and incomprehensible love.

Nor was this any peculiarity of John. Whenever there is the same immediate vision, the same thing will of course inevitably be seen, namely, the unity of God. Such a position, however, may by some be called in question. Trinitarians, formalists, theologians, and ecclesiastics in general may deny it. They may say, John, with his inspired imagination, could have this glimpse of the essential *one*ness of Deity. Paul and Peter in their apostleship could have it. David, celestially smitten to sing and sweep his harp-strings, could have it. Isaiah and Jeremiah, with their burdens of predictions and lamentations specially laid upon them, could have it. Moses, raised up among the Hebrews for a leader of the people, and a herald and ante-type of the Messiah to come, could have it. That Messiah, when he came, could have it in immeasurable view. But common and uninspired mortals can have it no more. The human soul — that, on earth, depraved and degraded thing — cannot have it. Im-

mediate spiritual communion of inward joy with God is a possibility no longer. The *vision* of God in any way is a historic fact alone. It is a record in certain documents. It is an antiquity which scholarship has transported to us over the tide of thousands of years. So the Protestants will tell us. The Romanists in turn declare, it is a limited fund, of which this great corporation of theirs in the Church is exclusive trustee. Although the immediate vision, where that is possible, may be of unity, yet for common men, for the mass of men, it is pronounced impossible. We are dependent on a medium; and that dogmatic, ecclesiastic medium certainly teaches a trinity. Nay, in man's inability to realize unity, the trinity is a device of mercy to give him a practical understanding of God.

It has come to this, then, has it? to this pass, our miserable polemics, as the result of ages of argument, have brought us, that we can have no direct feeling of God! Mankind, his own children, can have no feeling of their Father! The human soul, his offspring, cannot lean on his bosom and be sensible of the love and wisdom of which it was begotten and born! Paul was not right when he said, that in him we live, and move, and have our being. The Inspirer is gone. Inspiration is dead and buried. About forty men in all, since the foundation of the world, have been inspired, — to speak and write the Bible, — but of others none! Nay, — knowing God in my own breast, beholding others around me that thus know him in his essence and unity, and reading in the Bible countless affirmations of our power to apprehend the one infinite reality, — while every moral creature of necessity affirms and takes this power for granted in every word and act and inward motion of prayer, — I will not deign to stoop from the height and clearness of such knowledge, to refute the contrary assumption. It is absurd, irrational, and on the face of it self-refuted.

Besides, observe to what wretched consequence it leads, of shutting us up in unavoidable illusion! If John *saw* that

One, without distinction of persons, was on the throne, such at any rate must be the *fact* in this case of divinity, as Trinitarians themselves must admit, whether *we* can see it to be the fact or not. If, on account of our weakness and sin, we must see the Divinity threefold, then all is, we must see it as it is *not* in fact. We must see double, as we say, or treble, as a jaundiced, distorted eye does, when there is but a single object. If God is revealed as threefold, he is revealed as he is not in fact, that is, he is revealed untruly, in accommodation to the weak and guilty human mind. Many theologians boldly take this ground, that we cannot see God as he is, but only under some disguise or false appearance, as we see the sun through a cloud or piece of smoked glass, or as a mock-sun is painted in faint watery reflection and repetition through the mist on the horizon of the earth.

To this I put but one question in reply. Is such a lying communication to be ascribed to the Source of all mercy and truth? No! otherwise indeed he communicates the truth of the unity in which he sits on his throne! Throne, as you know, in the symbolism of the Scriptures, means supremacy. Here, then, in one text, we have the two ideas of supremacy and unity as constituting the Divine nature. Indeed, the Trinity of three equal persons, first, second, and third, in the Godhead, is self-contradictory. The second person cannot be equal to the first. In the very order assumed for it of being second and secondary, it is of course inferior and derived. That there are three great names, heavenly offices and influences, reason admits as freely as Scripture declares. But the co-equally personal Trinity of the creeds, in any statement of it ever made, thus, like a shell with an explosive mixture inside, is blown to atoms on the way by what itself contains. The *second* cannot be the causative, commencing, and creating force, but must itself be dependent thereon. In truth both learning and genius are well aware that the Trinity is not an

original inspiration of the soul, or teaching of any divine prophet, or belief of the first centuries of our religion, but the ecclesiastical invention and prudential metaphysical construction of a later age.

But to any one who disputes these points, and also denies the immediate vision which patriarchs and prophets, Psalmist and Apostle, affirm, and every holy soul has had, — to any one who sees no sense in Christ's own declaration, that "the pure in heart shall see God," — I shall reply, furthermore, that the vision of him through any true *medium* or *mediator* is the vision of his *unity* still. It is only when the medium or mediator is allowed to become a substitute for the object which its only business is to disclose, that any doubleness in our conception is introduced. If we choose to make the medium or mediator another deity equal with the original one whom it but proposes to show, then we have two gods, three gods, as many gods as there are mediums or mediators; and we may worship, as Romanists and Romanizing people do, the Child and the Virgin, the Host and the saints. But we can do it only by violating, and just in proportion as we violate, not only the soul's immediate relation to God, but also the very office for which a medium or mediator exists. What is that office? Never to be itself a finality! Not to be opaque at all, or ever to stand distinctly between to stop our vision! It self-destructively would lose and abolish thus its one quality, which is simply to manifest what is beyond itself. This, according to its truth or perfection, it always does.

Do you query as to this position? I need only refer to familiar earthly illustrations to prove it. *Glass* is an ordinary material medium. But two persons on an evening walk through a neighboring street see in the entry of a dwelling-house a light burn so clear, they cannot decide whether there *be* any glass betwixt it and their eyes. The glass, like a good medium, indeed, makes nothing of itself, and disappears. I

saw a diamond, glued to the under side of the top of a jeweller's case, yet through the transparent partition shining so clear, that a thief, passing by, might be tempted to try to seize it, it so manifestly seemed to be on the outside. The medium did its work so completely as utterly to vanish away. *Air* is a medium. I stood some years ago, in Switzerland, on the Wengern Alp, and gazed over at the Jungfrau, looking like the snowy vertex of the sky, being nearly three miles above the level of the sea. Its distance from me seemed horizontally but an arrow's flight, though it was ten miles off, so fine and modest a medium the clear air was to make the mountain known. I walked in a hollow of some hills, after a snow-patch, to which I imagined a few steps would fetch me, to quench the thirst occasioned by a very long and laborious ascent; but, after I had discovered and begun to seek it with a half-hour's fatiguing jaunt, the snow-patch still kept me at bay with its far-off glittering crystals of frost, so spotless was the medium of the atmosphere through which it was beheld.

When, too, the medium is one of organized life, we have evidence to the same result. The *face* of a man is the medium of his soul. But when, by the working of a noble soul, it has been wrought and transformed into a faultless medium, we do not much peruse the separate features, — face, forehead, and mouth, — or dwell on the fleshly substance and shape; but, through all that is external and material, the inner power, thought, and love of our admired and endeared ones pass into our own bosoms. This explains the fact, that intimate lovers and kindred cannot, even so well as comparative strangers to them may, describe each other's physical characteristics. Two warm friends of a man once disputed, and were unable to decide, on a matter so obvious as the color of his eyes. It was, of course, because his eyes, faithful mediums, as God meant they should be, had done nothing for his friends but to convey his heart and mind. What did it matter

whether they were blue or gray or black? We speak of the qualities of a voice, — of a sweet, rich, loud, mellow voice. I hope it is not in poor taste or a heresy to say so; but it is a bad voice that draws attention to itself, though its tones were as delicious ear-drink as can come from an organ or Æolian harp. The best voice is that which most disappears and is consumed in its meaning, and which you cannot remember or even hear in any separate sound, save as a pure and perfect *medium* of the sentiment or idea it would express. So of all mediums. *The imperfection of the medium* is what the so-called school of Spiritualists at the present day complain of, in the communications from the unseen land they profess to receive.

So of the great and truly perfect Mediator between God and man. The office, the glory, of Jesus Christ is not to be part of a Trinity, second person in a Godhead, but to be a medium to show God himself, to bring *him* near, to break down all walls that had intervened, never by any means to make or be a new wall, and no wise to eclipse the Almighty Friend with his own personality, but just to let the absolute Being and Glory, in its own wonderful unity, through. In one word, the Mediator discharges and fulfils his work when he sinks from sight and draws us into immediate view of our God and Father, such as elevated and blessed the inspired penman of our text. So then we end where, in this discouse, we began. Mediate knowledge of God concludes in immediate, and both in unity.

We may doubtless properly consider Jesus Christ, in his own life and character, as an individual being by himself; but in *his capacity as Mediator*, that is, his highest capacity, his charm, his beauty, his excellency is, by whatever he does and says, to acquaint us with Him that sent him. So of all things which are mediums or mediations to us of the Divine. As the sweet singer, Herbert, tells us, —

"A man that looks on glass,
On it may *stay* his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

So we may look on or through Jesus Christ. He is the glass of God. All the objects of nature — stones, trees, stars, and animals — may be studied in themselves for their particular attributes. But when to the true, that is, lowly and reverent, man of science, as he studies them, appears the consistent plan, on which throughout the creation is made, suddenly the whole manifold existence, organized and inorganic, becomes a transparency for the being and unity of God. The mediation leads to immediate view, and that contemplates always and only One. So Kepler, the great astronomer, declares that through the maze of systems, vanishing like a cloud, he saw God passing by, making him the observer stand in wonder mute and still. In that vision was no trinity, but unity alone.

Not the knowing head alone, but the feeling heart, demands oneness in the object of its highest worship and love. When we are stirred with gratitude, when we are kindled with spiritual affection, or straitened in our sore need, while what is most precious to our eyesight is lowered into the grave, we want but One. We go and can go to but one Deliverer, Benefactor, and all-sufficient Friend. All about twos and threes, trigonometrical modes and persons, confuses us. God can be put into no such logical pound with triangular fence. As Luther sees Melancthon sick and ready to die, he turns to the window and clasps his hands in prayer. The attendant physician, the kneeling and weeping friends, the room and furniture, are lost to his sight. He looks up and pours out the most fervent prayer, crying, "Our Lord God!" for the recovery of his friend. No threefold conception of the Deity is in his mind. That is forgotten, left behind in the creeds of

synods and the speculations of the schools. He is a Unitarian then and there three centuries ago, as John was nineteen centuries ago, and, in all he says afterwards about the merciful answer to his request, recognizes only the One Source of all pity and love. Even the adorer of Christ is, while adoring, perforce a Unitarian, for in his adoration he makes him to be the only God.

As the *head*, in the clear light and before the open windows of the universe, can own but one Creator; and as the *heart* can love and adore but one Father; so the *conscience and will*, too, in all their work of duty, can see, in the Apostle's phrase, but one Lawgiver. All science and experience, spite of huge ranks behind in darkness still, marshal the van to this result. Moral obligation, progressive knowledge, and holy, unbounded love, in the mind and breast and life of man, thus accept and confirm the report of that sky-piercing gazer from the rocky isle in the Ægean Sea, of *One sitting on the throne*. May they prevail to form in *us* sometimes the state of mind represented by that modern poet of spiritual truth, Wordsworth, in his book of "The Wanderer":—

> "In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of visitation from the living God,
> Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
> No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
> Rapt into still communion that transcends
> The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
> His *mind* was a thanksgiving to the Power
> That made him; *it* was blessedness and love."

THE WARFARE OF LIFE.

Dimly lies the way before thee,
Child of earth, though heir of heaven;
Oft the shadows darken o'er thee;
Oft thy heart by grief is riven.

Veiled in mystery lies the morrow,
Yet thy feet must onward press:
Know'st thou not that joy and sorrow
Come alike with power to bless?

Sacred is the life thou bearest, —
Thou to angel hosts allied;
While thy Maker's seal thou wearest,
Let no sin His impress hide.

Life is conflict: hostile legions
Camp around thee day and night:
Thou must march through desert regions,
Ere thou reach the world of light.

Falter not, though human weakness
Oft thy rising hope o'ercast;
Fruits may spring in Christian meekness
From the errors of the past.

Gird thee at the call of duty;
Hold no loving service mean:
Thou shalt find a heavenly beauty,
Lighting even the darkest scene.

Hark! the angel spirits call thee;
Radiant forms above thee bend;
Let not grief nor sin enthrall thee,
While such hosts thy course attend.

†

OUR LIBERTY AND PLACE IN THE CHURCH.

The great Apostle of the Gentiles is also the great Apostle of Liberty. The philosophers and statesmen, even Luther and Milton, have not defined and justified our liberty with Paul's precision and fulness. He told the Corinthian church once, and now tells all churches and all men, in the same explicit language, that this principle is not supreme, but is limited by other spiritual forces, and fulfils its office only when allowing them to direct and qualify its own energy and activity. The mind is free to renounce idolatry and mammon, but by the exercise of the same freedom it is impelled to accept and worship the true God. In all his expositions, he is careful to keep this strong and often unruly element in its appointed place and sphere, to show where it belongs and what it is ordained to do, and settle its rank in the order of our human faculties. Liberty, according to the Apostle, does not mean unconditional license, — freedom to *do* everything and *obey* nothing. It does not imply all absence of restraint, or all abnegation of law. Rights are sacred as well as liberty, and no man is permitted to interfere with another on the plea that he is free, and can do as he will. That boast is itself an abuse, and implies the bondage a man is in to some low passion or prejudice. For it is not liberty that is absolute, but God.

We prosecute inquiry under the stimulus of liberty, and nothing else gives such vigor to our higher mental processes; but in all research, the way is not quite free to the end, — we meet checks and limitations which suggest the presence and action of other forces, equally to be heeded and worthy of equal authority in making up the final judgment. The sentiments that oftenest interfere with our liberty are among the most profound of our religious nature, — such as wonder and awe and reverence. To a devout soul the exercise of liberty tends more strongly to belief than to

denial, as Paul assured the Corinthians that it was a higher mood of mind to confess the Father and the Son, than to expose an idol which they had found out to be "nothing in the world." Thus we are sometimes free to *do;* and again, a right freedom requires us to *refrain* from *doing*. Liberty does not lead us off on a straight line of unrestricted, lawless, and irresponsible action. Liberty does not mean license, excess.

Our ecclesiastical position is usually described by this word. We are called Liberal Christians, indicating a place independent and outside of the church that asserts an evangelical submission and doctrinal conformity. Taking our position as the index of our creed, other denominations suppose that we hold only lax and indefinite notions of religion; and it would be but natural, if sometimes we fell into such notions, — if we actually held the very errors that we are charged with, and drifted away from the higher sentiments, under the lead of our liberality and independence. Men often find idols where there are none, and they do not always find God where he is. So with us. We are liable to go astray, and to mistake error for truth. But down in our hearts we are honest men, and do not mean to be misled by words, — neither to worship idols, nor to forget God. We range ourselves with all true seekers and worshippers. And as our place is not defined by creed or form or authoritative priesthood, we must, from time to time, define it for ourselves, — show in word and life how we are a living branch of the true Vine. This we believe it possible to do, and, more than this, indicate some marked advantage over those brethren who stand *within* the great ecclesiastical bodies and sects. Surely we have our strong point, and we may assert it and maintain it, without attributing any weakness to others. Here we do not boast of ourselves, but rather vindicate a principle.

It is true our ecclesiastical position is an outside one, and therefore, of necessity, liberal and independent. Naturally,

we should be the first to find out the idols and the idolatries. Men out in God's free world, thinking for themselves, are not going to worship stocks and stones, or bow down to venerable superstitions. They are going to search, and criticise, and doubt, — "to prove all things," in order to obey the Apostle's further injunction, that they may "hold fast that which is good." And is not this process of sifting and discrimination both needful and healthful? In the course of ages, good and evil, the wheat and the tares, grow up together. Error follows hard upon the footsteps of truth. Idolatry finds a place beside the true worship. False doctrine creeps into the Church. The regenerate life and faith of the heart — the only two things that have the Master's unqualified sanction — are pushed aside, or cumbered with extraneous and unwieldy forms and dogmas. The beautiful simplicity of the New Testament is obscured or overlaid. The truth, as it rings out clear and sharp, in those living words of the Redeemer and Evangelist, as it clings to the awakened conscience, or melts a gentle influence into the believer's soul, is carefully folded up in the choicest ecclesiastical linen, and only brought out to grace a holiday or a sacrament. Christ himself is forgotten, — that terribly earnest life, marked by the forty days of fasting and temptation, by the betrayal and the garden and the crucifixion, is forgotten, — the agony, the privation, the suffering, all are forgotten. In our popular, formal, easy, and indolent worship, who remembers the Lord, that "he had not where to lay his head"?

And again, there is the vicious spirit of religious controversy. For what have men been persecuted and made outcast? Why have good men been dragged to dungeons, and stretched upon the rack, and tied to the stake? Serious, awful questions, that cannot be answered, except in shame and confusion, and the deepest humility. Very often ecclesiastical disputants wax warmest over doctrines that they understand the least. The chief bitterness of contro-

versy in times past was over speculations that have quite ceased to interest the Christian world. They concerned topics that are no longer even named in our modern theologies, and of which the present generation never heard. And to-day is not theological discussion chiefly concerned with a doctrine confessedly mysterious, and acknowledged by believers and unbelievers alike as quite beyond both the reach and the decision of human reason?

Will the Lord permit his kingdom to continue this scene of idle wrangling? Will he not expose the falsities and superstitions that have grown about his own simple truth? Will he not remand his earnest followers from these hidden mysteries to his own intelligible words? Here is the necessity for a class of freemen in the Church, who will accept isolation and risk persecution, and, breaking away from ecclesiastical authority, will acknowledge only Christ, and question every step of their progress, every received doctrine and sacrament. They suspect that idols are hidden away in the temples, and gross idolatries are practised before the altars. They suspect that the churches are not clean, — that they "teach for doctrine the commandments of men." It is the mission of these men, apostles of liberty, to drag the idols forth and expose the false worship. They were raised up to do this very work, and were made so valiant and so able to stand alone, so independent and free. Their mission is worthy, — their work needed. They stand among God's husbandry, stewards of his common bounty. But herein lies also their peril. When you have found the idols, and broken the images, and exposed the superstitions, you are not, of necessity, very far advanced in the true worship. You have found something to reject and deny, and the process, once begun, invites you on to unlimited denial. But no man, having Christ for Master, can linger in the realm of negations, or limit his freedom to the detection of falsities. After you have done with idolatry and superstition, with formality and error, you have still

all the boundless field of reverence and faith and devotion inviting you to toil and believe and trust.

The subject presents another and positive side, more agreeable to contemplate and more abundant in the "fruits of the Spirit." Our position demands of us a frequent and strong assertion of our faith. Good and needed as the work is of sifting the chaff from the wheat, it is not very devout work, and does not foster a specially elevated mood of mind. We are as free to believe as we are to deny; and who will question that generous affirmation and confidence are not the loftier exercises of our moral freedom? Liberty is not only a gift for controversy, for detecting unsound doctrine, for exposing immoralities and sins. It is not a mere implement of warfare or a proclamation of judgment upon errors. There is no liberty like that of being a Son of God. Liberty to *do as one will* is a very broad statement, especially for a being like man, who is neither omniscient nor omnipotent. Man is free to believe in God, not to become an atheist. *That* would extend freedom beyond its sphere, out of its organic place, and convert it into a vice. There are sentiments of our nature which are higher than Liberty, and when they blend with it, and qualify and order it, it takes on a religious character and demands recognition in the Church. Then it is a good element, and clarifies every society where it is admitted and made welcome. It is as such a force that we receive it and keep it among us, — an element of vitality to purge off what is vicious, to bring in what is holy and pure.

Influences over which we now have no control have brought us into our present position. These, and not our choice, have made us an independent church. We *inherit* our place in the Christian commonwealth. But we are not therefore disposed to quarrel with our lot, and seek other relations. It is a mark of true heroism to accept and make the best of one's place, and be content with the allotment of Providence. Let us do *that* cheerfully, reso-

lutely, and we shall speedily find that our path is not without golden opportunity and blessing. We need not measure advantage with others, only be fully conscious of our own, feeling that they are great enough and good enough to involve any amount of responsibility and call for any amount of piety and faith. The infinite heavens bend over *us* as over others, and fold us round in the same loving embrace. We stand as near the Father as if we stood within the fold of Mother Church herself. We have Olivet and Gethsemane and Calvary, and we have the Lord whose footprints and prayers and sufferings made them consecrate. We can pray and repent, be forgiven and be comforted. No duty is shut out from us, no consolation is withheld, no faith is denied. We cannot meet everywhere a welcome from Christian lips, or be recognized within every Christian fold. But we *can* look out beyond our own narrow enclosure, abroad wherever the healing waters have run, wherever there is greenness or beauty or life. We are free where others are trammelled, — free to believe, to serve, to love. Herein is some advantage. True to our position, we should gather the choicest results of all churches, we should have the richest worship and the fullest lives. Others are bound to a particular creed. We can choose out of all creeds. Others are bound to a particular ritual. We can choose out of all rituals. Whatever can excite devotion in the sanctuary, or faith in the heart, we are free to appropriate and use. Having this liberty, we are not permitted to fall into routine, to make *any present* our standard of belief or our limit of progress. We seek the good and true and holy, not standards, neither inflexible doctrines nor forms. It becomes us, therefore, not to be thinking what our Liberality exempts us *from*, but rather what it commits us *to*, — what it implies as the aim of our worship and life.

First, we are committed by our position to the fullest and heartiest worship, to a clear and earnest recognition

of the Father and Son. With all the New Testament explicitness we are to confess Christ before men. A cold, meagre service in the Church ought to be left with believers in special forms and fixed dogmas. Believing in the larger circuit of Christian truth, we should have varieties of form to nurture all sides of the Christian character, and stimulate all individualities of faith and devotion. The word that is all-powerful with some minds is spoken spontaneously, as it is given by the Holy Ghost. The word that is all-powerful with other minds comes hallowed by long and reverent use, borne down through ages of the Church, and fragrant with the breath of saints and confessors. Let both voices be heard in our comprehensive ritual, that we may meet minds of the widest variety, if so be we may win them to Christ. Plainly no one form of outward service, neither the spontaneous nor the liturgical, Congregational or Episcopal, has all the merit and all the advantage. Both have their peculiar excellences, and both have their peculiar imperfections. Can they not be blended and preserve all the better elements, and thereby institute a more complete order of public worship? *We alone*, from our independent position, are free to unite these two methods of prayer and praise in the Church.

Secondly, we are committed to a larger Christian life. The saints of all churches are ours, of Protestant and Catholic alike. We are free to appropriate and gather up the devout experience of all disciples. Cut off from the Church, we yet belong to it, and to all branches of it, as no sectarian can. We are members of the Church Universal, in fellowship with believers of every name, — because to us the Church is not Catholic or Protestant, not Trinitarian or Unitarian, but simply the body of Christ. Whatever is Christian we mean to receive, — to adopt it as our own, and build it into our system of faith. We have less excuse than any Christians in the world for coldness, indifference, unbelief, and lack of earnest love. We ought to go fore-

most in the army of the Living God, in the heralding of truth and in the work of charity. We ought to be firm, immovable, steadfast, when others waver and fall back. We are committed, pledged men, and the highest service of God invites us and waits for us.

D. C.

ANGELS OF THE HOME.

I HAVE walked with blessed angels here below:
In the smile of pure affection's hallowed glow,
Danced the sunny hours of childhood, bright and gay;
Rolled the years of deeper feeling swift away.

Holy counsel, high communion, words of love,
Mingled hopes of things eternal, things above,
Made my earthly home a heaven, where the soul
Opened as the flowers to spring-time's sweet control.

Have the blessed angels left me here below?
Do I through a vale of sadness mourning go?
No; in love's celestial sunlight still they rest,
Brooding gently o'er the waters of my breast.

Still the flowers of sweet affection round me grow;
Earthly love about my pathway sheds its glow;
Hallowed memories round me thronging from the past,
Still their soothing, strengthening influence o'er me cast.

Thou of holy love the Fountain, let my heart
Ever in the home's sweet music bear its part.
Bid each jarring chord within me cease to thrill;
To each earth-born passion whisper, "Peace! be still."

†

DUTY AND LOVE.

The question, with what motives we are to rest satisfied in our endeavors after the Christian life, what is the only abiding power that can govern the soul and secure loyalty to God, has been answered so differently, that the young Christian is often much perplexed, in his work of self-examination, to ascertain whether he is influenced by a holy motive and a divine power, and not by mere self-interest.

Some have maintained that all our actions, even those seemingly benevolent, spring wholly from selfish motives, — from the ultimate and sole desire of promoting our own well-being and happiness. But this theory, false as it is, cannot ignore the *sense of obligation*, which is but another name for duty; it simply makes the obligation due to self, rather than to some power out of and above self. Now the simple, abstract idea of duty is so inherent in every human mind, — the sense of Right and Wrong as a distinct element of consciousness is so constantly appealed to in the Scriptures as a reason for doing or not doing, — that any attempt to prove the need of regarding this as a fundamental, controlling power in the soul, is futile. The child, as soon as he is capable of perceiving the distinction between right and wrong, is conscious of it; the parent and the teacher appeal to this distinction, and disobedience is known to bring unhappiness and unrest, before duty and obedience are made matters of reflection. Now it is this sense of obligation, dwelling in every heart, manifested under every form of religious worship and phase of belief, quickened and elevated to a nobler motive of action by a devout Christian faith, that distinguishes man as man; and however great his acquirements, he can never outgrow its abiding, constraining power. As he advances in the Christian life, it only assumes a deeper and fuller significance, enlightening the conscience, quickening every active power, leading him to be less and less satisfied

with a mere outward conformity, and urging the soul to that obedience of the heart, that entire purity of purpose and motive, which alone can satisfy the true and sensitive conscience. The standard of the perfect in Christ Jesus is at length clearly seen, and to strive after divine purity becomes the only limit to the sense of the soul's obligation to God.

But just here we are met by a new and deeper want, not always experienced in the earlier stages of the religious life, — at least, not in its fullest longings, — or, if experienced, not always rightly met and interpreted.

Conscience, when awake and sensitive, becomes a hard taskmaster, unless with its promptings be blended a new and still higher motive to action, — that of personal affection, of love to Him to whom the obligation is due. Too often is duty, simply as duty, set before the mind, uninviting and cheerless. The soul acknowledges the constraining power, but it acts mechanically, often with weariness, and sometimes with an impatient longing to be freed from the restraint. It fulfils its accustomed vocations, not with a glad, loving alacrity, but with a feeling that such *must* be accomplished; not from a loving sympathy with the Master's spirit.

The little child, fulfilling his parents' wishes the most faithfully, is the one who *loves* much, and whose affections prompt to a cheerful, earnest obedience, even where the motives to the command cannot be understood. Yet we have known those who seem never to have transferred to the Heavenly Parent, never to have incorporated into the soul's most secret life, this freer, nobler, more comprehensive principle of action. They have struggled through years of darkness, seeking to satisfy conscience, keenly sensitive to every failure, scrupulous in the performance of outward duties, faithful in self-examination, yet gaining no true peace, no freedom in the inward life. Day after day they have gone forth to their duties with a conscientiousness too sensitive to rest satisfied with anything short of a perfect obedience, and a zeal too earnest to be content with

aught less than an entire consecration, and yet with the constant sense of short-coming; there have been doubt, unrest, and the want of that conscious union with the Redeemer which alone gives peace in the midst of failures. Why should there be rest? The sense of duty alone — conscience, without a Divine mediation, without the reconciling love of Christ in the heart — can bring only self-accusation, and an ever-deepening sense of sin. It leads to constant self-introspection, often to a morbid analysis of the inner life, making, though unconsciously, self the centre of action, rather than God. Duty, with no higher motive to quicken the inner life, degenerates into the desire to approve one's self, which is nothing less than self-righteousness; and so the very earnestness of the desire only leads to failure in a new form, simply because the great laws of the soul's deepest life remain unfulfilled.

And we need the sense of reconciliation and forgiveness, of trust and confidence, which are but other names for the all-comprehensive feeling and motive of love, even in the earlier stages of the Christian life? The commencement of that life, though full of short-coming and failure, should not be a season only of unrest and longing, and a painful consciousness of want and deficiency. If there be sincerity of heart, the earnest religious purpose, the steps turned heavenward, though they may have only begun to tread the homeward path, there should be an assured hope, a quiet trust in the Divine love in Christ. Has Jesus ever been truly received by such a soul as a Saviour, — a Saviour both from the penalty and the *power* of sin? As we have sometimes read the secrets of other hearts, and listened to their earnest longings for faith and peace and trust, where conscience has been active and sensitive, — as we have known the keen sense of unworthiness which could not be satisfied because a higher perfection was not attained, — we have felt that duty had often been too strongly insisted upon, to the exclusion of a more comprehensive and higher motive to

action; or rather, that we need so to set forth love as the fulfilling of the law, that its quickening and blessed influence shall *permeate* all duty, lifting the soul at once above self and all self-reference, and so imparting to it its only true freedom, hope, and life.

Let the soul once pass from the mere conscience-system of life, from the constraining sense of duty alone, to the free life of love, and a new vitality is at once diffused through its whole being. It is like passing from the chill air of a frosty night to the genial warmth and gladness of the cheerful home-circle; for thus alone the soul approaches its only true home, and finds its rest and refreshment in union with the Redeemer. Its life is no longer that of mere duty, and a legal obedience, but it is the life of love; for through the cross it knows the peace of reconciliation; and so lifted out of self, it no longer needs vainly to ask how selfish motives may be avoided, for self is forgotten in the simple life of reverent and affectionate love.

When the heart has once been opened to the constraining of this higher motive, to know the love of God in Christ; when the soul that has long wandered in perplexity and darkness, conscious of its own deep sins, sometimes in utter despair, and then again hoping even against hope, at length hears the voice of the good Shepherd calling the wanderer by name, promising that he shall never perish; when we turn from the unsatisfying life within to the Divine life and love, — we breathe a new life, and are inspired with a living, vital power.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." *In Christ*, — this is the only motive, the only aim to which the earnest Christian aspires, or with which he can ever rest content, for it is the only enduring, all-comprehensive motive of life. He no longer looks to the future with the hope of reward or the fear of punishment; for his highest

reward is in a closer union with his Master, — his greatest fear, to have

> " One secret spot,
> That separates the soul from Him,
> And yet to know it not."

Duty is no longer performed as duty alone, for it becomes the spontaneous expression of a confiding, reverential affection; never *satisfied* with imperfection, or *indifferent* to short-comings, but resting in the Saviour's eternal promise, — " I know my sheep and am known of mine; I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." Self-examination is not neglected, neither is self exalted; but the soul turns from the former introspection that wearied and disheartened, and, kneeling at the cross, yields itself for time and for eternity to the Divine keeping.

> " Only to follow thee, my Lord!
> This only is my prayer!
> Mine eyes are dim with tears,
> My heart is faint with fears;
> But I leave all things now,
> With willing feet, though slow,
> To tread, as Thou hast trod,
> The homeward way to God;
> The path through grief and pain,
> Through loneliness and shame,
> O Christ! I tread it fearlessly,
> If *Thou* be with me, then!"

It takes up the cross, and, following the steps of the Crucified, bears it no longer as a "burden," but as a "glory," as a seal of divine fellowship; and every trial becomes but a new stepping-stone to a higher plane of spiritual life, every cross but leads the nearer to the ascension mount of a clearer vision. Instead of the old, constraining thought, "I *ought* to do this deed of kindness, I *must* fulfil this obligation," there will be the cheerful purpose of an affectionate love, — "I *long* to do this, for it is my Master's work; my only desire is to do his will, to labor for him, whether

in this world or another; to come closer and closer to him, and so to have that 'new name' written in the secret depths of the soul, 'which no man knoweth, save he who receiveth it.'" He knows neither discouragement nor fear, for he leaves all results with a higher Power. Simply to *do* the Divine will is all with which he is concerned, and to know that will more and more fully, by entering into that deeper life of the soul, revealed only through the life and prayer of lively faith and self-renunciation. United with Christ, the soul has found its only true peace. With the inward eye it has seen the Saviour, and, knowing him as the Light of Life, it longs to impart to the struggling in doubt and darkness, or, sadder yet, to the indifferent and unbelieving, the light, the joy, the peace, that come alone from Him.

It seeks out the neglected children of ignorance and want, places them under more favorable influences, and whispers of the Father's love to all, — with no cold calculations as to the expediency of the work, with no restless desire to see its immediate and full results: it speaks to the young, aspiring, restless heart of the only true peace, — that which the world cannot give, and can never take away; for it cannot but utter from a full heart of that which it feels and *knows*. It points the weary and suffering to Him who hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, and who "was afflicted in all our afflictions;" it gently leads the self-accusing and heavily laden spirit to the foot of that cross of suffering and of love, through which alone we have remission of sins; and by the bedside of the dying, with the eye of faith it looks through the shadowing veil of sense and of time, and enters into communion with things invisible and eternal. Duty thus passes into Love. Duty without Love is heartless, the Law which slays us. Love without Duty is merely emotional, — weak, vain, and unsatisfying, enduring for a little season, and then vanishing away. United *with it*, it becomes stronger than adamant,

enduring as the throne of the Omnipotent, a fountain of living waters, springing up into everlasting life.

"Whosoever *loveth* is born of God. And whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and *this* is the victory that overcometh the world, even our *faith*."

H. M.

TRUE FASTING.

"I FAST twice in the week." So said the Pharisee in the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican; and as there are those who do so still, and urge it upon others as essential, as a part of a true Christian discipline; as there seems to be in some quarters a slight temporary reaction in favor of the old way; as there is something about it which at least looks like self-denial, and for which, if it is to be given up, there should be some better substitute, — it may be neither useless nor impertinent for those who do not fast twice in the week to attempt a justification of their course. In such an attempt one can speak only for himself, yet he must speak for himself frankly, though he should seem to underrate what others prize; and it should be remembered, that, if he virtually blames them as superstitious and enslaved to beggarly elements, they virtually charge upon him an over-refined, dreamy, self-indulgent spiritualism, an under-estimate of that body and form without which religion is but a helpless ghost. "I fast twice in the week," — and for ourselves we must needs say that such fasting looks to us like the child's garment upon a man's form. We marvel that he can find nothing larger and better. We will not take it from him, — certainly not, if he has nothing else. Christian liberty ought to be as available for those who wish to walk in old paths, as for those who prefer the new; but though it may sound like conceit, we cannot avoid congratulating ourselves

that we are under no such necessity. Why, the old prophets of Judaism — Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the rest — seem to have gone beyond that! It may be a narrowness into which we were born, and to which we have been bred, a proof of our very partial recognition of the manifold necessities of this large, complex, strange human nature of ours, a failure to perceive the influence of the body upon the soul, a cheat put upon us by a secret spirit of self-indulgence; and yet the fact that fasting is still a common religious practice seems to us but added evidence that the peculiar leaven of the Gospel pervades our world with the extremest slowness. The oldest things linger long after the newest are established, just as the rough wall by the road-side in the most cultivated and garden-like region reminds one of Cyclopean architecture; but somehow in religion the most superannuated is the most prominent. It is sad, for example, to read of a mind like that of Dr. Samuel Johnson exercised a few times in the year upon some trivial change in his diet, and making a religion of it. If any one asks, "Does not the fact that so robust an intellect could treat fasting as important, prove that it is important?" the reply must needs be, that his fasting was little better than the offset to his gluttony, — that it was a part of a slavish, coarse, mechanical view of the penitence and service to be rendered to God, akin to an error which led him to set a high value upon the mere saying of prayers and going to church, — a value proportioned, it would seem, to the uncomfortableness which they caused him, and the little satisfaction he derived from them. Low and superstitious views of religion are often found in connection with a large measure of intellect. There is no safety where there is not a pure moral sensibility; and is it arrogant and uncharitable to say, that the austerities of modern times, the slight interruptions in the round of pleasure, the delicate shades of mourning, the faintest touches in sombre hues, the transition from the good things of the earth to the good things of the sea, looks very much like

playing at religion? Is it a sort of thing which one can plead for boldly before plain men? Is it not rather one of those old things which are passing away? Is the cause of Christ to be promoted by any sentimental attempt to revive in the Church usages which never truly expressed its highest life?

"I fast twice in the week." Let us make an end of negations. They are never very profitable, and we can scarcely suppose that many of our readers are inclined to return to any old practice of this sort. The fancy that evil is inherent in matter, that there is a merit in mortifying the flesh, that sackcloth is more moral than broadcloth, or that the gnawings of hunger quicken the action of the conscience, strong as its hold has been and is upon the mind of the world and of the Church, has ceased to be of much account with us. We may safely pass it by. But there is a positive side to the lesson, and for the sake of this we have brought the subject to notice. Every favorite error contains its great truth, which it should be our care to extract and present as forcibly as we may. What men do may be very unwise; what they mean to do may be wisdom itself. "I fast twice in the week," and it is a good example, and answers a good purpose, when it serves as the symbol of a protest against the tyranny of the senses, — against that allowance of their power which degrades the man to the level of the brute; it is a good example when it testifies, ever so indirectly, for that daily temperance which is so much harder and better than occasional abstinence, and gives us all the time a sound mind in a sound body. We fear that it is a lesson especially needed just now, when a reaction from a temporary fit of asceticism that seized upon our community has hurried many into an opposite direction of habitual and heedless self-indulgence. "I fast twice in the week," and self-denial as to things inward and outward, not only twice in the week, but every day in the week, is a good thing, and fair occasions for it are continually presenting

themselves to him who is on the watch for them and knows how to use them. If we fast in any way that others may feast; if, when a burden must fall upon myself or upon my fellow, I choose to take it; if I give the time which might be spent for my own culture or amusement in satisfying the claims of Christian benevolence; if I take from my luxuries to supply what is lacking to others in things essential; if I meet fairly whatever of this sort comes in my way, remembering always that to fast from strife and debate, from a gloomy sourness, a selfish melancholy, a frown or a sneer, may be much more difficult than to go hungry, — it shall go hard with me if I need any special austerities; the lines must have fallen to me in very pleasant places, if I require any rubric of abstinences save that which one day of labor and self-discipline utters to another.

"I fast twice in the week." Yes, we would go still further in the positive direction. We would take times, seeking and appointing them, if they did not come unsought and unappointed, to enter into the awful solemnities, the deep tragedy of human life, its relation to God and truth and the eternal world. We would strive to be in sympathy, not only with the hopeful Master proclaiming his glad tidings, but with Him whose soul was troubled, the "Man of sorsows and acquainted with grief," the Captain of our salvation made perfect by sufferings. We would go with him his forty days into the wilderness to battle with the tempter, to weigh God's true promises against the lying offers of the Devil. We would receive with tender emotions the memorials of the body broken and the blood poured out for us. We would follow him into the garden, and strive to learn what was the burden that weighed so heavily upon his pure and loving heart. We would watch with him, as he so earnestly besought his followers to do. We would be crucified with Christ, dying unto sin that we might live unto God. It is a blessed thing for any man, though it may give him small entertainment for the time, to face the

truth of things, the facts of his own soul, of his own life and of the world's life, to hear his conscience out, to reckon with himself as the prudent man of business examines his ledgers and catalogues his goods. Some persons are inclined by temperament to look at this stern side. Others must bring themselves by an effort to such considerations. They will not amuse us; they are tragic, not comic; but is life worth much, can it be called a man's life, does it prophesy with much distinctness of a grander life to come, when it does not contain a large element of tragedy? Are we not drawn in reverent sympathy to the portraits in which the painter by his marvellous touches has recorded the unselfish anxieties and struggles of the heroic soul, pressed by the iron conditions of an evil world, but striving all the while to shape earthly things after heavenly patterns? When men are engaged in the real battle of life; when God has so spoken, and they have so heard, that moral indifference is possible for them no longer; when they have seen his kingdom in all its awful loveliness, and have been born into it; when they have learned that souls as well as bodies may perish, and that only the spirit of murderous Cain in them can put the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" when the divine face of Christ haunts them in the crowd and in the closet, the image of what ought to be and may be; when they have learned to set the poor actual world side by side with what the Gospel proposes; when the crown of life is clearly seen, and it is just as evident that the way to it is the way of the cross, — there is small need then of any humanly devised austerities. The body then becomes but an accident. We can be at no pains either to feast or to fast. The life which is not fed upon bread is in the ascendant, and whether such believers shall abstain or not will be determined rather by the religious custom of the time and place, than by any law of the soul or of the Scriptures.

Gladly will we welcome and use whatsoever occasions

promise to bring us home to ourselves. It is good to keep times and seasons, if so we can learn to look upon God. It was said of old that the soul which looks upon him must die; and so it must, but the death will be followed by a resurrection to a diviner life. We will pause from our common duties, and give ourselves to any exercises which shall impress the lesson of the cross, and teach us that the best feasts are those which Christians keep with their suffering Lord, showing forth that death, so sad and yet so full of hope, for the soul and for the world. "I fast twice in the week." We shall fast at least as often as that if we get much below the surface of life, and if we keep such a true Lent, it will serve some better purpose than to restore the tone of body and mind for the world's work and joy; it will help to establish us in that high spiritual estate which is the end of all discipline, in which the whole being, body, soul, and spirit is a temple unto the Lord, and fast-days and feast-days alike holy unto him. E.

THE SLOWNESS OF BELIEF IN A SPIRITUAL WORLD.

THE astronomer with patient, searching gaze
Doth with his tube the depths of space explore;
Shows Neptune's orb, or, 'neath the solar blaze,
Reveals a world by man unseen before.
Justly the world rewards his arduous toil,
And claims to share the glory of his fame;
Beyond the boundaries of his native soil
From land to land the breezes bear his name.
But he who doth a Spirit-world reveal,
Not far in space, but near to every soul;
Which naught but mists of sense and sin conceal,
(Would from men's sight those mists at length might roll!)
He is with incredulity received,
Or with a slow, reluctant faith believed.

J. V.

RANDOM READINGS.

CHICAGO, WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT WANTS.

DEAR BROTHER ELLIS: — Chicago is the grand focus of Western life, and "Tremont House," where I am staying, is the focus of Chicago, into which its business, politics, and schemings of all sort are gathered and intensified. Big-headed men pour in here every day, and pour out again, terribly in earnest about something. They have just passed through a closely-contested city election, in which the Republicans, headed by "Long John Wentworth," beat the Douglass men; and on the night of the election, bonfires, songs, shoutings, speeches, and acclamations, kept up by the victors, made night jubilant or hideous, according as one's taste might be, till past midnight. Any decent man who is smitten with Douglassism might be pretty well cured of it to witness its affiliations here. Such a rabble of drunken Celts as it scooped out of cellars and gutters, and drew together by the smell of whiskey, and paraded through the streets of Chicago, were enough to make one abjure the right of free suffrage, if anything could.

But let me tell you of this great vortex of Western life, this prairie city, numbering already its 140,000 people. Just look upon the map and trace its connections, and your imagination, by diligent stretch, may come up with the vast future which lies just before it. You observe that the northern boundary of Illinois is pushed up considerably farther than that of Indiana and Ohio. This was done through the far-seeing sagacity of Judge Pope, the Delegate in Congress when the State was formed. The original plan was to extend the northern line of Indiana and Ohio straight through to the Mississippi. "No," said Judge Pope to the Committee, "Do you not see that all the rivers flow south, tributary to the Mississippi, — that, with such a northern line, all its trade must go South, and all its interests be Southern, — and in case the Confederacy is threatened with division, it will be cast wholly into the Southern balance? But observe that river (the Chicago) emptying into Lake Michigan; at the mouth of it will be the harbor of a future city, with an immense Northern and Eastern trade through the lakes. Give that harbor to Illinois. Push the line up north of it, and then the new State will have its interests

both North and South, and be a link in the Confederacy to hold it eternally together." Never was statesmanship more wisely applied. Already "that harbor" opens the State and the vast wheat-growing West to the Eastern trade, and is the gate through which its grains are pouring into Canada, into New England, into Old England, with ever-increasing abundance. There is a project now to unite the waters of Lakes Huron and Ontario by a ship-canal, in which case, without any reshipment, this vast and teeming country will send its produce to England. This will divert a vast trade from New York, but it will bring the whole West into close and friendly relations with the Canadas, and with Old England, whose grain country this is destined to become. English statesmen at home and in Canada are planning to bring this about, and people here are confident that it will be done. You see at once what the result would be. Not only Chicago would be the New York of the Western world, but cities would rise up all along these navigable waters as by Arabian magic, opening the West to the East, as through golden gates, developing these endless agricultural resources, and pouring their treasures down the waters of the St. Lawrence and into the ports of England.

Chicago, which is to be the metropolis of this great Western world, has its upper class keenly intelligent, — the brain-class, you might say, — pervaded by New England tastes and habits, though considerably Westernized and intensified. They look through all shams at a glance. They examine all matters in religion as they would a bank-bill. "Is it good and up to par, and will it pay?" Yesterday I argued the whole afternoon with a man of keen wits, who had been a Roman Catholic, then a Calvinist, and is now entirely sceptical, and thinks the Bible all a sham. He cited "discrepancies," cases of bad morality, and so forth. I tried to unfold to him higher and more interior views of inspiration. He listened attentively, and said, "That is all beautiful, Mr. S.; but I have been humbugged twice, and I shall be very cautious and not be humbugged again." This sceptical tendency is very perceptible and very decided among the brain-class in the West. The German population is almost entirely infidel. They spend their Sabbaths by meeting at appointed places outside the city, — men and women together, — and there having their good time of dancing, rollicking, and drinking lager-beer.

Down under the brain-class there are fearful depths of seething corruption, into which even a stranger gets glimpses, as into a gulf

of perdition. And what are the conservative and redeeming influences which are to leaven and save these masses of humanity? Here are I know not how many Trinitarian churches and colleges, which never have and never can meet the wants of the brain-classes; and here are two Liberal churches, both of which are "feeble," — not feeble as to available material strength, but as to any efficient and working force to be felt in the community. And yet they include excellent minds, — earnest men and noble women, hungry themselves for the bread of life, and yearning to accomplish the work of a church mission to the community they live in. O, how easy it would be for two good ministers to come here, filled with the self-sacrificing spirit of the Master, gather these people about them in the name of the Lord, organize them around the symbols of his truth and love, unfold to them the majestic system of revelation, and lift up, as on beacon heights, its saving doctrines to the gaze of this Western world! People mistake — wofully, *dreadfully* mistake — when they suppose that what these Western people need is some flashy rhetorical, claptrap demonstration, sometimes called "smart" and "eloquent." No persons will see with finer discernment through all the word-sorceries of the pulpit. True, that would draw in a class of outsiders who would gaze and admire; but the insiders — those whom a minister must draw around him as his efficient auxiliaries — are the ones that look up and say, "Feed us, do us good, bring us to Christ, and lead us on and our children as pioneer forces of a saving and regenerating Christianity in this great and spreading metropolis." And this I have heard said with eyes so full of earnestness and sensibility that it touched me deeply. A vague, naturalized Christianity, which has no compact and majestic system of doctrines based on Divine authority, will never do for these people, and would be as inefficient in this community as imported bottles of moonshine. And where is Unitarianism, that it does not supply the men? Why does it not raise them up, and put them in such a post as this, preaching Christ, living him, breathing him, and showing him in the beauty of a daily walk, and gathering his flock into working churches, to operate in this great Babylon of the West? Why? Is it from the opposition of the other sects, or is it because it has gone down itself so far into naturalism that it is becoming demoralized, and has no distinctive Gospel to offer to the groping and famishing crowds? If the latter, — and I do

think that is the trouble, — let it awake, and arise, and come freshly to the Great Master, and take the shining armory it has ignored, and go forth to the conquest of the world.

S.

CHICAGO, March 15, 1860.

LA SŒUR ROSALIE.

WE wish that we had space to transfer, bodily and without any reduction, the interesting memoir of this noble woman, which has found a place in Littell's Living Age for March 3d of the present year. We must content ourselves with advising all, especially those who are suffering for want of occupation, to possess themselves of the number, and read and read again this charming and inspiring story of a real practical Christian, one who in the midst of the stormiest political times, and in the most discouraging circumstances, labored as a follower of the Lord for the religious instruction and for the outward relief of the very worst class of Parisians. Our modern world persists in building cities, and the heathenism that was once spread over vast plains, or hidden away in forests, now cowers in cellars and holds its orgies in "cribs" and dance-halls. Christian love can conquer it. Womanhood supplies the Gospel with some of its most efficient missionaries, and our Protestantism promises not to be behind Romanism in sending forth Sisters Rosalie. We have been especially impressed, as we have read this true story, with the evidence which it affords of the possibility of entirely forgetting all civil strifes and political divisions in the work of charity. *La Sœur Rosalie* knew neither Conservative nor Red Republican, but was the friend of all who needed assistance of any sort, and her humble quarters, like the altar of the temple or church in former days, became an asylum for the imperilled of both parties. Happily for our world, there is ever a place for the peacemaker. "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Read the story!

E.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Life of Jesus. A Manual for Academic Study. By Dr. Carl Hase, Professor of Theology in the University of Jena. Translated from the German of the Third and Fourth Improved Editions, by James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860. — We think that if Dr. Barnas Sears had read this book, which, as he tells us in the first prefatory letter to the translator he had not, he would have written something stronger by way of caution than the sentence, "I might not agree with *all* his opinions." For ourselves, we most heartily wish that the hint conveyed in the letter from President Schaff had availed to stay Mr. Clarke's hand. A man whose time is so valuable as his, and who has so much at heart the cause of positive vital Christianity, and who can write such books as those on Prayer and the Forgiveness of Sins, should not have been beguiled into translating so negative a treatise, already sufficiently within reach in the original German. For a Sunday-school manual it seems to us wholly unfit, and we should close a Sunday school at once, and dismiss the scholars, rather than put such a text-book into the hands of the young. Now we are aware that all this may be regarded by some as very illiberal; we are aware that our judgment will be blamed as indicating a distrust of the truth, and a jealousy of its diffusion; but we cannot help thinking that a free treatment of the Gospel story is a very different thing from a one-sided exhibition of the difficulties in the way of our traditional belief, and that the true order of a Christian education is to add knowledge to faith, putting faith foremost. If Dr. Hase has the right understanding of the life of our Lord, the Christian world must consent to unlearn some very dear persuasions with reference both to the Master and to the Book, and we think that one who asks our attention for such communications as are presented in this volume should at least give the reader an opportunity to form some judgment of what can be said on the other side. A plain Christian taking up the volume would be shocked beyond measure by many of its statements; he would lay it down with a feeling that the whole subject was encompassed by doubts, and that, if this is all that we can know about it, it cannot matter much whether we know anything at all. A study of the Gospel from the "divine-human" side, to borrow a phrase from President Schaff, would put a very different aspect

upon many points which, as they are presented in this book, are hopelessly perplexed and perplexing. "*Strengthen the things that remain*," should be the motto of what is called the Liberal portion of the Church, for at least the next fifty years. We have done our share of what is called "illuminating." Let us emphasize our beliefs. Let us not feel bound to advocate the side of doubt under the plea of seeing fair play, and when men have nothing more to tell us about Jesus than this word from Dr. Hase, let them gain a hearing for themselves.

E.

Disquisitions and Notes on the Gospels. — Matthew. By JOHN H. MORISON. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1860. — Our pages have already been enriched by a few paragraphs from this Commentary. We have read enough of it to know that we shall find this book as satisfactory as the translation noticed above is unsatisfactory. Tone and treatment are both admirably positive and reverential. The arrangement of the contents secures something more than spiritless exegesis; we have pleasant and profitable reading, as well as mere textual discussion. With the most entire confidence we commend this work to parents and teachers, thankful that there are those still left who can admit well-attested facts, though the like of them have never fallen within their personal experience. E.

The Puritans: or, The Church, Court, and Parliament of England, during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. By SAMUEL HOPKINS. In Three Volumes. Vol. II. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — The second volume of Mr. Hopkins's fascinating work discusses "The Parliament of 1575 – 6," "The Governess and the Primate," "Treason and Præmunire," &c., &c., to "The Parliament of 1584 – 5 (The Catholics)." The style does not flag, and if, as some object, the treatment is not in accordance with the conventionalisms of historic narrative, many a reader who has fallen asleep over standard chronicles will be glad to find something readable, and, if he has not the *ipsissima verba* of Leicester and the rest, will not be much disturbed, inasmuch as this is well understood to be the fact. E.

Notes of Travel and Study in Italy. By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — Mr. Norton's book is pleasant and instructive. So many books have been written upon Italy, that anything new can hardly be looked for; and yet in this case

the traveller and writer has found out some new paths. His account of Italy is pitiable indeed; but it does not seem prejudiced or uncharitable. He appreciates and brings to light whatsoever there is noble, lovely, and of good report, and the Lord seems still to have many brave, earnest workers, both among priests and laymen, in that beautiful portion of his vineyard, where man must be the only sad, unlovely sight the eye can rest upon. Mr. Norton gives many very interesting accounts of the origin and labors of noble, devoted Christian societies, and also of individuals who in all ages have given themselves heart and soul to the work. The writer is evidently no sentimentalist, not a man to be satisfied with an exterior however lovely, with forms however beautiful and impressive, when they are not the embodiment and expression of a real life and spirit within, — a thoughtful, earnest person, not by any means deficient in the poetic element. The chapters upon architecture — the building of churches and cathedrals in the Middle Ages, by which the religious ardor and devotion of those days found expression — are very interesting. The Crusades were over, and men and women united to raise these beautiful and lasting monuments to the service and glory of God. †

Library of Standard Fiction. No. 2. *Holmby House: a Tale of Old Northamptonshire.* By G. J. Whyte Melville, Author of Kate Coventry, &c. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — "Holmby House" is well and gracefully written; but it lacks vigor, and is spun out to a most unpardonable length, and is without point or object. There is not a woman to admire in the story. The men have run away with all the nobility of character; and whilst they continue firmly faithful to those whom they loved in the beginning, the women seem to pluck the arrows from their hearts, and to heal the wounds with the greatest ease and rapidity. However, the book is harmless, and many will even like it. †

Isaac T. Hopper: a True Life. By L. Maria Child. Twelfth Thousand. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1860. — We are glad to know that eleven thousand copies of this admirable biography have been in at least as many pairs of hands, and we sincerely hope that the same disposition awaits the twelfth. Better than the most eloquent expositions of the moral sentiment this example of a brave, true, loving, genial, devoted man! It gives one new faith in humanity, and helps

us to draw, as never before, a broad, deep line between the boisterous, conceited demagogue and the Christian philanthropist. Mr. Hopper's exertions in behalf of young apprentices in large cities are especially deserving of imitation. E.

The Guilt of Slavery and the Crime of Slaveholding, demonstrated from the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. By REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D., Pastor of the Church of the Puritans. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1860. — There can be no doubt of the earnestness and ability of Dr. Cheever; but it is not so clear to us that in this book he has not fallen into the common mistake of supposing that he has proved a thing, because he vehemently desires to prove it. It is a damage to a good cause to claim more than is absolutely necessary for your purpose. Then if you are not defeated, you are thankful, not to speak of gaining your case. Because slaves were servants, it does not follow that servants were not slaves, or that the "bondwoman" stood up n the same footing with the "free woman." Exegesis and special pleading are not so much in place here as large considerations drawn from the common reason and the common feeling of men. E.

An Arctic Boat Journey in the Autumn of 1854. By ISAAC I. HAYES, Surgeon of the Second Grinnell Expedition. Boston: Brown, Taggard, and Chase. 1860. — There is an exceeding fascination in these stories of Arctic adventure which are told by our explorers, and this by Dr. Hayes is especially quickening and attractive. It is an admirable supplement to the narrative by Dr. Kane, and the accompanying illustrations leave nothing to be desired by one who would thoroughly understand Arctic geography as thus far disclosed to us. Dr. Hayes seems still bent upon adventure, and satisfied that more is to be learned amongst the Hyperboreans, and we hope that the means for yet another exploration may be forthcoming. E.

The Life of Daniel Wilson, D. D., Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India. By JOSEPH BATEMAN, M. A., Rector of North Cray, Kent, his Son-in-Law and First Chaplain. With Portraits, Map, and Illustrations. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — The only fault to be found with this biography is its size, extending to seven hundred and fifty octavo pages, and we are satisfied that for the mass

of readers it might be advantageously reduced to half this compass. The truth is, that it is high time for writers to study compression; otherwise the world must give up reading, or read in a most hasty, superficial way. Some things must be omitted, and the rule should be, in memoirs, to cut out everything which does not serve to illustrate the life which we are endeavoring to present to the reader. For example, the letter addressed by the father of the Bishop's future wife to his daughter, given on the sixty-seventh page, is a very good letter, and yet, as it seems to us, in no sense a remarkable letter; without any loss to the world it might have been permitted to remain in manuscript, and, as every little helps, the book would have been less by one page of very fine type. The Bishop was an earnest, vigorous man, and his lot was cast amidst scenes with which we are not familiar; for these reasons, his story was worth telling. He was a good specimen of an Evangelical Churchman, — a spiritually-minded and truly redeemed man, whose word came from the abundance of a renewed heart. The record of his conversion is another interesting and instructive chapter of religious experience, and nothing can be wiser and more in accordance with the Gospel than the advice which he received from Newton and Cecil and Eyre. In his case the struggle between the flesh and the spirit was a long one, and his advisers were singularly judicious in their treatment of his difficulties, not sacrificing facts to theory. Mr. Newton said to him, "I don't like folks who 'jump into comfort' all at once. It is better to go on gradually. God lays the foundation in the heart; and the walls no sooner peep above ground, than we want the roof clapped on. But that won't do. You want what is commonly called assurance. But it is a dangerous thing, and the Lord knows you cannot yet be trusted with it." Bishop Wilson's mind seems to us a very limited one; but perhaps he gained by his very limitations an influence which a many-sided man is very likely to fail of securing. The world at large care very little for qualifications and distinctions; most persons prefer a positive, or even dogmatic word, strongly put; and it is well worth our while to consider how much of the best work in life is done by men who are full in the faith of a single truth, and utterly incompetent to perceive its relations to other related truths. The kingdom and dominion are not given to the philosophers. E.

The Marble Faun: or, The Romance of Monte Beni. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Author of The Scarlet Letter, &c. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — Notwithstanding the marvellous and fascinating beauty of his style, Hawthorne does not satisfy us. If one's ancestors were fauns, one does n't like to be reminded of it, — half goat and half man is not a pleasant combination to think about, — and we were completely disgusted with Donatello, and could only regard him as a huge fool and baby, and had no patience any more with his skipping about, when we found that he failed to resent most emphatically the inquest upon his ears, — they were long enough, we dare say. Moreover, one does n't like, especially in the month of March, and when for the sake of the climate you have gone to Italy, to be plagued with an insoluble mystery, to read of a murder which was so convenient and almost proper in the circumstances, considering what a nuisance the murdered man had made himself, and to find at last — most painful of all things to a story-reader — nobody satisfactorily disposed of. Nevertheless the book, though as it seems to us unsatisfactory as a whole, is filled with suggestion and beauty. We wish that our artists would ponder the following, and learn the worth of garments, even in warm climates.

"Not a nude figure, I hope," observed Miriam. "Every young sculptor seems to think that he must give the world some specimen of indecorous womanhood, and call it Eve, Venus, a Nymph, or any name that may apologize for a lack of decent clothing. I am weary, even more than I am ashamed of seeing such things. Now-a-days people are as good as born in their clothes, and there is practically not a nude human being in existence. An artist, therefore, as you must candidly confess, cannot sculpture nudity with a pure heart, if only because he is compelled to steal guilty glimpses at hired models. The marble inevitably loses its chastity under such circumstances. An old Greek sculptor, no doubt, found his models in the open sunshine, and among pure and princely maidens, and thus the nude statues of antiquity are as modest as violets, and sufficiently draped in their own beauty. But as for Mr. Gibson's colored Venuses (stained, I believe, with tobacco-juice), and all other nudities of to-day, I really do not understand what they have to say to this generation, and would be glad to see as many heaps of quicklime in their stead."

Bravely said by one who cannot be called a prude or a twaddler.

E.

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CHRISTIAN IDEALS, AND THE WAY TO REALIZE THEM.

IT is easy to fall into great discouragements as we compare what we see and hear about us with our ideals of city and state, of homes and neighborhoods and human fellowships of various sorts. Look which way you will, you can make out a very desperate case. You are brave if you seek to know the whole about any special transgression. That is the cheapest of all forms of eloquence which gives us accurate and living pictures of the world's offences, and those who excel in this style of speech, and take a strange, sad delight in satire and denunciation, may be only fluent fault-finders. It is a poor discourse which spends itself utterly in sarcasm, denunciation, and complaint, is clever and witty upon the countless sins and frailties of our poor humanity, and almost seems to rejoice in iniquity, and make the most and worst of it. And what we have to guard against more than anything else is a temper of faithlessness, which is very likely to be induced by an increasing knowledge of the world. They render no true service to us who speak only of evil, and of that continually, and whose

conviction that they have done a good thing seems to be exactly proportioned to the blackness of the darkness which they have depicted. There is indeed no salvation save through the Truth, neither is there any salvation without Hope. We must have the statistics of vice and crime, but we would would have also, were they only attainable, the statistics of justice and love. It is possible in any age of the world, even since our Lord brought light and deliverance to us, so to describe men and nations that the heart will utterly fail. If I look only on this side of life, I seem to be without power to bring to pass anything which has promise; the aspirations of the soul, and the realities of our earthly condition, seem to be wholly irreconcilable. Here is the world we live in, there is the City of God; between them there is a great gulf. Who shall bridge it over? The work demands a skill far transcending that which bound together the two shores of the Menai Strait, and is binding now the two banks of the St. Lawrence with those huge iron tubes that are the greatest triumphs of modern engineering. Have you not sometimes gazed hopelessly into that yawning chasm, and longed for some one as skilful to build highways for the Lord, to rivet the iron and the adamant for the chariots of heaven, as our cunning artificers are skilful to construct the paths for traffic and for pleasure?

On the one hand, we have the conscience and the heart of man pleading for justice and love, and in our quiet hours the imagination rejoices in fair visions of model commonwealths, in which the golden rule shall be the law of human intercourse, and honor and honesty, truthfulness and gentleness, shall bear fruit in prosperity and contentment, and temperance in all things shall insure health, with long and useful lives, and there shall be neither oppression nor servility, neither prodigality nor penury. On the other hand, we have the frauds of commerce, of manufacturing, of trade; adulterations, false labels, forgeries; thefts, called by an unwarrantable euphemism breaches of trust, — men who have

robbed the poor of their hard earnings at large on bail, and men who have stolen a few shillings' worth imprisoned; legislation corrupted by bribery; statesmen unavailable in proportion to their superiority to popular prejudices; power in the hands of the criminals of society, men who ought to be in the jails watching over the ballot-boxes; masses in every busy and thriving community always on the verge of starvation; depths of ignorance and vice in every great city which we almost fear to look down into, though every morning's newspaper reminds us of them; minds sharpened by intellectual training for this world, but wholly dull and blind towards spiritual realities; the children of the poor tempted to sacrifice their souls in accumulating, as the children of the rich are tempted to sacrifice their souls in spending and enjoying wealth; men and women who are destroying themselves by excessive labor, and men and women who are dying of *ennui;* the young uncontrolled by their elders, and spending their strength in follies or worse, and growing old before the time; everybody complaining of extravagance, and almost everybody guilty of it, — fashion and taste, and the desire to rise in the world, as it is called, regulating the scale of expenditure, so that homes become more and more impossible, and the temptations in the path of youth are fearfully increased, and new and milder names are found for old soul-destroying and body-destroying vices, and what was once called sensuality is known now as gayety; — we have, in short, anything but a kingdom of God, or even the promise of one.

Follow out any one department of philanthropy, and you will presently come to so much that will make your heart sick! Whilst we have been setting down these few thoughts, a letter with reference to our seamen, and especially relating to the wrongs which they suffer at the hands of their landlords, has come under our notice. It was written apparently by one who knows his subject, and it reveals a condition of things far worse than any which we had sup-

posed to prevail, even amongst that unhappy class. "Shall I tell you," he asks, "with scarce the expectation that you will believe a statement which is nevertheless literally true, that in more than one instance *dead bodies have been hoisted in and stowed away in the berths of the forecastle as merely dead drunk, and that for these corpses two months' advance has been paid?*"* Go where you please, and resolve to know the whole and the worst, amongst freemen and bondmen, Indians or white men, natives or foreigners, and you will find the habitations of cruelty, oppressors with power on their side, incredible meannesses and wickednesses; or you will find whole classes of persons who need as much as any, or more, the guidance and consolation of Christianity, and who yet are almost wholly unapproached by the Gospel. Let us cite as a single instance the drivers of our public coaches and other conveyances for the throng of city travel. How many of them do you suppose ever see the inside of a church? They drive us to our houses of worship, and then go away themselves. So the world looks to us, as we put on our sackcloth and go and sit upon the ground. And, as we say, the temptation is, at least it has been our temptation, to cry out, What profit is there in all your philanthropies, — in all your sermonizing and moralizing? and why will you insist that men shall be saints, when sin is so plainly written over every human work, — when indirectly, if not directly, we are all partakers in it, enjoying the fruits of iniquity, at some one or two removes, if not actually implicated in it? "We have toiled all night and taken nothing," said Simon, the fisherman of Galilee. Let us keep our own garments as clean as we may, let us give ourselves as little concern as possible about a desperate world, and pass through life in some quiet way, leaving men to be cared for by Him who made them, and who doubtless knows how, in some great providential movements, to help them.

* Letter to Hon. Charles Sumner, of the United States Senate, on the conditions and requirements of the American mercantile marine.

Happily for us, we are Christians, and are not left to these discouragements. There is ever the voice of the Master commanding the humblest of us to be fishers of men; and never yet, on Genesareth or anywhere else, is there a net cast into the sea in obedience to his word, and in loving, Christian faith, which does not come up again laden to a miracle. The true Christian is equally sober and hopeful. The disciple of Him whose soul was afflicted in Gethsemane beyond our power to understand or to tell, and whose agony upon the cross Christendom has but now commemorated, can never indeed make light of the world's transgression. In truth, it is the spirit of the Crucified, stealing even more than they know into the hearts of men, which has quickened the world's conscience into a marvellous vitality, and awakened a sense of sin which is one of the characteristics of Christian times. If evils are not yet conquered, they are not acquiesced in, — exposures, protests, and denunciations abound, and are sometimes carried to the length of an unreasonable impatience. The world is Christian enough to know that it is not half Christian, — Christian enough to feel the reproach of sin, — unable to pass by on the other side when humanity lies wounded in the pathway. And what we need is to have faith in Him who can make us glad as well as sorry, and work a repentance unto life. We want to see the fair way his hand has raised, the path which he has opened into the holy of holies, the deliverance which he is working out, not only for the world to come, but for this world also. The Gospel proposes to conquer the hearts of men, one at a time, or, at the most, a few, never a multitude, and through these hearts to penetrate human society from the uppermost to the undermost, from the innermost to the outermost. All that it needs is time. It is a work which cannot be hurried, because the moral freedom of man must be sacredly regarded. The feast is spread, the king waits, the wedding garments are all provided; but it is for us to say whether we

will come or not. The fact that, in departments of life to which Christianity has scarcely penetrated, there has been, through a change of circumstances, a real or apparent decline where we looked for progress, need not shake our Christian confidence. We are not staggered, for example, by the fact that, although when Christ was born the peace of Europe was maintained by some four hundred thousand men, more than two millions and a half are required in our day for the same service. We are sure that the spirit of peace has gained in these eighteen centuries an abode in the hearts of men which it had not in the beginning. There is a regenerating life in Christendom. This life differences the Christian world from the worlds of Hindooism and Mahometanism, and the rest that are without. In all the churches of Christ, even in those which are fearfully encumbered by human metaphysics and elaborate formalities, the work of sowing the Gospel seed, the seed of the Divine kingdom in human hearts, is noiselessly going forward, amongst rich and poor, wise and simple, rulers and ruled, parents and children, masters and slaves; and wherever a genuine convert is gained for the Gospel, there is just so much moral and spiritual force added to the world, and it is just as sure to be felt, as gravity or heat or electricity. Of course there are thousands of spurious conversions which amount to nothing, and only serve to swell the ranks of nominal belief; but the reality is never in vain. And you will find the Gospel now just where you would have found it in our Lord's day, dealing with the individual conscience and heart, always working so to good purpose, making Christians in an unchristian world, contriving to save a multitude from undue conformity on the one hand, and from a dreary asceticism on the other hand. Somehow, when a man's heart is quite right, when he is sound to the core, a very bad world will be good enough for him to serve God in. He will not want much of it; the evil will not adhere to him, the perverse will come round to him, and he shall

maintain his integrity without sacrificing his success. The Gospel does not directly change institutions, but it does change men. The Master paid tribute to Cæsar; but he converted Matthew, Cæsar's tax-gatherer, and through him a multitude of Cæsar's subjects, and established them in the kingdom of truth and love. The Master went to marriage feasts and reclined at the tables of rich rulers; but in his presence the soul was so much in the ascendant above the senses, that men said, "Blessed are they that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God!" and the feast was accepted then, and has held its place ever since, as the symbol of the communion of the blessed in heaven. The Christian cannot change the laws of the state, the customs of society, the frivolity of youth, the extravagances of fashion; but he can and does make Christians, and Christians will make good laws and establish good social customs, and will be neither morose nor frivolous. What we want is to translate the tradition of the Gospel into a reality, a conviction, a feeling, a life. It is all these to a multitude of believers. It is today the only reliable conserving and reforming power in society. Just so far as it gets into the hearts of men, sins and wretchedness, misery of mind, and outward poverty disappear. Education is more than an uncertain good; discoveries and inventions do not minister to an ever-increasing worldliness; show does not usurp what belongs to substance; and the kingdoms of this world become more and more the kingdoms of God. If any of us have toiled all night and taken nothing, it was only because the Lord was not recognized, because we were not toiling at his command. Be sure that you have a portion in the Gospel, and resolutely strive to put it into your life, and you become one of the real and acknowledged forces of the universe, a genuine reformer, not striving or crying, not heard much in the streets, or anywhere else, and yet overcoming evil with good, and helping, by an example of brave, strong manhood, or gentle, kindly womanhood, to

raise the plane of society, and to sweeten the bitter cup which man must drink.

As a Christian, I say, this world, with all its sins and woes, is mine. I too have part in the great transgression. I am guilty of that first sin which is the parent of all iniquity; for I too separate myself from God. As a Christian, I cannot but confess that I have every reason to repent and mourn before Him who is the King of kings and the righteous Judge of states and nations, and has ever been overturning and overturning thrones and dominions for the sins of rulers and people. As a Christian, I must accept the keepership of my brethren, and make a conscience of their acts; and yet, as a Christian, I must remember that Christ brings a Gospel of deliverance, — that he is a Gospel, — that virtue goes out evermore from him and his. We live to make a heaven upon earth, and then to take it with us into the heavens which are above the earth. The tabernacle of God is with men. Where there is no deep faith in Christ, no mighty works are wrought. When faith revives, piety that looks heavenward, and prudence that looks earthward, join hands to re-create the home and the state. Then the thorns of the wilderness give place to the flowers and fruits of the new Paradise. The towers of the City of God greet the longing eyes of the weary traveller. The good seed, scattered in the good ground, bears fruit a hundred fold, and the visions of yesterday become the realities of to-day. But to this end, our Christianity must be a true part of this living, breathing time, — as much alive as other lives. Our age is too active and earnest to pay any attention to an obsolete sanctimoniousness. We must have a zeal for practical Christianity akin to that which sends the merchant almost every hour in the day to the telegraph station to feel the pulse of trade; an earnestness akin to that which crowds the places of amusement with an eager throng, and in its craving for pleasure has found out a Christian and baptismal, or at least a Sunday name, even for its week-

day operas. If we brave the elements to find the theatre, we must brave the elements to find God's house and God's poor and afflicted. The young and strong must take hold of religion, as of business, with both hands. There never was a time, there never was a place, when and where Christianity could be applied to common life with so much ease, and at so little sacrifice, as now and here. True manhood and true womanhood, though they may not be exempt from sore trials, find ready audience. Speak, and you will find that many have been waiting only for you to help them in moderating and chastening pleasure, in applying the exactest justice to business, the largest mercy to charities, the purest truth to governments. Cast in at the Saviour's word, and the miracle of the Galilean lake shall be only a feeble symbol of your reward.

E.

LET us not be cast down if those weaknesses and easily-besetting sins against which we have resolved and prayed, and earnestly striven, still return to grieve and make us humble. Let us give no quarter to wilful sin in ourselves, more than in others; but when with our best endeavors we occasionally stumble and fall, let us be patient with ourselves, as we would be with an erring child, in whom we saw, underlying all his faults, a sincere desire to do right.

EACH day let an earnest and hopeful reconsecration of ourselves be made in the spirit of filial love to God, and of fraternal service to man. Each hour let us strive to remember in whose presence we stand. Let us dignify the pursuits of earth by the thought of heaven, and so walk in the presence of God from day to day, that the peace which passeth all understanding may make its abode in our hearts.

THE DIVINELY HUMAN.

A FRIEND and correspondent, who joyfully accepts and preaches the doctrine of the essential Divinity of Christ, inquires, nevertheless, "How do you understand and interpret all that portion of Scripture which represents his manhood? When he was a child, when he was growing in stature and in favor with God and man, when, further on, he said, 'Of that day and hour knoweth no man, not the angels in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father'? I do not remember to have seen anything in Swedenborg's works, or elsewhere, that was clear or definite upon this point. Would you say that the Lord during the earlier stages of his human life was so much human that he was unconscious of the Divine except at times? Rather what do you say concerning this matter?"

Our friend will pardon us for answering his private inquiries in a public way, as the whole subject just now engages the earnest attention of a great many minds, and the true doctrine of the Lord is pressing in more and more, and claiming acknowledgment.

Though no one can *comprehend* the infinite, we all have our *apprehensions* about it, and the more clear and rational they are, and the more truly they correspond to the reality, the more satisfying and renovating does our faith become. We will only state this doctrine of our Lord's Divinity and humanity as it dawns upon us in our hours of highest and most joyous worship.

We begin with human analogies. A child is born into the world, — a babe that is to become a Newton, a Humboldt, a Webster, or a Howard. There is in all these cases one nature folded up within another, each to become manifest in successive order. First and outermost is the sensuous nature. This is all the child knows of at first, though mighty powers are held in abeyance within him. The babe is con-

scious only of perceptive faculties and natural instincts. The child is conscious of little more than these. Nature passes before him, and fills his memory with her types, and makes his mind a glorious treasury of natural images. This, with natural instinct, is all that comes at first into his consciousness. But as manhood develops, the power of reason comes forth. It comes at first with faint gleams into his consciousness, but afterwards with fulness and splendor. It takes up the types and images which mere perception had drawn in from nature, and makes them the clothing of the intellectual man. The great geniuses of the world, its poets, its orators, its natural philosophers, are produced in this way. And there is a nature that lies still deeper, — the spiritual. One may become a natural man, and an intellectual man, and still the spiritual nature be in abeyance. But when it asserts itself in the consciousness, it uses both reason and sense to unfold spiritual laws and realities; and the imagery which the perceptive powers had taken up from nature becomes the symbol and the outshadowing of spiritual experiences and a spiritual world. Then the poet becomes prophetic, as in the case of Milton, Wordsworth, and Mrs. Browning. Thus we see how from childhood, conscious at first only of perceptive faculties, a higher and yet higher nature open down into the consciousness; how on one plane of being we may grow in knowledge ere we ascend to the higher degrees that open upward and inward, towards the angelic and divine.

Now Christ had all the natures that we have, and something more. He was begotten, not by a finite human father, but by the Holy Spirit itself. It must result from such a conception and birth, that the inmost principle of his being was not merely intellectual or spiritual, but DIVINE, though it would be the last to come down into the consciousness. First were opened the lower planes of being received from the maternal side, all the planes of our own finite humanity. The sensuous and perceptive faculties

first opened, and this fair world of natural things was gradually taken up and imaged upon them. Then the finite natural reason would assert its existence, whereby natural truth is classified and put in order, and during this process there would be increase in knowledge day by day. Then the spiritual nature would unfold, making the Saviour conscious of all our human wants, temptations, and aspirations, and call forth all the might of supplication and prayer. Last of all, the Divine nature would come down into his consciousness, and then the heavens would be opened, and all celestial and divine scenery would lie upon his soul. And the Divine nature would come down through all the others, and glorify them. All hereditary evil in the spiritual nature would be purged away. In place of the finite human reason would come down the Divine Logos, the Eternal Wisdom, which is the unclouded mirror of the Godhead, just as in us our matured and manly intellect displaces the half-reason of the child. Last of all, and completing all, the entire nature-world which the perceptive powers had taken up into the external memory would be turned to symbols, not of the finite intellect, not of the finite spiritual nature, but of the truths of the Eternal Logos, and all material things would be made the prints and copies of Divine truth in its fulness. The natural world would become to the Saviour, and appear in all his language, as the living transparency to divine realities. And when this process was finished, when even the lowest or outermost things of the natural mind and memory are filled and made the clothing of the Divine Reason itself, even the natural humanity becomes Divine, and down on this natural plane of being we gaze on the living personality of the First Good, First Perfect, and First Fair.

We do not mean to represent, for the record does not show, that the line of division is always precisely marked; and that with Christ, as with us, there were not alternations between a lower consciousness and a higher. We merely intimate what are the moulds of thought, and what the

anthropology, human and Divine, which to our own mind clear up the whole Gospel narrative of those perplexities which otherwise gather about it. That Christ, in the process of his glorification, when the finite humanity was waning and the Divinity was coming down towards the fulness of its manifestation, should sometimes speak from his finite consciousness and sometimes from his Divine, would result from the very nature of the case; and if we are once possessed of the fact, the several passages almost interpret themselves.*

It has been a sort of Unitarian axiom, that Christ's nature was "simple," like ours. As if the existence of any immortal being clothed in mortality were "simple," and not the infolding of one nature within another, from the animal up to the angelic! Christ, in the entire phenomena of his birth, his wondrous life, death, glorification, and coming again, shows that there was an element in his being differing in kind from ours, and that he descended into the natural degree of life, not merely to talk to us about God, but to reveal God to us, and turn upon a darkened and fallen world the full refulgence of his countenance.

One word, since we are upon the subject touching the friendly critique of our associate in our March number. We are not sure that there is any difference in his statement from ours, though there possibly may be. We understand

* The text in Mark (xiii. 32), "Of that day and hour knoweth no man, — not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father," — has been thought by many to have been corrupted. The phrase *οὐδὲ ὁ υἱός*, "neither the Son," is not found in the parallel passages of Matthew and Luke. Ambrose says that many manuscripts in his time did not have it, and that it was interpolated by the Arians. Griesbach marks it as disputed, but thinks it genuine, and retains it in the text. Tischendorf thinks the passage has been corrupted, and should read "the angel which is in heaven," but retains the disputed clause. It is found in all the manuscripts and versions extant, and is generally regarded by the best scholars as genuine.

It presents no real difficulty to the believer in the essential Divinity of Christ, who accepts the whole history, both on the Divine and human side. It is what Christ might say from the finite consciousness, ere his glorification had fully transpired.

by the Logos the Divine nature as to its wisdom or revealing truth, that same wisdom which became incarnate in Jesus Christ. It is not a separate attribute hypostatized, *but the whole Divine nature hypostatized*, or come forth into personality, — just as in man, if he be a true one, his intellect and revealing word are the imaging forth of his whole nature to us, so that we may see him as he is. If a man's mind and heart are at one, that is, if his mind be the true mirror of his heart and soul, then his intellect that glows in his countenance and lives in his speech is not *mere* intellect, but a forthgoing and personation of the invisible deep within him. Now the Logos is the Divine Intellect in the act of revelation. The Logos in Christ is God hypostatized and revealed; and we do not climb round it to get to the Father, any more than we climb round a man's mind and word, as revealed in his speech and person, to get at the invisible depths of his being. "To worship the Word is to worship God as the Word, i. e. to worship God." Exactly so; and how can we worship Him in any other way, and how can our thoughts "mount upward to the Father" beyond where the Father is hypostatized and revealed? "All that the Father hath is mine." "No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, that dwelleth in the bosom of the Father," — the all-revealing and hypostatizing Word, — "he hath brought Him forth to view." *

S.

* Our friend and correspondent, quoted at the beginning of this article, will find this subject treated with great fulness in Swedenborg's "True Christian Religion," Chap. II.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A STRANGER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Fifth Recollection.

With what thoughts and feelings I went home, it would be difficult to say. The soul cannot always translate itself into words, and there are "thoughts without words" which every man plays to himself in moments of the greatest joy and the greatest distress. I felt neither joy nor sorrow, nothing but an inexpressible astonishment. My thoughts pursued each other in my mind like meteors, which seem as if falling from heaven to earth, but are all extinguished before they reach the goal. As one sometimes says to one's self in a dream, "Thou art dreaming," so I said to myself, "Thou art living, — it is she." And then I tried to be quiet and collected again, and said to myself, "She is a lovely apparition, a truly wonderful being." I even began to pity her; and then I pictured to myself the pleasant evenings which I could pass there during the holidays. But no, no! all this did not answer. She is truly all that I have sought, hoped for, thought of, believed in. Here at last was a human soul, dear and fresh as a spring morning. I had really seen at the first glance all that she was, and what lay within her. We had greeted and known each other. And my good angel within me! It answered me no more, it was gone, and I felt that there was but one place on the earth where I could regain it.

Now began a new and beautiful life, for I was with her every evening, and we soon felt that we were truly old acquaintances, and that we could address each other only with *Du*. It was even as if we had always lived together, for there was no feeling that moved her which did not seem to have been in my heart before, and no thought to which I

gave utterance that she did not assent to with a nod, as much as to say, I thought so too. I had once heard the greatest master of our time improvising on the harpsichord with his sister, and could hardly conceive how the people could so feel, so understand each other, as to give their thoughts free play, and yet never by a single note disturb the harmony of their play. Now it became clear to me. Yes, now I had first found that my soul was not so barren and empty as it had always seemed to me, and it was as if the sun had been wanting to call all the germs and buds within to light. And yet what a pensive spring it was that was passing so quickly through our souls! We forget in May that the roses will fade so soon; but here every evening warned us that one leaf after another was falling to the ground. She felt it sooner than I did, and expressed it apparently without uneasiness, and our conversations became each day more serious and earnest.

"I did not think," said she, one evening when I was about to go, "that I should ever be so old. When I gave thee the ring on the day of my confirmation, I thought I should soon take leave of you; and yet I have already lived so many years, and have enjoyed so much, — suffered a good deal too, but that one forgets. And now when I feel that the departure is near, every hour, every minute becomes so precious to me! Good night! Thou must not come too late to-morrow."

One day, when I went into her room, I found an Italian painter with her. She spoke to him in Italian, and although he was obviously rather a mechanic than an artist, still she addressed him with a kindness, a modesty, even a respect, that made one perceive in her at once the true nobility of birth, nobility of soul. When the man had gone out, she said to me: "Now I will show thee a picture that will please thee. The original is in the gallery at Paris. I read a description of it, and have had it copied by this Italian." She showed me the portrait, and waited for my remarks

upon it. It was the picture of a man of middle age, in the early German costume. The expression was mystical and devout, and yet so true that one could not doubt that the man had once lived. The whole tone of the foreground of the picture was dark and brownish; but in the background was a landscape, and on the horizon was seen the first brightness of a dawning day. I could discover nothing special in the picture, and yet it made a tranquillizing impression, and one could stand for hours with the eyes fixed upon it. "There is nothing," I said, "greater than the human countenance, and even a Raphael could invent nothing equal to it."

"No!" said she. "But I will tell thee now why I wanted this picture. I read that no one knew the artist, nor did any one know who was the original of the portrait. It was probably, however, a philosopher of the Middle Ages. Now, I wanted just such a picture for my gallery. For thou knowest that no one knows the author of the 'Theologia Germania,' and besides that we have no picture of him. So I wanted to try whether a picture by an unknown person of an unknown person might not suit our German theologian; and if thou hast no objection, we will bring it here between the 'Albigenses' and this 'Reichstadt at Worms,' and call it the 'German Theologian.'"

"Good," said I; "only it is rather too strong and manly for the Frankforter."

"That may well be," she replied. "But for a suffering and dying life like mine much strength and comfort may be drawn from his book. I owe much to it, for it brought first to my view the real depth of the Christian doctrine in its perfect simplicity. I felt that it was wholly free to me to believe or not, for its doctrine had no outward pressure upon me; and yet it seized upon me with such power, that it seemed to me as if I knew for the first time what a revelation was. And this is just the reason that so many persons are prevented from entering into true Christianity, — because

its doctrines present themselves as a revelation, before the revelation itself has found a place in our hearts. This has often caused me much uneasiness. Not as if I could have doubted the truth and divinity of our religion; but I felt I had no right to a faith which others had given to me, and as if that did not belong to me which I had learned and received as a child, without understanding it. In fact, no one can believe for us, any more than they can live and die for us."

"Certainly," said I, "therein lies the cause of many hard and severe struggles, — that the doctrine of Christ, instead of gaining our hearts slowly and irresistibly, as it were the hearts of the Apostles and the early Christians, meets us from our earliest childhood as the immaculate law of a powerful Church, and requires from us an unconditional submission, which is called belief. Doubts spring up sooner or later in every mind, which has any power of thought or reverence for truth, and then, even when we are on the right way to conquer our faith, there arise the terrors of doubt and infidelity to disturb the tranquil unfolding of the new life."

"I read lately," she said, interrupting me, "in an English book, that truth made revelation, not revelation truth. And this perfectly expressed what I had experienced in reading the 'Theologia Germania.' I read the book, and I felt the power of its truth so convincingly, that I was forced to acknowledge it. The truth became revealed to me, or rather I was revealed to myself, and I felt for the first time what it was to believe. The truth belonged to me, it had long rested in my heart, but it was the word of the unknown Teacher, which shone into me as a lamp, enlightened my inward eye, and brought clearly before my mind the hitherto dimly imagined. And when I had once felt how the human soul can believe, I determined to read the Gospels as if they also were written by some unknown person. I banished as well as I could from my mind the

thought that they were inspired into the Apostles in some miraculous manner by the Holy Spirit, confirmed by Councils, acknowledged by the Church as the only saving faith; and then I first learned to understand what was meant by Christian faith and Christian revelation."

"It is astonishing," said I, "that theologians have not deprived us of all religion; and they would have done so, if the faithful had not come to them sometimes, saying seriously, 'So far, but no farther.' Every church must have its servants, but as yet there has been no religion in the world which the priests, the Brahmins or Shamans, the Bonzes or Lamas, the Pharisees or Scribes, have not perverted and destroyed. Then they quarrel and dispute in a language unintelligible to nine tenths of their people; and instead of leaving themselves to be animated by the Gospel and exciting others by their own enthusiasm, they put together long arguments to prove that the Gospels must be true because they were produced by inspired men. But all this is only a necessary help for their own unbelief. And how do they know that these men were inspired in a miraculous manner, without ascribing to themselves a much more wonderful inspiration? On this account they extend the gift of inspiration to the Fathers of the Church, yes, even to those who formed the majority when the decisions of the Councils were pronounced; and then again occurs the question, How do we know, among fifty bishops, that twenty-six were inspired and twenty-four not? and so they make at last the desperate plunge, and say that through the laying on of hands the inspiration and infallibility of the heads of the Church remain to this day, so that infallibility, inspiration, and majority make all inward conviction, all devotion, all faithful vision, superfluous. Yet in spite of all these intermediaries, the first question comes back in all its simplicity, How can B know that A is inspired, if B is not as much, or even more, inspired than A? For it requires more to know that A is inspired, than to be inspired one's self."

"I have never comprehended it so clearly myself," said she. "But I have often felt how difficult it must be to know whether any one loves, since there is no expression of love which may not be assumed. And then I thought, that no one could know it but he who himself feels love, and that he can believe in the love of another no further than he feels it himself. And as with the gift of love, so is it with the gift of the Holy Spirit. Those on whom it alights hear a rushing from heaven as of a mighty wind, and see as it were fiery tongues. But others are angry and disturbed, or they have their jest, saying, 'They are full of new wine.'

"But, as I told thee, it is to the 'Theologia Germania' that I owe it that I learned to believe my own belief; and what to many may seem a defect strengthened me the most, namely, that the old master never thought of strictly proving his positions, but scattered them as a sower, in the hope that some grains might fall on good land and bear fruit a thousand fold. Thus our Divine Master has never thought to prove his doctrines, for the full consciousness of truth rejects the formality of proof."

"Yes," said I, interrupting her, — for I could not help thinking of the wonderful concatenation of proofs of Spinoza's "Ethics," — "and so the anxious and careful reasoning of Spinoza gives me the impression that this acute thinker could not have believed with his whole heart in his own doctrine, and as if he had on this very account felt the want of fastening so carefully every mesh of the net. Yet," I proceeded, "I must acknowledge that I do not participate in the great admiration for the 'Theologia Germania,' although I am indebted to the book for many excitements. But there is wanting to me in it the human and the poetical, and especially warmth of feeling, and reverence for reality. All the mysticism of the fourteenth century is wholesome as a preparation, but it worked its solution first in the blessed and courageous return into

real life, such as we find it in Luther. The man must first feel his own nothingness in active life; he must find that he is nothing of himself, — that his existence, his origin, his eternal life, is rooted in what is Divine and Incomprehensible. This is the return to God, which to be sure never leads to the goal on earth, but yet deposits in the soul a divine home-sickness, which never afterwards leaves us. Man cannot shake off the outward creation. Although proceeding from nothing, that is, created through and by God, he cannot yet by his own will return to this nothingness, and the self-annihilation of which Tauler so often speaks, is scarcely better than the Nirvana, or breathing away of the human soul of the Buddhists. Thus Tauler says, 'that if he might come into nothingness through profound reverence and love for the Supreme Being, he would gladly sink before His majesty into the deepest abyss.' But this annihilation of the created was not the will of the Creator, for He created it. 'God transforms himself into man,' said Augustine, 'not man into God.' And thus mysticism should be only a fiery ordeal, which tempers the human soul, not evaporates it like boiling water in the kettle. He who has recognized the nothingness of self, should yet regard this self as a reflection of the truly Divine. The 'Theologia Germania' says: 'Now that which has proceeded from another is not true life, and has no other existence than in the perfect; but it is an accident, or a glozing and an appearance, which is not a being, or which has no other being than in the fire which glozes it as it flows out, as in the sun on a troop.' But what flows forth from God, even if it be only as a shining from the fire, yet it has in it divine reality, and one might even say, What would the fire be without brightness, or the Creator without creature? But there are questions of which it may truly be said: 'What man and what creature desires to know and to experience the heavenly counsel and the will of God, he desires nothing else than Adam and

the evil spirit did.' Therefore it should control us, to feel ourselves and to appear only as reflections of Divinity until we become more. The Divine light which shines through us should not be extinguished or hidden under a bushel, but it should shine out, that it may warm and enlighten all who are around us. Then we feel a living fire in all our veins, and a higher consecration to the struggle of life. Even the smallest duties remind us of God, the earthly becomes godlike, the temporal eternal, and our whole life a life in God. God is not eternal Rest, God is eternal Life, and Angelus Silesius forgets this, when he says, God is without will.

> 'We pray, My Lord and God be ever done thy will,
> And lo! He has it not, he is forever still."

She listened to me without interrupting, and after a thoughtful pause she said: "To thy faith belongs health and vigor; but there are spirits weary of life, who long for peace and sleep, who feel themselves so alone, that, even when they fall asleep in God, they miss the world as little as the world misses them. To them it is an anticipation of divine peace when they can already sink wholly into the Godhead, and they can do so because no bond attaches them to the world, and no wish disturbs their heart but the wish for peace.

> 'Peace is the highest good, and were my God not peace,
> E'en to himself my eyes should close, my power of seeing cease.'

But thou art not just to the German theologian. He teaches, to be sure, the nothingness of the outward life, but still he would not have it annihilated. Read to me the twenty-eighth chapter."

I took the book and read, while she listened with closed eyes: —

"Now, when this union truly cometh to pass, and becometh established, the inward man standing henceforth immovable in this union; and God suffereth the outward man

to be moved hither and thither, from this to that, of such things as are necessary and right. So that the outward man saith in sincerity, 'I have no will to be or not to be, to live or die, to know or not to know, to do or to leave undone, and the like; but I am ready for all that is to be or ought to be, and obedient thereunto, whether I have to do or to suffer.' And thus the outward man hath no wherefore or purpose, but only to do his part to further the Eternal Will. For it is perceived of a truth, that the inward man shall stand immovable, and that it is needful for the outer man to be moved. And if the inward man have any wherefore in the actions of the outward man, he saith only that such things must be and ought to be as are ordained by the eternal will. And when God himself dwelleth in the man, it is thus as we plainly see in Christ. Moreover, where there is this union, which is the offspring of a divine light, and dwelleth in its beams, there is no spiritual pride or irreverent spirit, but boundless humility, and a lowly, broken heart; also an honest, blameless walk, justice, peace, content, and all that is of virtue, must needs be there. Where they are not, there is no right union, as we have said. For just as neither this thing nor that can bring about or further this union, so there is nothing which hath power to frustrate or hinder it, save the man himself with his self-will, that doeth him this great wrong. Of this be well assured."

"That is enough," said she, "and I think we understand each other now. In another place our unknown friend says yet more plainly, that no man is incapable of being moved before death, and that the godlike man is as a hand of God, which can do nothing of itself, but what God wills; or, as a house in which God dwells. And a man thus possessed by God feels it distinctly, but he does not speak of it, but preserves his life in God as a mystery of love. It is often in my mind like that silver poplar before my window. Now in the evening it is quite still, and not a leaf is stirring; but even when every leaf is waving and rocking in the morning

breeze, the trunk with its branches remains still and motionless; and when autumn comes, then all the foliage which once trembled in the breeze falls to the ground and withers, but the trunk waits for another spring."

She had plunged herself so deeply into this manner of life, that I did not wish to disturb her in it. It was only with difficulty that I could tear myself out of the enchanted circle of these thoughts, and I scarcely knew whether she had not chosen the better part which should not be taken from her, while we were having much care and trouble.

Thus each evening brought its new discourse, and with each evening a new view was opened to me into this inexhaustible mind. She had no mystery for me; her discourse was merely loud thinking and feeling, and what she said must have lived within her for years; for she gave out her thoughts as carelessly as a child, who has gathered her whole lap full of flowers, and then scatters them on the turf. I could not open my mind so freely to her, and this disturbed and oppressed me. And yet how few can do this! owing to the incessant falsehood which society imposes upon us, which is called custom, propriety, reflection, prudence, worldly wisdom, and with which we turn our whole lives into a masked ball, how few can, even if they would, win back again the full truth of their being! If love itself might only speak its own language, and keep its own silence, but that too must learn the stereotyped phrases of poets, and rave and sigh, and caress, instead of free greeting, looking at and giving one's self to another. I would rather have acknowledged it and said to her, "Thou dost not know me;" but I did not find the words that were exactly true. But before I parted from her, I gave her a volume of Arnold's Poems, which I had lately received, and begged her to read one, called "The Buried Life." This was my confession, and then I knelt by her couch and said, "Good night." "Good night," said she, laying one of her hands upon my forehead; and then there was a trembling through my whole person, and the

visions of childhood were awakened in my soul, and I could not move, and looked into the deep, impenetrable eyes until my soul was wholly overshadowed by the serene peace of hers. Then I arose and went home silently. And at night I dreamed of a silver poplar round which the winds were rushing; but no leaf was moving on its branches.

THE BURIED LIFE.

Light flows our war of mocking words, and yet,
Behold, my eyes with tears are wet.
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.
  Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
We know, we know that we can smile;
But there 's a something in this breast
To which thy light words bring no rest,
And thy gay smiles no anodyne.
  Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
And turn those limpid eyes on mine,
And let me read there, love, thy inmost soul.
  Alas! is even Love too weak
To unlock the heart, and let it speak?
And even lovers powerless to reveal
To one another what indeed they feel?
I knew the mass of men concealed,
Their thoughts, for fear that, if revealed,
They would by other men be met
By blank indifference, or with blame reproved;
I knew they lived and moved
Tricked in disguises, alien to the rest
Of men, and alien to themselves; — and yet
The same heart beats in every human breast.
But we, my love, — does a like spell benumb
Our hearts, our voices? must we, too, be dumb?
  Ah! well for us if even we,
Even for a moment, can yet free
Our heart, and have our lips unchained;
For that which seals them hath been deep ordained.
  Fate, which foresaw
How frivolous a baby man would be,

By what distractions he would be possessed,
How he would poor himself in every strife,
And well-nigh change his own identity, —
That it might keep from its capricious play
His genuine self, and force him to obey,
Even in his own despite, his being's law,
Bade through the deep recesses of our breast
The unregarded river of our life
Pursue with indiscernible flow its way;
And that we should not see
The buried stream, and seem to be
Eddying about in blind uncertainty,
Though driving on with it eternally.
But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life,
A thirst to spend our fire, and restless force,
In tracking out our true, original course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart that beats
So wild, so deep in us, to know
Whence our thoughts come, and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then delves,
But deep enough, alas! none ever mines:
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown on each, talent and power,
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves;
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our breast,
But they course on forever unexpressed.
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well, — but 't is not true.
And then we will no more be racked
With inward striving, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour,
Their stupefying power;
Ah, yes! and they benumb us at our call:
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depths upborne,
As from an infinitely distant land,

Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.
Only — but this is rare —
When a beloved hand is laid in ours;
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear;
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed, —
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again;
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze,
And there arrives a lull in the hot race,
Wherein he doth forever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, Rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.

(*To be continued.*)

"FORGETTING those things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Let the earnest spirit of the great Apostle be ours. Utterly renouncing all the evil habits and wrong affections of the past, and pressing forward with all the intensity of our being toward those high attainments which are still in advance of us, let us steadfastly pursue that ideal of perfection which becomes more and more divine in proportion to our spiritual progress. Still achieving from day to day some new conquest over our infirmities, let us ever keep in view the glorious prize of faithful effort, the final growth of the soul into "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

CLAIMS OF THE NEW CHURCH UPON UNITARIANS.

A FRAGMENT.*

So large a subject as the evidences for the truth and authority of that system of Christianity entitled the New Church by its adherents, but popularly known as Swedenborgianism, must not be expected to be discussed in these few pages. I am to confine myself now to the special claims which this system seems to me to have upon Unitarians, — claims which at least demand a candid hearing, though they should not win a cordial assent. The interest which the doctrines of the New Church have already excited among Unitarians is well known to have been deep and wide, in some cases leading to an open avowal of belief in these doctrines, in others simply modifying the opinions which they had previously held. And may we not reasonably infer from this, that there is some peculiar preparation in Unitarianism for the reception of New Church views, if not even some special affinity between the one and the other? Such an inference my own experience and observation have led me to make, and therefore I name it as the first of the reasons why the New Church has claims upon Unitarians.

1. Because it has so many points of *agreement* with them. It asserts, for example, as strenuously as they have asserted, the simple, undivided unity of God, in opposition to any tripersonality whatever. Hence, in the strict etymological meaning of the word, "Swedenborgians" are Unitarians. The writings of the New Church repeatedly declare, that the belief in a tripersonal God is and can be nothing less than tritheism, however earnestly such a term may be repudiated;

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* This article is from one of our most respected Unitarian preachers and scholars, and will not fail to interest the readers of the Magazine. It was originally read before an Association of Unitarian Ministers. — Ed.

and they insist that the foundation of true religion is, that God is one. It is true that these writings also affirm a trinity in the Divine nature. They represent that Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are names for three essential distinctions, or, as they phrase it, "three distinct essentials" in one Divine Person; comparing it to the trinity in *man*, of body, spirit, and the operation or action proceeding from these two. Love, Wisdom, and Power are other forms of expressing the same truth. That there is nothing in this doctrine repugnant to Unitarianism is sufficiently evident from the fact that many of late years who call themselves Unitarians have held views differing scarcely any, if at all, from these; though it is at the same time true, that the majority of the Unitarian denomination would probably object to what they would consider too mystical or philosophical a view of God. Again, there is an agreement between Unitarians and the New Church in the rejection of the doctrine of a vicarious atonement. Both alike believe that there was no Divine wrath to be appeased, or offended justice to be vindicated, by the death of Christ; that it was man, not God, who needed to be reconciled; that there is no obstacle but personal transgression to a full and entire pardon of the sinner; and both alike dissent from the Calvinism which lays such peculiar stress upon the death of the Saviour, as distinguished from his life. The New Church holds it to be strictly true, that man was made in the image of God, and that therefore justice in God must be the same quality as in man, only that in God it must be infinitely pure. Has anything been more comprehensively and admirably said by any Unitarian upon this subject, than the following passage which I find in a writer of the New Church? "Justice in man consists," says he, "not in enforcing to the utmost every demand which we may have against others, but in answering faithfully every demand which they may have upon us. So justice in the Lord consists, not in being 'extreme to mark what is done amiss,' and to levy punish-

ment for it, but in a readiness to do everything which Infinite Goodness can do for the benefit of his creatures, and to supply man with the means of salvation." Again, I find an agreement between the New Church and the Unitarians in that both put charity before faith, and emphatically renounce the doctrine of justification by faith alone. Against no error of the Church, perhaps, is Swedenborg so severe, as against this dogma. It is to him the very "abomination of desolation," — enough of itself to bring to destruction any church which should maintain it, — full of all manner of practical evils of the worst kind. And surely we shall agree with him, that whatever tends to degrade charity, or true love to our neighbor, is fatally opposed to all spiritual life. Once more, there is an essential accordance between the New Church and the Unitarian views of retribution. Both alike assert that retribution is never arbitrary or vindictive, but is the operation of certain fixed and irrevocable spiritual laws; that man makes his own hell or his own heaven, both here and hereafter; that there is no place of torment created for the purpose of future punishment, still less that there are any beings called devils who were *created* full of malice and wickedness; but that hell and heaven are spiritual states, not to be conceived as existing in any special locality; and none are now devils but those who were once men. The Lord makes every one just as happy as he is capable of being made without violation of his free will; and hell itself would exist no longer, if those who are in it were only *willing* to live the life of heaven. Such I understand to be the teaching of Swedenborg upon this vital subject. Is it not essentially in agreement with the doctrine of all who are called Liberal Christians? And can there be an agreement of a more practical character than this? But finally it should be noted, how close the affinity between these two Christian bodies in respect to what the New Church calls the Doctrine of Life. They equally regard a man's living as the test of his believing. They equally abhor all pre-

tended substitutes for a pure and holy life. They strikingly resemble each other in the approval of recreations and amusements and natural cheerfulness, as opposed to the asceticism which has so long been associated with the saintly character. Swedenborg's saints do not wear long faces, or speak in sepulchral tones, or refuse to mix with "worldly" people, or reject all worldly occupations. Far from it. "The life of religion is to do good," — that is one of the most prominent maxims of the New Church; and nowhere else, I believe, is it so consistently and uniformly maintained. The ritual of religion, the forms and ordinances of an outward service, are by no means undervalued in that communion; but they are distinctly and repeatedly declared to be subordinate to spiritual worship, — the allegiance and the homage manifested in daily life. The thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians is a marked anticipation of the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg.

2. But I must pass to the second division of my essay. No religious system can have claims upon the attention and investigation of those who stand outside of it *merely* on the ground of resemblances. These have been mentioned simply to show how much affinity already exists between Unitarians and the New Church, with the hope that this may lead to a more intimate acquaintance. Let it be said further, then, that the New Church seems to me to supply, as no other system can, some of the peculiar *deficiencies* of the Unitarian theology as generally recognized. Such a statement, of course, would have no influence upon those who do not admit that these deficiencies exist. But I have supposed that few religious bodies were more ready to make this admission than the Unitarians. They have not usually regarded themselves as having already attained to the full truth, but as inquirers after the truth; and the introspection, and self-criticism, and sensitiveness, which have been so characteristic of the denomination, encourage one to think that there is *peculiar openness* here for new and rational and

Scriptural doctrines. To illustrate this, let us take, for our first instance, the doctrine concerning Christ. If there are any among the Unitarians who are perfectly satisfied with that view of him which makes him to have been simply a remarkable "religious genius," — a man, and nothing more than man, — who, by his own innate spiritual force, rose to that unparalleled height which he now occupies in the thought of the world, — then indeed it were vain to point out to these the peculiar excellence of the New Church doctrine of the Lord. They who maintain the opinion here referred to occupy an entirely clear and intelligible ground. But we know that there are many minds among the Unitarians who reject this view most emphatically, as leading to rationalism and deism; and these minds, while they cannot accept an Orthodox Trinity or a Calvinistic Atonement, yet cling to the conviction that Christ is somehow *divine*. They cannot think him simply a man, however richly endowed. They find evidence in his life and in his Church, that he sustained a relation to the Father of Spirits such as no mere man ever did sustain. And if I should try to give utterance to the question which haunts some of these inquirers at the present time, it would be in such form as this: How can I believe, consistently, logically, Scripturally, in the Divinity of Christ, and yet not believe him to be "very God"? Where, in other words, shall the line be drawn between Divinity and Deity, — yet so as not to ascribe divinity to Christ in that inferior sense in which we call every being divine that proceeds from God. I know that some are impatient of "lines," and of all exactness. They consider it degrading the subject to define it. But should it not be the effort of every rational mind to use all language with as much precision as the case will allow? Can it be denied that clearness is better than confusion? And does not the reluctance to a more exact statement upon this great theme proceed sometimes from a fear of the logical consequences of pushing on the inquiry, or at least from an unjustifiable intel-

lectual indolence? It does seem to me a most unworthy fear, in the present age of the world, that piety or faith will suffer by the most scientific exactness which can be given to religious truths. Vagueness may have been *once* available for devotion; *now*, the more light, the more love. Now the Church of the New Jerusalem does, it seems to me, offer a solution of this great problem, which claims at least our most careful consideration. It affirms Jesus Christ to be the revealed God. Its doctrine is, that God in his interior essence and nature is unknowable and unapproachable, — no proper object of faith or worship; but that when the fulness of time had come, it pleased him to be incarnated in a human form, — to be born into our world as a man, in every respect; — that he could not, conformably to the conditions of humanity, be *at once* manifested in all his fulness; but *by degrees*, as the human became "glorified," the divine shone out more conspicuously, till, by the resurrection and ascension, the divine and the human were made entirely one. I aim here at the greatest conciseness of statement consistent with any tolerable clearness; for pages would not suffice to present the doctrine in so full a manner as to answer all the objections which at once come up. One only objection I wish to anticipate, — or rather let me say that this doctrine of the New Church does already anticipate and answer an objection made to the strict and proper divinity of Christ; namely, that, according to the obvious sense of the New Testament, Jesus speaks of the Father as a being distinct from himself and superior to himself. The fact is undeniable; the explanation of the New Church is, that the appearance of distinctness and subordination arose from the gradual nature of the process of "glorification." Jesus, while living in this world, spoke (sometimes, at least) as though he were not God; because the human nature, in which the Divine revealed itself, was not yet fully assimilated to the Divine, — was not yet (if I may so express it) pliant and expressive of God. When he said, "My Father is greater than I," he referred to this uncompleted union. When he said, "I and

my Father are one," he recognized the unity as complete and entire.

Leaving now this absolutely exhaustless subject, let me mention next a still more striking instance of a deficiency in the system called Unitarianism, which the New Church seems to me to supply. I refer to its absence of any pneumatology. Most Unitarians evidently have no definite belief in regard to angels and spirits, — whether clothed in flesh or unclothed, — and therefore no positive ideas concerning the nature of the life after death. What is more remarkable, they do not *care* to have any; they hold it to be only superstition and self-delusion which can pretend to any knowledge of the future world. A self-satisfied ignorance or unbelief I should not seek to invade; but there can be few who are not sometimes visited with longings for a clearer insight into the spiritual world, its laws and modes of existence. Swedenborg professes to unveil those laws. He professes to have "seen and heard" spirits in that world who once were inhabitants of this, and to have had authority from the Lord to declare what was thus heard and seen. Now there is one thing about these revelations which I wish to remind you of: that many persons have accepted them as substantially true, who were not prepared to admit Swedenborg's full claims as an interpreter of divine things. They accepted them because of their wonderful and beautiful accordance with the known laws and facts of our spiritual nature. What was professedly revealed by authority was seen by these persons intuitively; precisely as one who goes into a foreign country, and brings home an account of it, makes his account credible to us because we find by it that human nature is essentially the same there as here. The New Church does not in these respects contradict anything which Unitarians have taught; but it wonderfully supplies what they did not pretend to know. If it is still asked, "How do we know that these things are true?" my answer would be, "Read and understand." The more we read, the more shall we be convinced that Swedenborg, for some

specific purpose, was permitted to declare things hitherto unknown, relating to the spiritual life and the spiritual world. I am persuaded that one who should read his writings without any prejudice or prepossession would be amazed at the self-evident character of the knowledge they impart, and would feel that where he cannot understand, he must still defer to so wonderful a person, of whom we may almost say with reverence, "Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did."

Finally, — for I have only space to select here and there, — let me adduce one other instance of a deficiency in Unitarianism which is supplied by Swedenborg, namely, by his doctrine concerning the Scriptures. It will hardly be questioned that the tendency of the "Liberal school," so called, is to a depreciation of the strictly divine authority of the Bible, or of any part of it. Inspiration among most Unitarians has hardly any distinctive and pre-eminent meaning, as applied to the sacred volume; and the more conservative of the denomination seem to me sadly in want of some rational ground on which they can maintain themselves against a lapse into extreme naturalism. Between Andrews Norton and Theodore Parker I am unable to see any radical difference, so far as their views of the Scriptures are concerned. They agree with each other, and with hundreds, not to say thousands, of the "Liberal" body, in rejecting, almost with scorn, any thought of "plenary" or verbal inspiration. They therefore take away all that could justify us in calling the Bible strictly the Word of God. They leave us a book of more or less authentic history, poetry, prophecy, and ethics; but wholly inadequate to *settle* definitely any great questions of theology or religion. Far different is the New Church doctrine. It holds that those parts of the Bible which are truly *God's word* are known to be such by having an internal or spiritual sense beneath the letter; and that in some places, (particularly in the first eleven chapters of Genesis,) this spiritual sense

alone is intended to be conveyed, — the account of the creation, e. g., not being true in the literal sense, — not intended, therefore, to describe the natural creation, but only the spiritual. It does not deny that in other places a true history and valuable lessons of faith and life are given by the literal meaning of the sacred books; but it holds this quite subordinate to the deeper sense, which was intended not for Jew or Gentile alone, but for all time, — nay, for men in the spiritual world too. Swedenborg is indeed the authority for taking this view; but it is claimed that an enlightened reason also confirms it, and makes it indispensable to a true reconciliation of science and faith. I cannot pretend even to indicate the course of argument by which this is sustained. But allow me to quote here from one of the most learned, intelligent, and truly liberal men of the New Church, Dr. Wilkinson of London, who seems to me, in a few words, to have admirably put the case in regard to the Biblical critics: "If it be found that Christianity is the theory of the world; that the Divine Man is Lord of the sciences; that the Biblical revelation is the truth of truths, which opens a Shekinah of light to the later races more than to the first; that the Gospel alone can rule the nations with a rod of iron; — then the finding of this from age to age will sufficiently conserve the text against the stings of the Straussian school. The more so, because if their principles of criticism first, and faith afterwards, were admitted, the result must be atheistic confusion. For if, on account of what contradicts our notions of convenience in Scripture, the Bible be untrue, then for the same reason nature, being full of contradictory essences, tigers and lambs, men and vermin, is no work of God; but a single flea is enough to trip over the nature-textuary into the abysses of denial. The armor of these greatest truths is not, however, so ill-jointed as to let in such lances. It demands that the critic shall try his criticism by not only accounting for, but ruling, the world. If he cannot do these two things, his rack of texts proves as good as nothing."

RETURNING HOME.

A SERMON BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

LUKE xv. 18: — "I will arise and go to my Father."

THIS parable of the Prodigal Son sets forth by striking analogies a comprehensive and most attractive theology. It does not merely illustrate the nature and conditions of the Divine forgiveness, — a subject which comes home with painful questionings to every awakened mind. It does more. The whole history of our wanderings and returnings is here presented at one view. No one of any religious experience fails to see that experience here mirrored forth and touching a thousand chords of memory. The stages through which we pass, as we roam away from God and come home again, are all presented with singular distinctness, and in imagery ever dear to human affections. It is well that human nature and experience can be studied on a page so divinely illumined. We can understand, with this page before us, why our Lord spake in parables, instead of working out a system of dogmatic theology. His doctrines cannot now be so misunderstood, or so clouded with metaphysics, that we may not recover them at once. They live in the language of the heart, and in the language of our daily life, and in all the imagery of our homes and firesides. Following the order of the narrative, we will attempt nothing more than such plain exposition as shall evolve the simple truths it contains.

The first period in the prodigal's history is the time during which he lived at home. There and then were stored up in his mind the sweet remembrances of childhood, and all the hallowed associations of early affection. He tended his father's flocks, and drove them from pasture to pasture, innocent as the lambkins that gambolled before him over the hills. Such was the employment of the children of an

Eastern patriarch. The first years passed away pure as the naked skies above, and the fields that surrounded the place of home were clothed in the peaceful remembrances of that early innocence. How fit to represent our condition, ere any of our wanderings have begun! How does it correspond to that first period in every one's life, which glows far back in the domains of memory, when as yet there was no conscious and voluntary transgression of the Divine command! The child is at home in the Father's house. I do not mean to broach here any theory about human nature. I know very well that the seeds of depravity are with us at the beginning; but as yet they sleep undeveloped. And so we say that the child is at home in the Father's house; for heaven lies about him, and the faces of good angels look through his crystalline innocence.

Next comes the period of responsibility. "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." The period of his minority now closes, and he demands and receives his inheritance. This answers entirely to that epoch in man's spiritual life when he comes into full possession of his rational and moral powers, and uses them as his own. The child grows up and receives an earthly inheritance from his parent. We receive a spiritual heritage from the Great Parent of all, — these possessions of mind and heart and soul, this wealth of reason, affection, and moral power. At first the child acts under guardians, and they are responsible for his conduct. When manhood dawns, he is free; he acts for himself; his possessions are at his own disposal. So it is with our moral possessions. Others reason for us, and choose and act for us; but when reason and the power of choice are fully unfolded, they become ours. They are our Father's portion that falleth to us, our immortal inheritance for weal or woe.

Then the two great and solemn alternatives present themselves. How shall we use the goods that fall to us? How anxiously does the parent watch his child, to see how he

will use the worldly possessions he has given him! Will he put them to good account, and increase them tenfold, or will he squander them for his pleasures and amusements? Even so is the eye of the Great Parent on the child just coming into the free use and possession of his heaven-born faculties. Will this wealth of mind and heart, coined from the eternal reason and love, be sacredly used and increased, or squandered and cast ingloriously away?

Then comes the period of wrong choosing. There is a time when a man begins to sin, and it is when the first conscious and deliberate wrong choice is made; the first time, after the period of full responsibility, when we know the right and choose the wrong. This is the first step taken away from the Father's house. Unless we had taken another and another, we should remember that first step as an epoch in our being like that of the first sin which entered Paradise. It is when these powers, freshly received from the Divine Giver, are employed for selfish ends, and not devoted unto Him who gave them. This is wasting our substance. It is using this immortal heritage for ignoble purposes. The man who uses his powers for God finds that they enlarge and brighten in the using. The man who uses them merely for his own pleasure and appetite finds that they fall away in the using, and are soiled and wasted.

And how has he wandered now into a far country, and what dreary spaces lie between him and the God of his innocent years! How impressively, in the language of Scripture analogy, is the state of the blest described as being "nearness unto God," while that of the lost is described as being away from God, or travelling into a far country! The words of the hymn are the language of our inward experience: —

"My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!"

But sin is travelling away, where God and heaven are out of sight. The truths that dawned on our dreaming childhood fade out, for then God seemed near, and angels were with us. Now we are in a far country. And what a country! — where there is no God, no Father's voice, while a long tract lies between us and our innocent home.

Then comes the period of famine, for this far country is a land of famine. Yes, there is now famine in our natures, for a void is there which none but God can satisfy. A nature whose faculties are only used to accomplish narrow and worldly aims is starved of its highest good, and sends up through the consciousness intimations of its wrongs. For there is no want so deep-seated as that of purity and peace, and when all without is tranquil, and the earth is teeming with abundance, this is that hunger which is unappeased, and which cannot be satisfied by bread alone. It is evidence of man's divine origin, that, sinful and degraded as he may become, he is not content with his sin and degradation; that his higher nature, even then, will assert its prerogatives, and give him a sense of famine and desolation.

And then it is — to escape this inward sense of a starved and injured and baffled nature — that he has resort to corrupt and sensual pleasures. A necessity lies upon every one, that he become thoroughly spiritual or thoroughly carnal; that, if he will not return to his father's house, he wander among the swine-herds and eat of the husks that the swine do eat; that, if he will not rise to the communion of saints and angels, he sink into the lower pleasures and grovel in the stye of sensuality. Thus did the prodigal, though his better nature still claimed its own during the intervals of returning reason.

At one of these intervals, the Divine narrative says, "he came to himself." How significant is this language! As if his true self were that better mind within him, stored with the memories of his peaceful and happy home! He came to himself! So a man is not himself when he falls into sin.

He is beside himself, and he is restored to his true self when his better reason prevails and tells him of his divine nativity. And now his eye begins to measure back the way of his departure from his father's house. In want and wretchedness he thinks of what he is and what he was. How instinctively do his thoughts wander back to the place of his innocent home! The pastoral fields rise on his memory, over which he drove the flocks with tinkling bells. He thinks of his father's household, where he felt no wants and had no guilty recollections.

And now comes that decisive period in the history of every prodigal child. Will these tender recollections, these sweet voices of the memory, call him home, or will they come less often, and grow fainter and fainter, until finally they cease altogether. This is that crisis which comes at last to every one standing between the opposing forces of heaven and hell; false pleasures and gratifications luring him one way, and tender voices from within calling him another way. Which will he follow? If the latter, the strong and holy resolve is taken, the high and awful power of volition put forth in its energy: "I will arise and go to my father."

In the strength of this resolve he rises and goes. He travels back the dreary path of his wanderings, till the scenes of his innocent days are given back to his sight, the flocks in the pastures and the fields of waving corn, and, far beyond, his father's house reposing in a sunshine made softer both by distance and the magic of memory. He begins to muse with himself how he shall meet his wronged and offended father. But his father sees him a great way off, as he comes slowly up the hill. His father goes forth to meet him, his countenance lowering with anger. And he says to him: "I must have some satisfaction for my despised and violated authority. No repentance of yours can ever atone for all this. Unless thine elder and

innocent brother will stand forth and receive upon his head the punishment due to thee, I forbid thee ever to tread these happy fields again." And the elder brother comes forth on that pastoral scene, and the father's arm is lifted over him in wrath. — But what gloss is this? And what hideous spectacle ere comes in to mar the beauty of this pastoral scene? Go back and read again. The father sees him afar off, and he knows the step of his son. He does not wait till he comes up, but runs quick over the fields to meet him, and falls upon his neck to embrace and kiss his child! And the child, amid the memorials of his innocent years, weeps away his guilt in his father's embrace. He conceals nothing, but lays open his whole soul to that all-expiating love: "I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." And his father said, — not something about satisfaction, but — "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put rings on his hands, and shoes on his feet, for this my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

There are several terms quite current in the language of the religious world, which become technical or which pass into the provincialisms of sect, but which in this heaven-drawn picture of religious experience may be restored to their fresh and primitive meaning. Notwithstanding all the evils of the fall and our hereditary tendencies to sin, — and they are strong enough, — we yet learn from this map of human recessions and returnings that our first state is one of nearness to God; that in the period anterior to that of voluntary transgression we dwell with the Father. In that first period God is working within us when we know it not; and what impressions are made on the young heart afterwards to be revived in their freshness, — what states of innocence are induced upon us, which even after we have wandered away from God shall come out, painted on the canvas of the soul, and make us sigh for

something lost, and resolve to win it again! Of this first period it is not only poetically but religiously true, —

> "O tender germ, and full of heaven!
> Not in the twilight stars on high,
> Not in moist flowers of even,
> See we our God so nigh."

So that we do not start on life's journey from the city of Destruction, but from the city of God, and the memory of what we experienced before our departure out of it pleads with us persuasively, and perhaps wins us back again. Hence you find that those who become the most genuine Christians, that is, who become truly childlike again, are those in whom these states of innocence are revived, and who are called back to God by voices from the long past coming over the desert of years as from some pre-existent world of sunshine and peace. Those who become religious without these revived states and memories, who make all the past black and depraved, and infancy itself smitten with the curse of God, never become children again. They are bigoted men, morose and hard-featured, breathing the hot airs of noon, and never coming back again into the golden atmosphere of pastoral fields.

When the prodigal wandered away from God into a far country, we have seen his condition described as one of famine and want. Now this period answers precisely to that which we call *repentance*, — that sorrow and wretchedness of a sinful state which precedes conversion. That sorrow which we call repentance is not sorrow on account of the consequences of sin, but on account of the sinful state itself. It is the afflicting experience of the wretchedness of mere selfish gratifications, whence come longings and sighings after purity and holiness and rest with God. Then comes the holy resolve, "I will arise and go to my Father." This is *conversion*, for that means turning and changing our course; and here we see it is the point where the prodigal turned back towards his father's house. And he arose and

proceeded on his way. This, translated from the language of allegory to that of inward experience, is *spiritual progress.* Religious progress is spiritual travelling, and to know whether or not you are making that progress, you are to ask whether you are drawing nearer to God by passing into the state of infantile simplicity and innocence. We are making no true progress unless we are nearing the fields of childhood, or, in other words, becoming childlike. There the Father comes forth and meets the prodigal with a kiss of love. This is *forgiveness*, or reconciliation. You have its nature and conditions here set forth better than whole tomes of theology could describe it. Put into this narrative form, whole tomes of theology cannot obscure it. It is God and man meeting together again. Sinful man, through repentance and conversion, comes into the childlike state, — that of self-surrender; and there, and there alone, he meets the Father again, and leans on the bosom of his love. This is forgiveness, reconciliation, atonement, and this is the only mode of obtaining it. Then the prodigal is clothed in new apparel. This is the *new morality* of the sinner brought back to God. It is not an inward experience alone, but the most pure and perfect of Christian practice, — when the subjective states, repentance, conversion, spiritual progress, forgiveness, have their last manifestation in the most external life, which clothes the Christian's mind like an angel's robe. "I put on righteousness, and it clothed me, and justice was my robe and diadem." Last of all, the feasting, the music, and the dancing, — by which the *joys and satisfactions* of living with God are put in contrast with a life of sin; — living with God, and feeding on heavenly viands, with living away from God in that far country, and eating the food of swine. Let those who think that religion takes away their pleasures compare the prodigal now returned, clothed in the best robe and sitting amid festal splendors, with the prodigal starving among the swine-herds, and they will see how Christ contrasts the

joys of the religious experience with the dreary pleasures of sin.

You have now, I think, the whole experience of man wandering and returning traced before you as upon a map, a pilgrim's progress written by a Divine hand. The state of infancy, or the starting-point of our pilgrimage, — the departure away from God, — the repentance, — the conversion, — the spiritual progression that follows, — the atonement, or God and man meeting again, — the new outward life, and the joys of the new experience at home with God again; — here is an all-comprehending and all-sufficing theology. Here are the truths that hang in silvery clusters on the thread of this divinely-written narrative. Are there none of you who are yet in that land of want and famine, and who have never put forth decisively the awful power of volition in that high resolve, "I will arise and go to my Father"? And are there no voices that call thee back; no remembered tones of a Father's spirit that has been grieved away; no remorse for perverted and wasted powers; no fading ideals of purity and innocence that make thee sigh for peace with God; no images that throng down from the hills of life's morning-land, and make thee long to be an innocent child again in thy Father's home, — like the man who, reposing on the field of strife during the truce of battle, went back in his visions to the scenes of pastoral innocence and peace?

> "I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
> In life's morning march when my bosom was young,
> I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
> And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung."

THE BIPASCHAL THEORY IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

DURING a course of more than twelve years of service as teacher of a Sunday-school Bible-class, I was often led to remark, that if we considered Jesus in his *human* form to have been governed by all physical laws, "like as we are," then, viewing him in all his journeyings, discourses, and deeds through the medium of the Bipaschal theory, he was the most overtasked of *mortals*. On mentioning my difficulty to our pastor, he seemed to think my objection of little force, because Carpenter's Dissertations had long since settled the point, and the Divinity School at Cambridge yielded obedience to Carpenter's authority; nevertheless, having greater geographical aids than were at Carpenter's command when he wrote his "Dissertations," I determined to set out with my class, and travel in the *known* footsteps of Jesus from Nazareth, whence he departed in the middle of January, in the year 29, to be baptized of John, January 20 of the same year, till we should arrive with him on Calvary, the 7th of April in the year 30. For our *general* guide in the succession of events we took Carpenter's Harmony, and for distances we used Dr. Robinson's Maps of Palestine.

Thus prepared, we left Nazareth for the scene of baptism, near Jericho, thence we went into the desert, then to West Bethsaida, to Cana, and to Capernaum. Thence we went to the first Passover, March 19, visited the hill country, went to Sychar, and continued on to Cana. Again we turned southward to Jerusalem, to the Feast of Pentecost, May 8, and then passed through Samaria to Nazareth. After spending several months in and about Capernaum, during the hot season and harvest time, we departed for Jerusalem to the Feast of the Tabernacles, September 13. We then returned to Capernaum, and after making our first circuit of Galilee, and hearing the Sermon on the Mount,

we again arrived at Capernaum. We next went with Jesus to Nain, thence to Magdala, and crossed the Sea of Galilee to Gadara. Recrossing to Capernaum, we set off on the second circuit of Galilee, and returned to Nain, where we paused, while he sent out the Twelve through Galilee, and the Seventy through the Peræa. In their absence, we visited with him Mary and Martha at Bethany, and returned to Galilee. Again we went to Jerusalem to the Feast of the Dedication, November 26, and then retired to Bethabara. We next attended him to the raising of Lazarus at Bethany, and then stayed several weeks at Ephraim. Returning to Capernaum, we thence proceeded to Nazareth. We then journeyed round the north of the Sea of Galilee to East Bethsaida, and saw the five thousand fed. Thence recrossing to Magdala and Capernaum, we set out on the third circuit of Galilee; and as Herod was then at Tiberias, we kept far to the north, round Lake Huleh or Merom, and came down to the neighborhood of East Bethsaida, and saw the four thousand fed.

Thence we passed northward toward Cesarea Philippi, and spent the night on the Mount of the Transfiguration. We then returned to Capernaum, and starting thence, we kept well to the west, to avoid Tiberias, and entered into Samaria; but being repulsed, we turned eastward to Scythopolis, crossed into the Peræa, and continuing on to Bethabara, we recrossed the Jordan, passed through Jericho, and reached Zaccheus's house on Friday afternoon of the 31st of March, in the year 30. After spending the Sabbath there, we arrived at Bethany on Saturday evening, triumphantly entered Jerusalem April 2d, and, passing to and fro between Jerusalem and Bethany till Thursday, we followed him finally to his crucifixion, on Friday, April 7, A. D. 30.

Now the sites of some of these places are unknown, and those of many others are doubtful, and in such instances we have taken the probable sites. The relative distances, as

given by different authorities, differ so much as to afford but little foundation for a reliable calculation. In most cases, therefore, we have taken air-lines, and (as the roads of Palestine are very tortuous, being mere camel-paths) if we add one third to the air-line distance, we shall have an amount sufficiently exact for our rough calculation; for it must be distinctly understood, that we pretend to no mathematical precision in these data, but simply offer them as a rude approximation to a fact, which may give to those who possess greater Biblical and geographical lore, and more leisure for research than we are favored with, a new view-point from which to test the Bipaschal theory. It must also be remembered, that a vast amount of travel and unrecorded deeds may be concealed in the phrases, "He went into all the villages round about," — "into all the regions round about," — "He went about doing good," &c.; all of which we have excluded, as beyond the reach of our "air-line."

The sum of this travel, thus rudely sketched, is about 1,895 miles, by air-line measurement; if one third of this sum be added to it, as an allowance for winding roads, we have 2,526.

During the period of 447 days, included between the 15th of January, A. D. 29, and the 7th of April, A. D. 30, Jesus did not travel on 328 days. Only 119 days then are left, during which Jesus walked 2,526 miles, or at the rate of over 21 miles a day. This is very nearly the average of horse or camel travel per day in the East.

In the journeyings and teachings and visits of Jesus, we see not the slightest evidence of hurry or want of time, and no mention is made of his riding during his ministry, except in the solitary instance of his triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, and that instance was a ride of but two and a half miles. His means of passing from place to place seem to have been those of an ordinary mortal pedestrian, up to the period of his resurrection.

This rate of travel does not seem to trouble Carpenter,

for on the 25th page of his Harmony he makes Jesus travel at the rate of 18 miles a day, during five successive days; and on the 53d page of his "Structure of the First Three Gospels," he intimates that everything which Jesus did might have been done while travelling at that speed. Perhaps it might; but we question whether any being using merely mortal powers (and we see no exertion of supernatural powers in any movement of mere travel previously to the resurrection) could have so travelled and taught and worked. We see no great force in the objection to all theories, excepting that of the Bipaschal, that the four great feasts are each mentioned but once. Because an event has not been recorded, it does not follow that it never took place. Once it is related that Jesus went up alone and in secret to a Feast of the Tabernacles. Again, when the Twelve were making a circuit of Galilee, and the Seventy were to do a similar work in the Peræa, Jesus made a journey alone to Bethany. May not there have been other visits wholly unrecorded? Many intimations are given, that but a small part of the acts of Jesus is recorded, without calling to our aid the questioned text from John, that, if *all* had been recorded, the world could not have contained them. Be this as it may, our simple point is this: Is the Bipaschal theory tenable, upon the supposition that Jesus worked about 119 days, while travelling at the rate of 21 miles a day?

LITTLE CLARA.

Little Clara came to us when almost a baby, and there was so much, both in her history and her nature, to appeal to our hearts, that she soon became as one of our own children. We meant to treat her as we would our other little ones, and exercise what people call "a strict impartiality." A resolve very easy to take! but we very soon found that she

was so unlike any of our others, that it was vain to think of subjecting her to the same discipline. Sometimes she was all fire and passion, sometimes all penitence and docility; intractable as a young catamount, or mild and gentle as a lamb. A line of ancestry unlike each other as could well be imagined had sent down their streams of being, and they had met and got strangely mixed up in our poor little Clara.

I studied her day and night. It takes longer to understand another person's child than your own, for the two natures do not ray into each other so perfectly. Deep, rich veins soon discovered themselves in the child's being. I watched, in silence, their spontaneous evolution. I had given her the first lessons of the Catechism, such as that God made all things, the sun, the moon, and the stars. She hated work herself, and her first remark, made evidently in entire sincerity, was, "I am very sorry God has so much to do." But a few evenings afterward she stood at the west window, with her forehead against the pane, watching the changing glories of the sky as they shaded off into twilight. By and by the first star faintly twinkled, like a diamond point, and she sprang to me with a bound that shook her bright curls over her face, "Come, Aunty, quick! God has just begun to make the stars!" The child had got the notion that God made a new set of them every night, and then put them away. After all, I thought she was right, and that she had got quite as near as the philosophers to the truth that God is always creating. This love of beauty became a passion. She would almost bound out of the carriage, shouting, "Anemones! anemones!" as they whirled by us on the wayside. And then there was another trait that needed all our watch and tenderness. There were sensibilities in the child liable to be wrung to torture by tales of suffering or the tragic of any kind. Clever people would lend her books that made her miserable for days. A kind neighbor, with the best intentions, used to lend her tracts, hoping to be a means of the child's conversion, or at least

of breaking up her fiery temper and iron will. I did not read them over, as I should, though I knew that death-bed scenes were a sort of machinery which those tracts employed for this purpose. There is room for an honest difference of opinion on this subject, but I know that our good neighbor would not have dealt thus with poor Clara if she had understood her nature.

We had been sitting around the table, the children with their books, until bedtime. When I put little Clara into her trundle, there was a quiver of the lip and an anguish of countenance, such as I never saw in a child's face before.

"What ails my darling?"

"Nothing, Aunty, but I must die."

"We must all die, my child. Now say your little prayer."

"I can't. Won't you ask God to excuse me?"

"O, if you don't feel like it, you need n't. Go to sleep, now, be a good child, and be happy."

I kissed her and left her, supposing she would drop to sleep. I left open the chamber door. I had hardly reached the sitting-room when a cry broke from the chamber which thrilled me through.

"I've got to die! I've got to die!"

I went up and soothed her, but it only subsided into sobs. I took up the tract she had been reading. It was a description of a wicked and disobedient girl, who died early, and was (perhaps) hopefully converted at the last hour. Some would have thought this impression healthful and right, and to be followed up in the same line. I did not think so. Of all things, I had avoided frightening my children about death, and I would not now begin with poor, sensitive Clara. I took her by the hand, and told her the following stories: —

"You know our good friend, Aunt Mary Hartwell, who lives up the street. She has just returned from the burial of her little niece, Josephine, and she told me all about her death. Josephine was a good girl, though by no means per-

fect. She lost her mother four or five years ago, just as you did yours, and had to get along without her. But poor Josephine sickened, and they knew she must leave this world. 'You are not afraid to die, are you?' said her aunt. 'I do not think I should be,' said Josephine, 'if I could put my hand in mother's and be led along.' Some hours after this she breathed her last. They composed her features and were looking on the lifeless form. Presently the features lighted up again, yea, kindled into an angelic beauty, the eyes opened and brightened as never before, and she exclaimed, 'I see my mother! I see my mother!' and then she sank away again to the last sleep."

"*Did* she see her mother?" asked Clara, wiping her tears.

"I give you the facts, my dear, exactly as I had them from Aunt Hartwell."

I knew this was all true, and avoided mixing up any theories with it, thinking that the child would probably do that better than I should. Then I told her the following, which I remembered reading some time before in an old number of the New Jerusalem Magazine: —

"There was a mother watching over her baby, sick of a dangerous disease. It was midnight, she was exhausted and sank back in her chair and slept, or thought she did. And then she saw two women, white-robed, with goodness in their features come and take up the child and carry it away. As they left, one of the women waved her hand towards the mother as saying, 'Don't be troubled; we 'll take the best care of your baby,' — at which the mother suddenly started up and looked into the cradle. A little corpse was there, but her baby was gone."

"Why, that's the picture that hangs up in the parlor," said Clara, forgetting her sorrow.

"Something like it, my darling, but not the same. In the picture there is only one angel, and he has wings. The good angel-women had no wings, and there were two of them."

"Was that all real?" said Clara, her face brightening up.

"It sets forth the greatest realities, child; for you remember the text on which these stories, after all, are but a feeble comment, 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is heaven.'"

I was not mistaken in the influence which these better views of death had upon the dear child. She went quietly to sleep, but she did not forget what I told her, and I do believe it sank down into her fiery nature like a balm out of Gilead. It is a terrible thing to frighten children even to make them good, and especially *such* children. A careless word, or a book carelessly thrown in their way, may cause them an anguish we little dream of, and even bring a death-shadow over their existence. Study their natures and susceptibilities, and lead them by what is simply true and best adapted to their state.

AUNT LIZZIE.

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

BY NETTIE.

A LITTLE child, with eyelids closed
As if in slumber she reposed
  And sweetly took her rest,
Lay, with white rose-buds round her head,
A coffin for her cradle bed, —
  Hands folded on her breast.

Beside the dead, another child
Stood gazing wonderingly, and smiled,
  Then kissed the sleeper's brow.
She started back! it was so cold,
But smiling still, said, "Mamma told
  She be an angel now."

And then, with simple faith, the child
(Who while three summers' suns had smiled
  In childhood's path had trod)
Again more fondly kissed the dead,
And soft, and low, and trusting, said,
  "*Please give my love to* GOD."

RANDOM READINGS.

MRS. HUNKER.

We had the honor not long since of being introduced to this distinguished lady; and as we travelled in her company some hundreds of miles, we made considerable progress in our acquaintance with her. Our introduction to her was on this wise. We were travelling through a most beautiful region, where the eye was feasted on the glories of wheat-fields, woods, thriving villages, and prairies, that only dissolved from the view on the far distant horizon. Any one who has tried the experiment may have discovered that to breathe one's breath over half a dozen times is not edifying; much less to breathe over the air which tobacco-eaters and whiskey-drinkers have extracted the oxygen from, and supplied in the place thereof with their own nitrogen and carbonic acid gas. We had got by a car window, and established a small but most delicious communication between our lungs and out-doors, and were getting cured of the awful sickness that had come over us, and enjoying to the full the shifting scenery that whirled by us. The cars stop.

Enter Mrs. H. She has a commanding air, and walks a queen, followed by her niece, Celestia Matilda. "Will you have the kindness, sir, to let us have this seat. I would like to sit with my friend?"

Mrs. H. and Celestia Matilda take the vacated seat. Mrs. H. reverses the next seat and lays her shawl upon one end, and Celestia Matilda puts her satchel upon the other. The window is shut down close. Both ladies put their feet on the edge of the seat opposite, and go to reading the Atlantic, and something else, which might have been the Young Lady's Guide to True Felicity, or the Star-Spangled Bride, done in paper covers.

We looked round despairingly, as every window in the car was now tenanted, and communication with out-doors was cut off. We squeezed in, however, beside a gentleman from the Emerald Isle. Patrick was effluent of tobacco-juice, whiskey-fumes, and such like, and was in very communicative mood. He wanted to know "what coontree we had come to?" and "what was the name of the place

outside of it?" and other little interesting items of the sort, which such gentlemen in search of useful knowledge are anxious to get. We satisfied his thirsting mind as politely as we could, and relapsed into a study of our neighbors, the new-comers, who sat directly before us.

The cars stop again. The conductor puts his benevolent face through the open door. By the way, conductors are the most accomplished gentlemen one meets with. They must be carefully selected, or else there must be something in their vocation — which is to promote peoples' comfort — to improve the manners and the heart.

"Passengers for Washington change cars!"

There was a general scramble, during which Mrs. H. and Celestia Matilda disappeared in the crowd. I hate a crowd. The idea of being mixed up among hoops, or squeezed between a fat man and the door, is repulsive; so I waited and went on leisurely, following the human wake into the waiting car. Alas for the dangers of delay! Every seat was occupied. Mrs. H. was there, and Celestia Matilda was there. Mrs. H., however, was not now "sitting with her friend." She was filling a whole seat, keeping close to the aisle, and with large and expansive capabilities spreading her skirts clean to the other end. Celestia Matilda had not quite so much power of enlargement, but she contrived, nevertheless, to extend over a whole seat the doctrine of squatter sovereignty. With her shawl and satchel and the Young Lady's Guide to True Felicity, as substitutes and vicegerents, she filled up that part of the seat over which she was not able *in propria persona* to expand. Three gentlemen were standing in the aisle, — myself among them, — all three of us decent-looking and well-behaved, except that, being jerked forward at the rate of thirty miles an hour, we reeled to and fro, and I presume were regarded by Mrs. H. and Celestia Matilda as men of unsteady habits, who were to be kept at a distance. Any way they ignored us. The new conductor came along, and I was encouraged by the suavity of his benevolent face.

"Tickets, gentlemen!"

As I lurched against him in producing mine, I pointed out to him the new application of squatter sovereignty, and suggested the inquiry, whether the Young Lady's Guide to True Felicity had paid for its seat. He looked blank a moment, but passed on in silence, evidently wanting to say, "I would help you if I could, gentlemen,

but this is a hopeless case." Thirty-eight miles of standing martyrdom, and then we parted with Mrs. H. and Celestia Matilda, and the Young Lady's Guide to True Felicity, perhaps for ever, though, alas! we fear not. S.

SPONTANEOUS SPIRITUALISM. — MR. OWEN'S BOOK.

It is claimed that there are from three to four millions of believers in the "manifestations" called Spiritualism. We have read some thousands of pages of its literature, and, with rare exceptions, it sets with strong current down into the dreary ocean of Pantheism.

But there are two kinds of manifestations. There are those which are invoked and sought after as legitimate means of intercourse between the natural world and the spiritual. This is the modern necromancy, and its results, we think, must be uniform with the necromancies of all climes and ages. Whoever seeks the guidance of spirits must find such as are congenial with his present state of mind, or at least are down on the level where he stands. Good angels do not accept of such open guidance, nor come at our call for it. They do not seek to move us through our feeble and timid senses; but the influence from their sphere is through the conscience, the reason, and the heart, building us up within through the strength and illumination of our own rational powers, just in the degree that we obey the Divine commandments. And within all other healthful influence is the Lord and his Word, drawing us upward ever into higher realms of truth and goodness, through self-denials and renunciations; while necromancy can approach us on the side of our lust, our pride, and our fear, and flood us with infernal sorceries and delusions.

But there is another kind of spiritualism, — that which comes unsought and in the Providence of God, and whose facts must be accepted, and, like all other facts, arranged under the laws of the universe. This has always been in the world, and been acknowledged more or less as among the recognized means of the Divine operations. It includes the phenomena which occur on the border between the spiritual world and the natural, and where the continual action of the former upon the latter sometimes comes into sight.

This is the class of facts treated of in Mr. Owen's late work, "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World." Mr. Owen selects

only such facts as must be received according to the rigid rules of historical evidence, ruling out, with a lawyer's scrutiny, all others which may be the result of human credulity or imagination. Reject these well-attested facts, he argues, and history has no longer any foundation as a science. You do not know that St. Paul ever lived, or that Warren fell at Bunker Hill. Receive them, and they are important contributions both to psychological and theological science.

It is curious to observe that more than one half of the intelligent people you meet with are believers in this class of spirit-phenomena, and will tell you of something within their personal knowledge and experience that confirms it, though they generally put it in a parenthesis, as of something not to be spoken of, lest they should incur the imputation of being credulous. Sir Walter Scott wrote his History of Demonology and Witchcraft, putting on bravely the air of incredulity, suggesting explanations by natural laws, and leaving on the discerning reader the impression that he did not believe his own explanations.

Mr. Owen has been converted by these phenomena to a belief in the immortality of the soul, and to certain views of the life after death. He thinks they establish the doctrine held by the primitive Church, and now held by the New Church, that the first state after death is neither heaven nor hell, but very much like the present state, where good and evil still mingle together. But his facts are too few to form the basis of a pneumatology. They are only suggestive and confirmatory of other evidence. But they alarm the theologians, and lead them to reflect, that, while they are busy with their speculations, these themes may be taken out of their hands and settled by the inductive method before they are aware of it. Mr. Owen treats his facts in a philosophical spirit, avoiding the extremes of credulity and dogged Sadduceeism. We condense a single one of his narratives. It comes not under the department of Spiritualism, but of psychological laws. It is one of a great number on which Mr. Owen bases his inductions. Our readers can judge from it the drift of a book which is having a large circulation, and the kind of evidence through which some who reject revelation come, nevertheless, to the belief of a Providence and a spiritual world. Better, so we should say, than not to believe at all; but where is the regenerating power, without the central fact of the Divine incarnation in the living Christ?

And how can people who accept such facts as these reject those of the New Testament? S.

THE RESCUE.

Mr. Robert Bruce, of Scotch descent, was in 1828 first mate on a barque trading between Liverpool and St. John's, New Brunswick. After being five or six weeks at sea, he sees a man in the captain's cabin writing on a slate. He approaches him, and is amazed to find on the ship a total stranger, looking at him with fixed gaze and in grave silence. He rushes alarmed upon deck.

"Why, Mr. Bruce, what in the world is the matter with you?" asked the captain.

"The matter, sir! Who is that at your desk?"

"No one that I know of."

Bruce protests that he saw a stranger there in the plainest daylight. The captain and Bruce go down together into the cabin, but the man has disappeared. The whole ship is searched, but the stranger cannot be found.

"I told you, Mr. Bruce, you had been dreaming."

"It 's very well to say so, sir; but if I did n't see that man writing on your slate, may I never see my home and family again."

"O, writing on a slate. Then it must be there still." And the captain took it up.

"Sure enough! — STEER TO THE NOR'WEST."

They tacked and steered to the northwest, to see what would come of it, and in three hours came to a ship wrecked and frozen to the ice, and the crew perishing.

They rescue the sufferers, and as the third boat is coming up with them, the mate, Mr. Bruce, catching the glimpse of a man's face in it, starts back in consternation.

"There 's the man, captain, I saw writing at your desk. I could swear to it in a court of justice."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bruce, this gets more and more singular. Let 's go and see this man."

After some preliminary conversation, they ask him to write a few words on the slate. They handed him the slate with the blank side up.

"Suppose you write, 'Steer to the Nor'west.'"

The stranger complies, and the captain takes the slate, steps aside, and reverses it.

"Is that your handwriting?"

"Of course, — you saw me write it."

"And this?" turning the other side.

"What is the meaning of this? I only wrote one of these. Who wrote the other?"

"That's more than I can tell you. My mate tells me that you wrote it, sitting at my desk, at noon to-day.

The captain of the wreck and the mysterious man exchange knowing glances.

"This whole thing," rejoined finally the captain of the wreck, "is most mysterious and extraordinary, and I had intended to speak to you about it as soon as we got a little quiet. This gentleman," pointing to the other man, "being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed such, some time before noon. After an hour or two he woke, and said to me, 'Captain, we shall be relieved this very day.' When I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he replied that he had dreamed that he was on board a barque, and that she was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig, and to our utter astonishment, when your vessel hove in sight, she corresponded exactly to his description of her."

"It is very strange," added the man. "Everything here on board seems to me quite familiar. Yet I am very sure I never was in your vessel before."

They come very naturally to the conclusion that Providence had interposed to save them from a hopeless fate, and look upon the event with religious gratitude and awe.

"The above," Mr. Owen adds, "was communicated to me by Captain J. S. Clarke, who allowed me to use his name, who had it from Bruce himself, 'as truthful and straightforward a man,' says Captain Clarke, 'as ever I met in all my life. I'd stake my life upon it that he told me no lie.'"

THE CHILD OF JAMES MELVILLE.

Born July 9, 1586. Died about January, 1588.

ONE time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
Contending still with men untaught and wild,
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer gift my precious flower was given;
A very summer fragrance was its life;
Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven,
When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

With unformed laughter musically sweet,
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss!
With outstretched arms its care-wrought father greet:
O, in the desert what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart;
A few short months, — else toilsome all and sad;
But that home solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

Alas! my pretty bud scarce formed was dying, —
The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night, —
And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
Took gently home the child of my delight.

Not rudely called, not suddenly it perished,
But gradually faded from our love away!
As if still, secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day!

My blessed Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly he sued me for his own;
So beautiful he made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done!

And daily to my board, at noon and even,
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,
Gazing the while on death without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid,
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made, —
Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeemed!

There were two milk-white doves my wife had nourished;
And I too loved, erewhile, at times to stand,
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand.

So tame they grew that, to his table flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest;
And, to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in and nestled in his breast.

'T was a fair sight, — the snow-pale infant sleeping,
So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild,
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping:
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child!

Still, as he sickened, seemed the doves too dwining,
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away.

His mother found it, when she rose sad-hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill;
And when, at last, the little spirit parted,
The dove died too, as if of its heart's chill!

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo;
To my dead child and its dead mate then guiding,
Most pitifully plained, and parted too!

'T was my first "hansel" * and "propine" † to Heaven;
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod —
Precious His comforts — once an infant given,
And offered with two turtle-doves to God!

MRS. A. STUART MENTEATH.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S JOURNAL.

IT gives us great pleasure to inform our readers, as a friend intimates we might well have done before, that the very interesting paper upon *La Sœur Rosalie*, to which we called attention in our last number, was copied into "The Living Age" from "The Englishman's Journal." A periodical which has supplied so interesting a memoir certainly deserves to be well known on both sides of the water, amongst the women and the men too of America, as well as of

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* Present. † Earnest, pledge.

England. We find amongst the list of famous women, whose stories are told in this periodical, the name of *Rachel*, and cannot help asking, Why write of her? Why not keep silence about her, if we must apply the rule, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum"?

Whilst we have upon our minds the duties and opportunities of women, we are moved to set down the accompanying record of Church doings in the olden time. "Women's Rights" have been understood, it seems, before our day. Would n't it be well to restore the ancient custom alluded to in what we are about to quote? Certainly the outside attendance at conventions and the like is very largely from (shall we say?) the more religious sex.

"WOMEN PRESENT AT THE GREAT COUNCIL OF BECANCELD, A. D. 694.

"A great council (for so it is titled) was held at Becanceld (supposed to be Beckenham in Kent) by Withred, king of Kent, and Bertuald, Archbishop of Britain, so called therein (understand him of Canterbury), wherein many things were concluded in favor of the Church. Five Kentish abbesses, namely, Mildred, Ethelred, Æte, Wilnolde, and Hereswide, were not only present, but subscribed their names and crosses to the constitutions concluded therein. And we may observe, that their subscriptions are not only placed before and above all presbyters, but also above Botred, a bishop (but of what diocess not specified), present in this great council. It seems it was the courtesy of England to allow the upper hand to the weaker sex, as in their sitting, so in their subscriptions."

This record is taken from "The Church History of Britain, from the Birth of Jesus Christ until the Year 1648, endeavored by Thomas Fuller, D. D., Prebendary of Sarum," and if our readers find time to read any save muslin-covered books, we most heartily commend to them the work of one whose genius enabled him to illumine the driest details, and who had enough homely common sense to redeem a legion of pedants. E.

SEWING MACHINES AND SEWING WOMEN.

We are glad to learn from the report of the Needlewoman's Friend Society in this city, that sewing machines have not seriously interfered with the occupations and the receipts of those who live by their needles. We are not sure that it will not prove to be the case

in regard to this as to other inventions, that the demand for human brains and human muscles is even stimulated by the abundance of machinery. Somehow labor is found to be a blessing as well as a curse, and when plain work is disposed of, ornamentation begins. Indeed, it is sometimes a little provoking to find that the leisure procured by the help of a sewing machine is forthwith appropriated to putting in two stitches where one would have served, or where not even one was needed. There have, however, been some cases of suffering through the loss of work and wages amongst those who have been accustomed to earn their bread by sewing, and there are two ways of meeting the necessities of the times in this matter. 1. Be sure that all who are taught to sew at all, are taught to do it in a superior manner; there is still a lively demand for accomplished seamstresses, and many a girl who is unfitting herself for usefulness in our public schools by acquiring a smattering of what to her will be useless knowledge, might be prepared for a life of independence and honor, whether as matron or as maid, by a little old-fashioned training in needlework and general household offices. Skilful labor always commands a very high price. We have brains in abundance, and we have "hands" (as they are significantly called) in abundance; but hands guided by brains, or by so much as a tolerable measure of animal sagacity, are sometimes not to be had for love or money. 2. If you find a woman who has been put out of employment by sewing machines, put her in again by heading a subscription to aid her in purchasing one, instead of doling her out "groceries," or planning for her unprofitable work.

We are glad to find that these wonderful and admirable inventions are to be bought now at comparatively moderate prices, and as we are so fortunate as to own a very good one (not a gift), we can all the more freely direct attention to the advertisements of one and another machine to be found in the business sheet of our journal, — a place, we may add, where such announcements may well be found, inasmuch as many of our readers are clergymen, and the wives of clergymen, being almost colleagues of their husbands, cannot be very busy seamstresses after the old way. E.

"LITTLE CLARA."

An incident in the sketch of Aunt Lizzie reminds us of the following lines of Willis, beautifully confirming the truthfulness of the incident: —

"She had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve.
Presently in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and, putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively, —
'Father, dear father, God has made a star!'"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Napoleon III. in Italy, and other Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. New York: C. S. Francis. — Two sentiments inspire Mrs. Browning, — unbounded admiration of the Emperor, and fervent love of Italy. We pardon the former from sympathy with the latter, as we follow the "rhythmic march" of her verses, grand as the tramp of armies. She cannot make us forget the stains of perjury and murder that cleave to her hero, and which "the poet's chrism, which smells beyond the priest's," will not avail to expiate. But her love of liberty is deep and stirring, and even her "curse for a nation" — meaning our slave republic — for its sins against human rights, we receive as it was intended, and as is richly deserved.

The following is her description of the rising of Italy against the Austrian slayers: —

"Out of the dust, where they ground them,
Out of the holes, where they dogged them,

Out of the hulks, where they wound them,
In iron, tortured and flogged them;
Out of the streets, where they chased them,
Taxed them and then bayonetted them —
Out of the homes, where they spied on them,
(Using their daughters and wives,)
Out of the church, where they fretted them,
Rotted their souls and debased them,
Trained them to answer with knives,
Then cursed them all at their prayers! —
Out of cold lands not theirs,
Where they exiled them, starved them, lied on them;
Back they come like a wind, in vain
Cramped up in the hills, that roars its road
The stronger into the open plain;
Or like a fire that burns the hotter
And longer for the crust of cinder,
Serving better the ends of the potter;
Or like a restrained word of God,
Fulfilling itself with what seems to hinder,
'Emperor
Evermore.'"

The Biblical Reason why: a Family Guide to Scripture Readings, and a Hand-Book for Biblical Students. New York: Dick and Fitzgerald. 8vo. — This is a commentary on the Old and New Testaments, by way of question and answer, with woodcuts illustrating manners and customs, geography and natural history. It embodies in small space much valuable information important to a right understanding of the mere externals of the Divine Word. Its interior contents it does not touch. It professes to be clear of all sectarian dogmas. It aims to be a popular hand-book for the unlearned reader of the Bible, but it cannot supply the place of a good textual commentary. S.

The Barefooted Maiden: a Tale. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by ELIZA BUCKMINSTER LEE. Illustrated. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Company. 1860. — "Little Barefoot," as she should be called, is a most fascinating creation, and her story is told in an altogether charming manner. The picture is taken from the humblest life, the scene is laid in an ordinary Ger-

man village, the *dramatis personæ* are peasants of a higher or lower grade, and we should add paupers, were we not stayed by that brave word of little Amrie's, "I take no gifts!" but the beauty and the glory of our humanity are here, encompassed by lowliness, and yet all the more able to move our hearts. The book, without making a profession of religion, is religious, — moral, too, without moralizing, — and withal a charming combination of the real and the ideal, of hard, grasping, mean, grinding village life, under iron conditions, and of that faith and knowledge and sweetness — the gifts of God as manifestly as the flowers and the fruits, the birds and the soft breezes — which create their own world, and that world almost a heaven, out of the most unpromising materials. If Auerbach will yield anything else so good, we hope that Mrs. Lee will lay us under fresh obligations by putting within our reach what will be sure to profit and delight young and old. The translation is very graceful, and just enough of the German tone and coloring are retained to add to the charm of the book for an English reader. E.

Home Songs for Little Darlings. Mayhew and Baker. Boston. — A very pleasant collection of songs for Sundays and for week-days, which will be of great service to parents, and a source of great enjoyment to the children, the natural food for whose minds and hearts is poetry, and who are sure not to be quarrelling if they are singing. It was the rule of Wesley to keep chaff out of the measure by filling it full of wheat. E.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, collected and republished by THOMAS CARLYLE. In four volumes. Boston: Brown and Taggard. — Twenty-two years ago the essays and reviews which form the body of the first two of these volumes were edited by Mr. R. W. Emerson, and introduced for the first time, in book form, to the American public. In scattered anonymous sheets of British magazines they had spoken to many youthful readers on both sides of the Atlantic, to use Mr. Emerson's expression, "with an emphasis that hindered them from sleep." Not long afterward two more volumes followed; and the contents of the four served to open the more earnest and reflective portion of the American mind to the genius of a writer who has not only hindered it from sleep, but influenced decisively its habits of thinking. Probably he has not found a more

eager audience anywhere than in New England. Even many who reject his strange gospel, and curse its barbarisms of style, cannot afford to lose any word of its utterance.

The present publishers include in their four beautiful volumes, we believe, the whole of the early edition, with considerable more appended to each. They also give us what *must* be a capital likeness of Mr. Carlyle, as it is a face which nobody could ever have invented or imagined, — the brain retreating down from the region of "reverence," and projecting over a dark and deep-set eye, and the lips compressed within a curl of scorn as if from a life-long habit of looking through shams.

The Appendix to the first volume has nearly ninety pages containing pieces, we presume, never before collected together. We extract the following from the "Fractions": —

"CUI BONO?

"What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'T is not here, still yonder, yonder:
Never urchin found it yet.

"What is life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore; —
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
We are sunk and seen no more.

"What is man? A foolish baby,
Vainly strives, and fights and frets,
Demanding all, deserving nothing; —
One small grave is what he gets."

The following, from the "Four Fables," is strongly characteristic: —

"'What is the use of thee, thou gnarled sapling?' said a young larch-tree to a young oak. 'I grow three feet in a year, thou scarcely as many inches; I am straight and taper as a reed, thou straggling and twisted as a loosened withe.' — 'And thy duration,' answered the oak, 'is some third part of a man's life, and I am appointed to flourish a thousand years. Thou art felled and sawed into paling, where thou rottest and art burned after a single summer; of me are fashioned battle-ships, and I carry mariners and heroes into unknown seas.'

"The richer a nature, the harder and slower its development. Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh grammar-school:

John, ever trim, precise, and dux; Walter, ever slovenly, confused, and dolt. In due time John became Baillie John of Hunter Square, and Walter became Sir Walter Scott of the Universe.

"The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the cabbage."

Singularly complex and multiform is the work to be done in this new age and nineteenth century. The fields on which the future harvests are to grow are covered with rubbish, briers, century trees hollow and harboring night-birds, old buildings where the inmates "slumber and somnambulate," or mutter their prayers between asleep and awake. We do not think any of the seed-corn from which the future harvests are to grow is committed to Mr. Carlyle, — not a kernel of it. But he is greatly efficient in preparing the way and scaring off the cumberers of the ground, putting his head into the windows of "institutions," and breaking the routine of those inside; not only "hindering them from sleep," but disturbing their devotions, grinning upon them, and shaking the cobwebs and the whole building with roars of sardonic laughter; sometimes letting in upon them from without most genial and prismatic irradiations, contrasting singularly with the ghastly and artificial lights, and giving flashes of the day that is fast coming down upon the world.

This collection of his miscellaneous writings contains those which will be oftenest recurred to, — will be sought, indeed, as "sphere music" to be heard over and over. The article on Burns will be read as long as Burns even; it reveals Burns as he was not revealed to himself, and there is not a finer or grander piece of criticism in the English language.

This edition of Brown and Taggard is all that the admirers of the author could desire; its fair page and clear type are a constant refreshment to the eye. S.

The White Rabbit, and other Stories from Robin Hood. By AUNT MARTHA. Boston: S. K. Whipple and Company. — Whoever Aunt Martha may be, we thank her fervently for these charming stories; and a little fellow at our elbow joins with us, with blue eyes made moist and gleeful alternately whenever he opens the book. "Tell her," he says, "it 's a real good book." And we can add, from our own perusal, that it is calculated to inspire the little folks with kind feelings towards all the creatures that God hath made. S.

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MOUNT EVERETT AND BASHABISH FALLS.

"Take thy flight, — possess, inherit
Alps or Andes, they are thine;
With the morning's roseate spirit
Sweep their length of snowy line.

"Or survey the bright dominions
In the gorgeous colors dreat,
Flung from off the purple pinions
Evening spreads throughout the west."

Perhaps you are an invalid just creeping out into the free air and sunshine to get reinvigorated during the summer months from the effects of lung-fevers, influenzas, and bilious derangements. Perhaps you are a merchant, with brain tired and heart weary with anxieties about profit and loss and business pressure. Perhaps you are a teacher, with patience worn out in ill-ventilated school-rooms, and are sick of juvenile stupidities and depravities. Perhaps you are a man of leisure and have lounged about watering-places; or, following the guide-books, have done up the usual fashionable routes, and would like to see Nature in some new moods and aspects. Perhaps you are a minister, and have preached out everything you know, and other things you only guessed at, and are now left ex-

hausted and collapsed in body and mind. To all such people, the voice cometh which saith, Up into the celestial ethers! Respiration is what you need.

We once heard of a good lady, — not, it must be confessed, of a very philosophical turn, — who, when her husband was in the gasp of death, came bustling into the room with an important piece of advice. A new idea had struck her. She came up to the bedside, and rousing the sinking patient, said to him. "Keep on breathing, my dear, be sure to keep on breathing, and then we will try to get you well." To all the drooping people aforesaid, we reiterate the good lady's advice with the utmost confidence, "Be sure to keep on breathing;" but in order to this they must go where they can find the material out of which breath is to be made.

It is said that scores of people live in hearing of Niagara Falls who never saw them. Even so thousands of our Massachusetts pleasure-hunters do not know, we suspect, that their own State has some of the finest scenery in the world, and that there is one special point around which she unrolls it in one magnificent and glowing picture.

The Green Mountain range, as it runs down through Massachusetts, parts into two ridges. The most western of these is the Taghkonic ridge, running through Berkshire, and culminating in Mount Everett and his brethren of the hills. The town of Mount Washington is the southwestern corner town of Massachusetts, and lies cuddled like an eagle's nest among the peaks of Taghkonic, that lift it up into the sky and separate it from all mundane affairs.

I grew up in sight of Mount Everett, about ten miles from it, and used to stop playing sometimes, and look off with mysterious wonder towards that tremendous pile of blue, behind which the sun would drop down out of sight in the western sky. What it was, and what lay over the other side, and why it always put on that mystic blue veil, were questions that troubled me. And I could easily

have been persuaded that Brahma or Olympian Jove made it their dwelling-place. All I could get out of the neighbors who sowed and reaped in sight of it was, that "rattlesnakes lived there," and so we called it "Rattlesnake Mountain." Notwithstanding this ugly nickname, its awful grandeur "haunted me like a passion."

Not long since, going back to the old play-grounds where the giant used to loom upon me, he seemed to look off through the ten miles with a sort of reproving countenance. Somehow for the first time we came into *rapport* with each other. It had rained all night, and the atmosphere the next morning had a delightful transparency. Mount Everett seemed to have come more than half-way to meet us, his blue veil perfectly translucent, the very trees outlined, and the shrubbery itself distinctly visible. He had moved up close to us, and looked not two miles off. He seemed talking to us in this way: "Here I stood and lifted up to your boyhood the image of power and grandeur. Here I have dwelt alone and tried to win the dwellers below. And for all this I have been nicknamed and given over to rattlesnakes! Are we never to understand each other?" It never occurred to me before that mountains must have a sort of semi-consciousness, and that they like to be appreciated. Why not? Away up there amid the cold and the thunderclaps, can we blame them for laying some claim upon our warm human sympathies? At any rate I felt some compunctions, and answered: "We have wronged thee! We 'll come and meet thee, and return thy salutations, O thou father of the Berkshire hills!"

To execute so virtuous a resolution you go first to the thriving village of Great Barrington. You find a guide, very suave and accommodating, who will put you and two or three others with you into an easy open vehicle drawn by two horses, and you are soon riding through the lovely vales of South Egremont, and nearing the giant

shadows of Taghkonic. The nearer you come, the more precipitous the mountains appear, and you wonder how you are to scale those cliffs without wings. Suddenly a ravine opens, and you wind into it and are swallowed up in the shadows of the tremendous gorge. You ride along one side of it, looking up at the right through overhanging trees, and down to the left into a leafy chasm, where a stream tinkles and meanders out of sight. You fancy what would happen if the carriage should run a little too far to the left, and how long it would take to roll down into the darker depths of that leafy abyss. As you grow a little nervous, the agreeable guide soothes you by telling you that that is the spot where a traveller was murdered, and down in that chasm his bones were found. You wonder if this is not the very "murdered traveller" whom Bryant commemorates, and you think of "the fearful death he died, far down that narrow glen." You climb and climb, and at length emerge out of the gloomy forest, and the town of Mount Washington opens upon you, spread out there in its eagle nest, — fields of rye, pastures with flocks and herds, farm-houses, and school-houses. These lie in a lofty basin rimmed in on all sides by the mountains, except where the gorges open between. The mountains rise to two thousand feet above the country around, and one thousand above the centre of the basin of which they form the rim, hemming in this mountain-hollow from the world, and lifting it up towards the heavens. Mount Everett is the highest point of the eastern rim, or towards the Massachusetts side. Cedar Mountain and his compeer — I forget his name — rise on the western rim, or on the New York side.

You turn towards the left to scale Mount Everett. It is easily done, for you have half scaled it now. You drive to the foot of it on the Mount Washington side, and walk the other thousand feet; you soon reach the summit; you pause to thank God, and pity those who have died without the sight!

All Berkshire is unrolled under your eye. Its broad sweep of hill and valley from Vermont to Connecticut line is all there, with its cultured farms in their voluptuous green, its jagged hills running down into sheltered vales, where nestle the villages around the church-spires that call the weary farmers to worship God. There were the homes of the Sedgwicks, and the Deweys, and of Bryant, into whose prose and verse this commingling grandeur and grace have transfused themselves in ever fresh and breezy inspirations. Off to your left looms up "Monument Mountain," which you have wanted to see ever since the musical periods of Bryant's description have haunted your memory. Right under you, almost within calling distance, is the summer home of Orville Dewey, whose first volume of sermons opened the way to you out of Calvinistic thorn-roads into realms of free thought, glorious as this expanse of his own native hills. Southward lies Litchfield County in Connecticut, and westward stretches Columbia County in York State, its green undulating farms and orchards melting away towards the Catskill range, which lifts up its deep blue pile into the heavens, and shuts you off in that direction. An amphitheatre closed in by the Catskill on one side and Mount Tom and Holyoke on the other, a hundred and fifty miles across, including nearly all Berkshire, — the Switzerland of Massachusetts! The White Hills have more of rugged and barren awfulness, but no such endless wealth of beauty and loveliness. The buxom breezes are always passing over and fanning the top of Mount Everett with a most delicious coolness, though not with the exhilarating properties of the cold draughts of the White Hills, which make you half conscious of wings.

Coming down from Mount Everett you cross over through the basin to the rim on the New York side. Going about three miles you enter a ravine, and follow the course of a stream till you come to Bashabish Falls.* You come to

* This is an Indian name, and means *dashing water*.

where the western rim by some convulsion seems to have split in two, and a rocky chasm yawns, two hundred feet deep, down which the stream dashes and foams in endless torture, while the spray, "the sweat of its great agony," ever rises out of it like a prayer for mercy out of the bottomless pit. You take a footpath along the edge of the chasm. You look over into it sometimes, and then hold your brain. If there are any ladies with you, you observe how they will trip along the edge of a precipice and look over into the jaws and away down two hundred feet into the throat of destruction, leaning over it as they would over a flower-bed. You expect every instant to see them drop over the edge; you crawl up and clutch a handful of crinoline, and retreat with it, anxious to lengthen out their probation a little longer. You let yourself down one steep after another; you lose your hat, which runs faster than you can and leaps into the chasm; you finally stand at the foot of the Falls, and look up through the terrible fissure with a new sense of the Omnipotence that rent the rocks to let the stream come through. There is a house kept open at the foot of the Falls, for the refreshment of travellers. I am sorry to have forgotten the name of the obliging landlord, who does everything at very moderate compensation for the comfort of his guests.*

You will be very foolish if you do not stay and look at Bashabish by moonlight, even if you have to wait till midnight before the fairy spectacle can take place. The water does not take that leap of two hundred feet all at once.† It is broken mainly into two falls, one above the other, the walls of granite and gneiss towering up on each side of the chasm nearly perpendicular, crowned with thick foliage,

* To all the seekers after health and pleasure, be it known that there is also a house at the foot of Mount Everett, on the Mount Washington side, where people are boarded at fifty cents a day, and furnished with all that flesh *ought* to desire.

† Some of the geographies make the Falls *fifty feet*, which is absurdly inaccurate, as any practised eye will see at once. The whole descent cannot be less than I have stated.

whose deep green contrasts fantastically with the wild and awful grandeur underneath, like beautiful wreaths around the jaws of Orcus. You take your stand after nightfall at the foot of the chasm, and look up into its darkness dimly pierced by the stars. If you wait long enough, you will see a great light struggling through the trees at the top, and trying to set them on fire. It does not seem to be in the sky, but right at the beginning of the great fissure, where the trees lean over it and hide it. You lift the glass, and the trees at the top turn into one great blaze, and presently the moon swims through the trees, seeming to touch them and clothe them with innocuous flame, and pour a great flood of silver down the abyss, tinging the waterfalls and rocks, and filling the vast fissure with a white glory. The fairy scene soon passes away, for the moon swims across the fissure and is hid again behind the great mountain rim, seeming only to have come and looked down through the rent, to light up the abyss for your special edification and wonder.

Be sure not to leave Bashabish Falls till you have seen the sun set from the top of Prospect Mountain. That is the name of the height at the head of the Falls, and it commands a view of the whole gorge, to where it widens and finally opens out into Columbia County, on whose slopes of green you feast your eye away to the Catskill Ridge. You watch the intermingling colors as the sun wheels down behind the Catskill. First the black shadows in the gorge right under you, then the soft green of the Columbian landscapes taking on a tinge of purple, then the light and airy cerulean lying beyond, then the deep dark blue of Catskill himself, heaved up and lapping on to the sky, as if claiming to be a part of it, then the clouds that make ridges above him in gold and purple; and over all a dream-like haze, idealizing the whole picture with a floating veil of orange and crimson and violet-blue, till it swims before you as one vast sheet hung down from the throne to heighten or

fill up your ideals of the Paradise of God. You seem to have parted with earth already and earthly things, and you would not be surprised if, like the shepherds of Bethlehem, you saw the forms of the immortals, melting through the paradisiacal colors, or heard the harpers harping with their harps. You stay there till the colors fade out and the drenching dews have brought you to your senses, and you come down from Prospect Mountain chanting Wordsworth for a hymn of gratitude and praise: —

"Had this effulgence disappeared
With flying haste, I might have sent
Among the speechless clouds a look
Of blank astonishment;
But 't is endued with power to stay
And sanctify one closing day,
That frail mortality may see —
What is? Ah, no, but what *can* be!
Time was when field and watery cove
With modulated echoes rang,
While choirs of fervent angels sang
Their vespers in the grove;
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,
Warbled for heaven above, and earth below,
Strains suitable for both. Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimer transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle, — the gleam,
The shadow, and the peace supreme!"

And this is what lay beyond "Rattlesnake Mountain," the mysterious giant that so haunted my boyhood with its gloomy grandeur. Very similar to what lies beyond the gloomy shadows of death, so different from our imaginings. For thus haunted are we with strange fancies about it, and so paradisiacal will be the scenery when we have passed through the death-gorge and gained footing on Prospect Hill. Yea, so different now, when our vague imaginings turn into faith; for what is faith but a Prospect Hill to which the gates of Paradise are flung open wide?

And all this beauty wild and soft, and this sublimity both gorgeous and grand, I might have died without seeing, had I not made friends with the Mountain Power who sent over to us that reproving look through the clear air of that summer morning, — coming over to us with his paternal benediction, and his invitation, "Come up from your flats and your murky hollows, O ye children that drudge and grovel! and drink the nectar of the gods above you." I *have* been, and crave pardon of thee for my late repentance, and my early neglect and ingratitude, O thou patriarch of the Berkshire hills. S.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A STRANGER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Sixth Recollection.

The next morning some one knocked very early at my door, and my old Doctor, the Hofrath, came in. He was the friend, the soul and body restorer of our whole village. He had seen two generations grow up; the children whom he had brought into the world had become fathers and mothers, and he looked upon them all as his children. He himself was unmarried, but he was fair and strong to look upon even now in his advanced age. I never remembered him looking differently from what he did as he stood before me at that moment; his clear blue eyes shining out from under his bushy eyebrows, his full white hair still looking strong as in youth, waving and abundant. His shoes, too, with the silver buckles, his white stockings, his brown coat, which always looked new, and which always seemed to be the same old one, I cannot forget it; and his cane was the

very same which, when I was a child, I had so often seen standing by my bed, when he was feeling my pulse, and prescribing for my ailments. I had often been ill, but my belief in this man had always made me well again. I never had the least doubt that he could make me well, and when my mother said she must send for the doctor, so that I might be well again, it was to me just as if she said she must send for the tailor to mend my torn trousers. I had only to take the medicine, and I felt that I must be well again.

"How are you, my boy?" said he, as he came into the room. "You don't look right well, — must n't study too much. But I have n't much time to chat to-day, and have only come to tell you, you must n't go to see the Countess Maria again. I have been with her all night, and it is your fault. So, do you hear, if her life is dear to you, go not again to see her. As soon as possible she must go away and be carried to the country. It would be best for you to travel a little. So good morning, and be a good youth."

Saying these words, he gave me his hand, looked affectionately into my eyes, as if he would exact a promise from me, and then went away to look after his sick children.

I was so much surprised to find that another had penetrated in such a manner into the depths of my soul, — indeed, that he even knew what I did not know myself, — that I did not recover myself till he had been gone some time. And then my mind was like water that had been long over the fire without moving, but which all at once begins to bubble and boil, and rises and rushes till it overflows.

Not to see her again? But I only live when I am near her. I will be quiet, I will not say a word to her, I will only stand at the window while she sleeps and dreams. But not to see her again? Not even to take leave of her? She does not know now, she cannot know, that I love her.

And, after all, I do not love her, — I desire nothing, I hope nothing, — my heart never beats more quietly than when I am near her. But I must feel her presence, — I must breathe her spirit, — I must go to her! And she expects me. And has Fate led us two together without object? Should not I be her comfort, should not she be my peace? Life is not a mere game. It does not draw two souls together, like two sand-grains in the desert, which the sirocco whirls together and then separates. The souls which a friendly destiny leads to us we should hold fast, for they are destined for us, and no power can tear them from us, if we have courage to live, to struggle, and to die for them. She must despise me if I forsake her love at the first rolling of the thunder, as I would leave the shadow of a tree under which I had dreamed away such blessed hours.

And then I became all at once quiet, and I listened only to the words, "Her love," and they resounded like an echo from all the recesses of my soul, and I was frightened at myself. "Her love," — and how had I deserved it? She scarcely knows me as yet, and if she could love me, must I not acknowledge to her that I do not deserve the love of an angel? Every thought, every hope which arose in my breast, fell back again, like a bird who tries to fly out into the open sky, and who sees not the grating which surrounds him. And yet, why is all this blessedness so near and yet so unattainable? Cannot God do wonders? Does he not perform them every morning? Has he not often heard my prayers, when I offered them in perfect faith, and did not leave him until comfort and help came to the faint and weary one? These are indeed no earthly goods for which we pray, — it is only that two souls which have found and recognized each other should venture to perform together, arm in arm and eye to eye, this short life-journey, that I might be a support to her in sorrow, she a consolation or a sweet care to me, until we reach the goal. And if a later spring should be granted

to her life, if her sufferings should be taken from her, O what blessed images were passing before my eyes! The castle of her deceased mother in the Tyrol belonged to her, — there on the green mountains, in the fresh mountain air, among a vigorous, uncorrupted people, far away from the rushing of the world, from its cares and struggles, without rivals, without critics, in what blissful peace could we meet the evening of our days and "pass away silently like the evening twilight"! Then I saw the dark lake with its living light upon the waves, and within the clear shadow of the distant glacier, and I heard the bells of the herds, and the songs of the shepherds, and I saw the cowherds going over the mountains with their staffs, and I saw the old and the young, how they collected together in the evenings in the village, and everywhere I saw her as an angel of peace hovering over them all, and I was her guide and her friend. Old fool! I exclaimed, Old fool! Is thy heart still always so wild and so soft? Man thyself, — think who thou art, and how distant from her. She is friendly, she likes to see herself reflected in another soul; but her childlike confidence and openness show plainly that no deeper feeling for thee lives in her breast. Hast thou not seen, in many a clear summer night, when thou hast wandered alone through the beech groves, how the moon shed her silver light over all the leaves and branches, and how she enlightened even the dark, disturbed waters of the pond, and was reflected gloriously even in the smallest drops? So does she look on thy dark life, and so mayst thou bear her soft light reflected from thy heart; yet hope not for a warmer glance!

Then all at once her image came before my eyes as living; she stood before me, not as a remembrance but as an apparition, and I was for the first time conscious how beautiful she was. It was not the beauty of form or color which dazzles us at the first glance at a lovely girl, and which then passes away as soon as a spring blossom. It was

rather the harmony of her whole being, the truth of every movement, the inspired expression, the perfect penetration of the body by the spirit, which had so genial an influence on those who looked upon her. The beauty which nature so lavishly scatters does not content us, if the being who is endowed with it does not appropriate it to itself, and, as it were, deserve and conquer it. It rather disturbs us, as when we see on the stage an actress strutting about in royal apparel, and remark at each stride how little the dress suits her, — how little it belongs to her. The true beauty is grace, and grace is the intellectualizing of everything heavy, corporeal, and earthly; it is the presence of the spirit, which makes even the ugly beautiful. The more I regarded the apparition which stood before me, the more I perceived everywhere the noble beauty of her form, and the spiritual depth of her whole being. O what blessedness had been so near to me! — and was it all only to show me the summit of earthly bliss, and then to plunge me back at once into the flat sandy desert of life? O that I had never dreamed what treasures the earth conceals! But to love once, and then to be forever alone! to believe once, and then forever to despair! to see the light once, and then be forever blind! — that is a torture, compared with which all human torture-chambers vanish away.

Thus did the wild chase of my thoughts rush hither and thither, until at last all was still, and the tempestuous impressions began by degrees to arrange and fix themselves. This tranquillity and exhaustion may be called meditation; but it is like seeing again. One leaves time for the mixture of thoughts, until they all crystallize of themselves, according to eternal laws; we look on the process as an observing chemist, and when the elements have taken a form, we often wonder at ourselves that they and that we are so wholly different from what we expected.

The first word which I spoke when I awaked from my trance was, "I must go away," and at the same moment I

sat down and wrote to the Hofrath that I would go away for fourteen days, and leave everything to him. An excuse for my parents was soon found, and by evening I was on my way to the Tyrol.

Seventh Recollection.

Wandering arm in arm with a friend through the valleys and over the mountains of the Tyrol, one may drink in the fresh breath and the fresh joy of life. But to go over the same path solitary and alone with one's thoughts, — that is lost time, lost trouble! How am I helped by the green mountains and the dark ravines and the blue lake and the majestic water-fall? Instead of my looking on them, they seem to look at me, and to wonder at the lonely man; and my heart is oppressed by the thought that I have found no one in the world who would rather be with me than with any other. With such thoughts I awoke every morning, and, like a song that one cannot get out of his head, they followed me all day. And when I went into the inn at night, and sat down wearied out, and the people in the room looked at me, and every one wondered over the solitary wanderer, then I was forced out again into the darkness, where no one could see that I was alone; and not till quite late did I return, and go silently to my chamber, and throw myself on my hot bed, — and then till I fell asleep, Schubert's song was resounding through my soul: "There where thou art not, there is bliss." At last the sight of the people whom I met everywhere, who were rejoicing, exulting, and laughing together over the glorious Nature around them, became so intolerable, that I slept in the daytime and pursued my journey from place to place during the clear moonshine. There was at least one emotion which drove out and distracted my thoughts, and that was fear. For let one try it, to go the whole night through alone among the hills, uncertain of the way; where the eye, unnaturally excited,

sees distant forms which it cannot master; where the ear, with marked intensity, perceives tones without knowing whence they come; where the foot stumbles all at once, whether entangled in some vine straggling out of the rocks, or at a slippery path moistened by the spray from a water-fall, — and at the same time desolate solitudes in the heart, — no remembrance by which we can warm ourselves, no hope by which we can clamber up, — let any one try it, and he will feel the cold shudder of night both inwardly and outwardly. The first terror of the human heart springs from the thought of being forsaken by God; but life drives it away, and men, who are created in the image of God, comfort us in our solitude. But when their love and consolation desert us again, then we feel what it is to be forsaken both by God and man; and Nature with its dumb face rather terrifies than consoles us. Yes, even when we plant our feet firmly on the firm rocks, they seem to tremble like the sand of the sea, from which they have gradually been formed; — and when the eye longs for light, and the moon rises behind the pine-trees, and their peaked tops are sharply outlined on the rocky wall opposite, it appears to us like the dumb index of a clock, which has been once wound up, and which will one day cease to strike. Even among the stars, and in the distant vault of the sky, nowhere is there a resting-place for the mind which trembles and feels itself alone and deserted! Only one thought sometimes brings us comfort, — that is the peace, the order, the infinity, and the perfection of Nature. There where the waterfall has covered the gray stones on both sides with dark-green moss, the eye suddenly perceives in the cool shadow a blue forget-me-not. It is one of a million sisters which blossom at this moment by all the brooks, on all the meadows of the earth, and which have blossomed since the first morning of creation scattered over the earth the whole riches of the uncreated. Every vein in its leaves, every stamen in its cup, every fibre in its roots, is counted, and no power on the

earth can increase or diminish them. When we sharpen our purblind eyes and throw with supernatural power a deeper glance into the mysteries of Nature, when the microscope opens to us the secret workshop of the seed, the bud, and the flower, then we perceive anew in the finest webs and cells the infinitely repeated form, and in the finest filaments the eternal uniformity of the plan of Nature. Could we penetrate still deeper, everywhere would the eye meet the same world of forms, and as in a mirror the eye would lose itself in the infinite. Such an infinity lies buried in this little flower! And if we look upwards to the sky, we see again the eternal order, how moons revolve around planets, planets around suns, and suns around other suns, and to the sharpened eye, even the distant nebulæ become another beautiful world. Reflect, then, how those majestic stars circulate in order that the seasons may change, that the seed of this forget-me-not may germinate again and again, its cells open, its leaves push forth, and its flowers adorn the carpet of the meadows; and look at the butterfly which cradles itself in the blue flower-cup, and whose awaking to life, whose enjoyment of existence, whose living breath, is a thousand times more wonderful than the texture of the flowers, or the dead mechanism of the heavenly bodies, — feel that thou also belongest to this eternal order, and thou mayst comfort thyself with the infinity of creatures which revolve with thee, which live and fade away with thee. But all this, with its smallest and its greatest, with its wisdom and its power, with the miracle of its existence, and the existence of its wonders, is the work of a Being before whom thy spirit does not shrink back in dread, before whom thou prostratest thyself in the feeling of thy weakness and nothingness, and to whom thou risest again in the feeling of his love and mercy, — thou art inwardly conscious that something lives in thee more infinite and eternal than the cells of the flowers, the spheres of the planets, and the breath of the moth, — thou perceivest in thyself as in a

shadow the splendor of the Eternal which gives thee light,— thou feelest in thee and over and under thee the Omnipresence of the Reality, in whom thy appearance will become being, thy anguish tranquillity, thy solitude universality; then thou knowest to whom thou callest in the dark night of life: "Creator and Father, may thy will be done, as in heaven also on earth, as on earth so also in me." Then all becomes clear in and around thee, the morning twilight with its cold mists disappears, and new warmth streams through trembling nature. Thou hast found a hand which thou never wilt quit again, which will hold thee when mountains shake, and moons are extinguished, — wherever thou art, thou art near him, and he is near thee, — he is the Ever-near, and his is the world with its flowers and thorns, his man, with his joys and sorrows. "The smallest thing does not oppose thee unless it be His will."

With such thoughts, I went on my way. Sometimes I was sad, sometimes cheerful; but when we have found tranquillity and peace in the deepest recesses of our spirits, it is yet difficult to remain in this sacred solitude. Indeed, many forget it again after they have once found it, and often scarcely know which way leads back to it.

Weeks had passed away, and not a syllable from her had reached me. "Perhaps she is dead, and lies in silent peace," — this was a line from another song, which hovered on my tongue, and continually returned, however frequently I put it away from me. It was indeed possible, for the Hofrath had told me she had some disease at the heart, and every morning when he went to her, he prepared himself to find her no longer alive. And if she had left the world without my having taken leave of her, without my saying to her at the last moment how much I loved her, would I ever forgive myself? Must I not pursue her until I should find her again in another life, until I had heard from her that she loved, that she forgave me? How do men trifle with life, how do they put off from

day to day the best which they might do, the most beautiful which they might enjoy, without reflecting that each day may be the last, and that lost time is lost eternity. Then I recalled to myself the words of the Hofrath when I saw him the last time, and I felt that I had only resolved on the sudden departure in order to show him my power, — that it was more unpleasant to me to show him my weakness and to remain. Now it became clear to me that there was but one duty for me to perform, — to return to her without delay, and to bear everything which Heaven should send us. But just as I made out the plan for my return, there suddenly recurred to my memory the words of the Councillor: "As soon as possible she must be carried to the country." She had told me herself, that she should pass most of the summer at her castle. Perhaps she was there, quite near me; I could be with her in a day. Thought, done; with the dawn of day I arose, and in the evening I stood at the door of the castle.

The evening was still and clear. The mountain peaks shone in the full golden lustre of the sunset, and the lower cliffs were glowing with a rich purple. From the lake a gray mist was rising, which became light the moment it reached the higher regions, and then moved like an ocean of clouds over the sky. And this whole play of colors was mirrored again in the gently moving surface of the dark lake, on whose shores the mountains seemed to be sinking and rising, so that only the tops of the trees, and the pinnacles of the church-towers, and the smoke rising from the houses, indicated the line which separated the real world from its reflection. But my glance was directed only to one point, and that was the old castle, where a presentiment assured me that I should find her again. No light was to be seen in the windows, no step disturbed the stillness of evening. Had my presentiment deceived me? I went slowly through the outer gate, and up the steps, till I stood in the fore-court of the castle. Here I

saw a sentinel pacing to and fro, and hastened to the soldier in order to inquire who was in the castle. "The Countess is here with her attendants," was the short answer, and in an instant I was standing at the door of entrance, and had drawn the bell-rope. Then first it came into my head what I had done! No one knew me, — I dared not say who I was. I had been wandering for weeks among the mountains, and I looked like a mendicant stroller. What should I say? for whom should I ask? But here was no time for consideration; the door opened, and a porter in princely livery stood before me, and looked at me with astonishment.

I asked if the English lady, who I knew never left the Countess, was in the castle; and when the porter said that she was within, I asked for paper and ink, and wrote to her that I had come here to inquire for the Countess's health.

The porter called a servant, who took in the note. I heard every step in the long hall, and with every moment of detention my situation became more and more intolerable. On the walls were hanging old family portraits of the princely family, knights in complete armor, ladies in ancient costume, and in the midst of them a lady in the white dress of a nun, with a red cross on her breast. I had so often seen these pictures before, and never thought how in their breasts also a human heart had once beaten. But now it seemed to me as if I could read all at once whole volumes in their features, and as if they all said to me: "We too have once lived; we too have suffered." Under this steel armor mysteries lay hidden once, as now in my own breast. This white dress and that red cross are living witnesses, that here also a contest was fought out, like that which now rages in my heart. And now it seemed to me as if they all looked compassionately upon me; and then there lay again a high pride in their features, as if they would say, "Thou dost not belong to us." It became constantly more and more strange to me,

when suddenly light footsteps waked me from my dreams. The Englishwoman came down the stairs, and asked me to come into a room. I looked at her inquiringly, to see if she understood what was passing within me. But there was perfect repose on her features, and, without permitting herself the slightest expression of sympathy or of surprise, she said to me in measured tones, that the Countess was better to-day, and invited me to come in in half an hour. A good swimmer, who has ventured out far into the sea, and does not think of returning till his arms are already beginning to grow weary; who then divides the waves hastily, and scarcely ventures to direct his eye to the distant shore; who feels his strength failing with every stroke, and scarcely sustains himself until, at last, without intention, and spasmodically, he scarcely retains any consciousness of his situation, — then suddenly plants his foot on the firm ground, while his arm surrounds the first stone of the shore, — so was it with me, when I heard these words. A new reality had come to me, and all I had suffered was a dream. There are but few such moments in the life of man, and thousands have never known their blessedness. But the mother who receives her child in her arms for the first time, the father whose son returns to him covered with glory from the war, the poet who is the idol of his own people, the youth who returns the warm pressure of the hand of her he loves with one still warmer, — they know what it means when a dream becomes reality. The half-hour had passed, and a servant came and led me through a long suite of apartments, opened a door, and in the dim light of evening I saw a white figure, and behind her a high window, which looked out upon the lake and the glowing mountains.

"How strangely human beings meet each other," met me from her clear voice; and each word was like a cooling rain-drop after a hot summer's day.

"How strangely men meet, and how strangely they lose

each other," said I; and saying this, I seized her hand, and felt that we were again near and with each other.

"But that is the fault of people when they love each other," she went on, and her voice, which always seemed to accompany her words like music, fell involuntarily into a softer tone.

"Yes, so it is truly," I replied; "but first, tell me, art thou well? and may I talk with thee?"

"My dear friend," said she smiling, "I am always ill, and when I say that I feel well, I do it only for the sake of my old Doctor; for he is firmly convinced that from my first year, I owe my whole life only to him and his skill. Before I left the Residenz, I frightened him terribly, for one evening my heart suddenly ceased to beat, and I felt such a distress, that I thought it would never begin to beat again. But that is past, and why should we speak of it? One thing only has troubled me. I always thought I should once close my eyes in perfect rest; but now I feel that my sufferings will disturb and embitter even my departure from life." Then she laid her hand on her heart, and said: "But tell me where hast thou been, and why have I heard nothing from thee this long time? The old Hofrath gave me so many reasons for thy sudden departure, that I was forced to tell him at last I did not believe him, — and then he gave at last the most incredible of all reasons, and guess what?"

"Incredible it may appear," I broke in, so that she could not finish what she was saying; "and yet it was perhaps only too true. But all that is past, and why should we speak of it?"

"But no, my friend," said she, "why should that be past? I told the Councillor, when he gave me his last reason for thy sudden departure, that I could understand neither him nor thee. I am a poor, sick, forsaken being, and my earthly existence is nothing but a slow dying. Now, if Heaven has sent me yet a few beings who understand me, or, as

the Councillor expresses it, who love me, why then should this disturb my peace or theirs? I had just been reading in my favorite poet, old Wordsworth, when the Councillor made his confession to me, and then I said: 'My dear Councillor, we have so many thoughts, and so few words, that we are forced to hustle in a good many thoughts into each word. Now if any one who did not know us should hear that our young friend loves me, or I him, he might suppose that we loved as Romeo Juliet, or Juliet Romeo, and then you would be quite right if you should say that must not be. But is it not true, thou lovest me also, my old Councillor, and I love thee, and have already loved thee for many years, and yet perhaps have never acknowledged it to thee, and I have not been despairing or even unhappy about it. Yes, my dear Councillor, I will say still more to thee: I believe you have an unhappy love for me, and are jealous about our young friend. Do you not come every morning and inquire how I am, even when you know that I am quite well? Do you not bring me the best flowers from your garden? Have I not been forced to send you my picture, and — perhaps I ought not to betray you — did you not come last Sunday into my room when you thought I was asleep. I was truly asleep, at least I was not able to move. But I saw you sitting a long time by my bed, your eyes constantly turned upon me, — and I felt your eyes like sunbeams playing on my face. And at last your eyes were weary, and I felt great tears falling from them. Then you veiled your face in your hands, and sobbed out, Maria, Maria! Ah, my dear Councillor, our young friend has never done that, and yet you have sent him away.' As I was talking with him in this way, half in jest, half in earnest, as I always speak, I felt that I had hurt the old man. He remained quite silent and looked shamefaced, like a child. Then I took a volume of Wordsworth's Poems, in which I had just been reading, and said: 'There is another old man whom I love, and love with

my whole heart, who understands me, and whom I understand, and yet I have never seen him, and shall never see him, — it is just so on the earth. Now I will read you a poem of his; there you will see how one can love, and how love is a silent blessing, which the loving lays on the head of the beloved, and then goes on his way in happy pensiveness.' Then I read to him Wordsworth's 'Highland Girl.' And now, my friend, draw the lamp nearer and read the poem to me, for it refreshes me whenever I hear it, — there is a spirit breathing through it like the silent, infinite evening twilight, that spreads its arms there above, loving and blessing, over the innocent breast of the snow-covered mountains."

As her words, uttered so slowly and quietly, penetrated my soul, it became also at last again still and solemn in my heart; — the storm had passed by, and her image swam like the silvery light of the moon on the gently moving waves of my love, — that ocean which streams through the heart of all men, and which each one calls his own, while it is really a universal pulsation of the whole of humanity. I would rather have been silent as the Nature which lay without before our eyes, and which was growing darker and stiller; but she gave me the book, and I read:

"Sweet Highland girl," &c.

I finished reading, and the poem had been to me like a draught of fresh spring-water, such as I had often lately drawn out in pearly drops from the cup of a large green leaf.

Then I heard her soft voice, like the first tone of the organ that rouses us from our musing prayer, and she said: "So I wish that thou shouldst love me, and so also the old Councillor loves me, and so in one way or another we should all love each other and believe in each other. But the world, though I hardly know it, seems not to understand this love and this faith; and men have made, on this earth,

where we might live so happily together, a truly miserable existence.

"That must have been different in earlier times, or else how should Homer have created the lovely, healthy, tender figure of Nausicaa! Nausicaa loves Odysseus at the first glance. She says so at once to her friends: 'Would that such a man were my husband, and that it would please him to stay here.' Yet she is ashamed to appear with him at once in the town, and she says to his face, that, if she should bring home with her such a beautiful stately stranger, the people would say she had got a husband for herself. But when she hears that he wants to go to his home, to his wife and his child, no complaint escapes from her; she disappears again from our sight, and we feel that she will long bear in her breast the image of the beautiful stately stranger, in silent joyful admiration. Why do not our poets recognize this love,—this joyful acknowledgment and this tranquil separation? A modern poet would have made out of Nausicaa a female Werther,—and that is because love is for us nothing more than a prelude to the comedy or tragedy of marriage. Does no other love exist now? Is the source of this pure happiness dried up? Do not men still know the refreshing fountain, but only the intoxicating draught of love?"

At these words, I remembered the English poet, who complains thus:—

"From heaven if this belief be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament,
What man has made of man!"

"How happy are the poets, nevertheless," said she. "Their words call into existence the deepest feelings of a thousand speechless souls; and how often have their songs become already the acknowledgment of the sweetest mysteries! Their heart beats in the breast of the poor and of the rich,—the happy sing, the sorrowful weep with them.

But I can find no poet so perfectly my own as Wordsworth. I know many of my friends do not prefer him; they say he is no poet. But that is exactly what I like in him, that he avoids all customary poetical phrases, all exaggeration, and everything which we understand by the wings of Pegasus. But it is *true;* and what a world of meaning is implied in this little word! He opens our eyes for the beautiful, which, like the hawk-weed in the meadow, lies at our feet; he calls everything by its true name, — he does not desire to surprise, deceive, or dazzle any one, — he desires no admiration for itself, — he only wishes to show men how beautiful everything is which the human hand has not injured or destroyed.

"Is not the dew-drop on a blade of grass more beautiful than a pearl set in gold? Is not a living spring, which meets us on our way, coming from we know not whither, more wonderful than all the artificial water-works of Versailles? Is not Wordsworth's Highland Girl more lovely, is it not a truer expression of real beauty, than Goethe's Helena or Byron's Haidee? And then the simplicity of his language and the purity of his thoughts! What a pity that we have never had such a poet! Schiller might have been our Wordsworth, had he had more confidence in himself than in the old Grecians and Romans. Our Rückert comes nearest to him, had he not also sought consolation and a home away from his poor native land among Eastern roses. Few poets have courage to be wholly that which they are. Wordsworth had it; and as we willingly listen to great men, even when they are not great, but give out their thoughts quietly, as other mortals are wont to do, and wait patiently for the moments when a dearer glance shall open to them new views into the infinite; so I like Wordsworth, even in those poems which contain nothing but what any one else might have said. Great poets allow themselves rest; we often read a hundred verses in Homer without a single beauty, and so also in Dante; whilst Pindar, whom

you all admire so much, drives me to despair with his ecstasies. What would I not give to be able to spend a summer at the lakes, to visit with Wordsworth all the places to which he has given names, to greet all the trees which he saved from the axe, and just once to see with him the distant sunset, which he describes as only Turner could have painted."

It was so peculiar, the way in which her voice never fell, as with most people, at the end of her discourse, but on the contrary rose, and always ended as in an inquiring seventh accord. She always spoke up, never down, to her hearers. The melody of her sentences was like that of a child asking, "Is n't it so, father?" There was something imploring in her tone, and it was almost impossible to contradict her.

"Wordsworth," said I, "is to me also a favorite poet, and a yet dearer man; and as one often has a more beautiful prospect and animated view from a little hill, which one has ascended without difficulty, than when he has climbed up Mont Blanc with pain and fatigue, so it is with me in reading Wordsworth. At first he often seems to me commonplace, and I have often laid down his poems without being able to understand why the best minds of England at the present time can cherish such an admiration for him. I have, however, convinced myself that no poet in any language, whom his nation or the intellectual aristocracy of his people acknowledge as a poet, can remain unenjoyable. Admiration is an art which we must learn. Many Germans say, Racine does not please us; the Englishman says, I do not understand Goethe; the Frenchman says, Shakespeare is a clown. And what means this? Nothing more than when a child says, I like a waltz better than a symphony of Beethoven. The secret is to find out and to understand what each nation admires in its great men; and he who seeks the beautiful will find it at last, and will see that the Persians themselves are not wholly mistaken in their Hafiz, nor the Indians in their Kalidasa.

We do not understand a great man at once; strength, courage, and perseverance are requisite for the purpose, and it is strange how that which pleases us at the first glance but seldom enchains us for a long time."

"And yet," she said, "there is something which is common to all great poets, all true artists, whether Persians or Indians, Heathen or Christian, Romans or Germans. I know not how to call it, but it is the Infinite which seems to be behind them, a far-reaching glance into the Eternal, a spiritualizing of the small and the transient. Goethe, the great heathen, knows 'the sweet peace which is from heaven.' And when he sings,

'Over all the mountains
Is peace;
From all the fountains
Hearest thou
Scarcely a breath;
The little birds are still in the forest:
Wait a little, soon, ah soon,
Thou too shalt rest!'—

does there not unfold over the tops of the tall pine-trees an endless expanse, a peace such as the earth can never give? This background is never wanting to Wordsworth, and, the scoffers may say what they will, it is only the unearthly, be it ever so much concealed, which moves and excites the human heart. Who has understood earthly beauty better than Michel Angelo? but he understood it because it was to him a reflection of supernatural beauty. Thou knowest his Sonnet:—

'By beauty's power my thoughts to heaven take flight,
(Naught else on earth can so delight my mind,)
Living I rise amongst the saints in light,
A grace which mortal man can rarely find.

'With the Creator so his work accords,
That by divinest thought it leads above,
And so inspired are all my thoughts and words
While beaming, glowing thus for her I love.

'So that whene'er I cannot turn my sight
From those fine eyes which ever on me shine,
In them I find the ever-guiding light
That shows the path leading to things divine.

'And if in their bright beams my spirit burns,
A heavenly joy with this pure flame returns.'"

She was exhausted and stopped speaking, — and how could I disturb this silence? When, after a friendly exchange of thoughts, human hearts feel themselves content, and are silent, we may well say that an angel is hovering in the room; and it seemed to me as if I heard the light rustling of the wings of the angel of peace and love over our heads. While my eyes were fixed upon her, the lovely covering of her spirit seemed transfigured in the twilight of the summer evening, and only her hand, which I held in mine, gave me the consciousness of her actual presence. Then all at once there came a clear brightness over her face, — she felt it, opened her eyes, and looked at me, as if startled. The wonderful brightness of her eyes, which the half-closed eyelids covered as with a veil, flashed out like lightning. I looked around me, and saw at last that the moon had just risen in full splendor between two hills opposite to the castle, and was beaming with its friendly smile over the lake and the village. Never had I seen Nature, never her lovely face so beautiful, never had such blessed peace diffused itself through my spirit. "Maria," said I, "in this illuminated moment let me, just as I am, declare to you all my love; let us, now that we feel so powerfully the nearness of the spiritual world, unite our spirits by a bond which can never be severed. Whatever love may be, Maria, I love thee, and I feel it, Maria, thou art mine, for I am thine."

I kneeled before her, and dared not look in her eyes. My lips touched her hand, and I kissed it. Then she withdrew her hand, at first hesitatingly, but afterwards decidedly and quickly; and when I looked up, there was an

expression of pain on her countenance. She was still always silent; but at last she raised herself up with a deep sigh, and said: "Enough for to-day. Thou hast given me pain; but that is my fault. Close the window. I feel a cold shuddering over me, as if a strange hand moved me. Stay by me, — but no, — thou must go away. Farewell! Sleep well, — pray that the peace of God may be with us. We meet again, — shall we not? to-morrow evening, — I will expect thee."

O, where had at once all the heavenly peace gone? I saw how she suffered, and all that I could do was to hasten quickly away, to call the English attendant, and to go solitarily, in the darkness of night, to the village. I walked for a long time up and down by the lake, — long were my glances directed to the lighted window where I had just been by her side. Finally, the last light was extinguished in the castle, the moon rose higher and higher, and every peak, every angle, every ornament of the old walls, became visible in the fairy-like illumination. And here was I wholly alone in the silent night, and it was as if my brain refused me its service; for no thought came to an end, and I only felt that I was wholly alone upon the earth, — that no soul existed in it for me. The earth was like a tomb, and the dark sky a shroud, and I scarcely knew whether I were alive, or had long since died. And then I looked up all at once at the stars, with their shining eyes, which were moving so tranquilly on their way, — and then it seemed to me as if they were only there to comfort and enlighten man; and then I thought of two heavenly stars, which had risen so unhoped for on me in the dark sky, and a prayer of thanksgiving rose from my heart, — a thanksgiving for the love of my angel.

(To be concluded in next No.)

THE PEACE OF GOD.

O PEACE of God, sweet peace of God!
Where broods on earth this gentle dove?
Where spread those pure and downy wings
To shelter him whom God doth love?

Whence comes this blessing of the soul,
This silent joy which cannot fade?
This glory, tranquil, holy, bright,
Pervading sorrow's deepest shade?

The peace of God, the peace of God!
It shines as clear 'mid cloud and storm
As in the calmest summer day,
'Mid chill as in the sunlight warm.

O peace of God! earth hath no power
To shed thine unction o'er the heart;
Its smile can never bring it here, —
Its frown ne'er bid its light depart.

Calm peace of God, in holy trust,
In love and faith, thy presence dwells, —
In patient suffering and toil,
Where mercy's gentle tear-drop swells.

Sweet peace, I see thy heavenly ray,
And long to light my taper there;
Then should I meet the cares of life,
Like angels, answering to prayer.

THE LIFE TEMPORAL AND THE LIFE ETERNAL.

A SERMON BY REV. E. C. CUMMINGS.

JOHN xii. 25: — "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal."

THERE is a temporary life. There is a life eternal.

Look at the trees of the field, the herb of the ground. They live; they die. The life of any plant in particular may be destroyed, but the species lives. The elm that you plant for ornament may fail. But there is no failure of the elm as one family of God's vegetable kingdom. That is as enduring as this one of the earth. God keeps up a constant creation in its behalf. And even should the whole species become extinct, the idea survives, hid in the Eternal Mind, but ready to spring forth into sensible reality at the word of power.

I presume that the thought contained in the word *eternal* may have grown up in the human mind through some such comparison. The age of one individual is short. The age of a race is the age of an individual multiplied by the number of all the generations, — an age of ages. This is vast, immeasurable, — yet conceived as possibly limited. But the thought and power which are the ground and source of all generations, — the Being who is the fountain of beings, — the Being whom no exertion can exhaust, whom no creation can add to, whom no destruction can diminish, — here you are confronted with the absolute; here the thought of duration sinks in the thought of life. The everlasting procession of worlds and ages is moved by him who is self-existent. And if, gazing upon the mighty and complex order, the soul asks, — Whence? and whither? Creation responds, with the voice of the Prophet of old, — I AM hath sent me unto you. But the voice is in your own being. This wisdom which you have is God-given. It is not in the heaving ocean, or in the fixed mountains, or

in the planetary movements, to give you the idea of eternal being. All these belong to time. They are signs and hints. Your soul is the power which can take the hints. On this bank and shoal of time you are the representative of the Eternal One. You image him in such sort as nothing in heaven above or in the earth beneath can equal. Instantly there is born in your soul the grand, ultimate thought of self-existence, and ages of experience can add nothing to its immutable certitude. You have eternity in a moment, when you have the intuitive belief that God is. We have nothing to do with abstract duration. We have everything to do with the living God. In him is life, — and the life is the light of men. The eternal life then is the divine life, — the life of God.

But this eternal life has been manifested in and through life which is temporary, and is so manifested.

First, it was made manifest in Christ, as the perfect revelation.

Secondly, it is made manifest in Christians; imperfectly, but more and more as they grow up towards the fulness of Christ.

I. Let us consider the eternal life as it was revealed through the human and temporary life of the Lord Jesus. Then we shall understand better what the eternal life is.

The Son of God is the child of Mary, — an infant in the manger. He realizes that period of natural instinctive dependence, with which in ordinary persons we do not associate any moral action, good or bad. There is the growing in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man. There is the amiable natural affection, the instinctive spontaneous obedience; while in this unpolluted nature there lies the germ of what is infinitely glorious, the eternal life of voluntary duty. By and by we behold this eternal life asserting itself.

Jesus is twelve years old, — and he is full of the con-

sciousness of God, his Father. Nothing can hinder him, but he must be about his Father's business. No sensuous fondness for familiar scenes, no attachment of habit to customary occupations, no coveted embraces of that sweet mother crowning the endearments of a peaceful home, no sense of personal danger in being left to himself, no shrinking from the supercilious rebukes of learned but unspiritual teachers, can hold him back. The eternal life, the life of spiritual exertion and duty, has borne him clear away from temporary courses of natural boyhood; — and, "Behold," says Mary reproachfully, "thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." They wist not that he must be about his Father's business; and so, stooping to their feebler sense of right, he returns, and is subject to them. But what subjection is that! A subjection to inspire awe. No wonder the susceptible mother hid everything in her heart, waiting still further revelations in the life of her Son. His Father's business! It was the work not of natural subordination, but of spiritual duty. Listening to the doctors and asking them questions, or the humble carpentry of Joseph, — it matters not which, — it matters not what the ministry, so that it be glorified with the light of an eternal life. The natural affection was perfect. But after that slight break, ruffling the fondness of parental attachment only to assert the fervor of imperishable love, you behold no longer mere natural and necessary kindliness. That type of life, beautiful but temporary, has passed away. You cannot find it. It is all absorbed in the excelling glory of spiritual devotion. Now there abounds in the humblest office the same free, principled, all-surmounting love which said to the beloved disciple, Behold thy mother! This love is not born of a changing, temporary physical organization. It is from God. It belongs to the Only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. It was not for the Son of Man to love and save up the natural life, since

it was meant to be lost, except so far as it might serve the purpose of containing and revealing that which is substantial and eternal.

Again, Jesus is about to enter upon his public ministry. The lowly offices of the household are to give place to the mighty acts of a world-historic drama. The carpenter's tools are laid aside that the Messiah, the Prince, may develop and plant the germ of endless dominion. Not untested or unschooled does Jesus enter upon this mighty work.

He is led of the Spirit into the wilderness; and in that houseless solitude he fights in spirit, and in spirit wins the whole battle of his subsequent career. The question is whether that which is temporary or that which is eternal shall bear sway. It is whether Jesus will love his life in this world and lose it, or, hating his life in this world, keep it unto the life eternal, — the same question which received its ultimate and triumphant answer in the cross.

After his miraculous fasting Jesus is an hungered. Nature solicits sustenance as truly and as importunately as if there were no interest but that. Nature perishes without support, and so is instant in its demands, while spirit dwells in the calmness of reason, and reposes in the confidence of eternal being. Has not Jesus supernatural power? Can he not command the stones to be made bread, or in some more secret way serve his frail flesh by the might of his spirit. Are not all resources of nourishment his own? And can he not command them, especially when such command will prove his Divine power? Could no ingenuity of argument on the part of Satan avail to stir the spirit from the solemn poise of its eternal judgment so much as a hair's breadth towards the rule of appetite? No. The tempter finds his point of contact in the perishable flesh, and so even against the legitimate demand of the flesh Jesus asserts the immutable supremacy of the spirit. The tempter is welcome to avail himself of a natural appetite, welcome to appeal to a natural and logical respect for a

lower truth. But he can find nothing to his purpose in Jesus. What if he be incarnate and akin to earth? he is moveless as the unchangeable truth.

But this assault is only upon the outer works of the fortress. No need of any harder fighting, if the adversary could gain an advantage here. But there are avenues to still higher points of attack. There are suggestions which by their very loftiness might seem less removed from the rational regards of the Lofty One, — more fitted to win him from his self-determined humiliation. Put the preserving care of the Father to the test. Let the world see that even your body is embosomed in his vigilant and ceaseless love. Can they fail to accept you then as the Son of God?

Or at least accept the kingdoms and the glories of this world. Do not insist to the very last degree upon that estate which obscures your real character. Concede to me, though I be Satan, that you may turn my realms of sense and intellect, my achievements of war and empire, to some account as a make-weight in the scales of your eternal administration. Confess just the least obligation to your adversary. How far is Jesus above all the wisdom of this world! All temporal advantages, all arts and arms, all the crazy dignities and bulky, tottering dominions of the age, are no quantity when compared with the heavenly kingdom. Nay, they cannot be compared with it. They belong to the disorganized and chaotic material through which the new creating power is to travel. Get thee behind me, Satan. Perish what is perishable. The tree of life will appropriate what it wants, and no more, out of this compost, in which the earthly, sensual, and devilish are in such offensive proportion. How mean and hateful is the life in this world, brought into conflict with that life which is not peculiar to any particular world, — the life eternal. How sharply has our Saviour asserted the eternal truth in the conduct of his physical life! But it is only when he loses this life that we behold his final victory, — the utter and ultimate supremacy of the life eternal.

The hour came when the Son of Man was to be glorified. All that the world calls life, and covets as such, even to the flesh in which he tabernacled, he had taught to be not only of no worth, but really dangerous and hateful, as against that spiritual rectitude which is the true immortality. To do the Father's will, to finish the Father's work here, was the meat and drink of the eternal life.

But this doctrine of dying in order to live might have seemed but an impracticable theory to our poor perceptions, and quite repugnant to our poorer hearts, had not our Master carried it out to the death. Our Lord knew well that Cæsar is not content with the things that are Cæsar's, and that the world does not of course render unto God the things that are God's. The world does not brook the serene contempt of its vanities. If Jesus would not accept their earthly things, the men of this world, on the other hand, were as little inclined to receive his heavenly things. The rulers of the darkness of this world, foiled in the wilderness, pushed on to what they deemed a victory upon Calvary. They came out with swords and staves against him who had been daily with them, the teacher, the healer, — against him who bore no sword, and gave his cheek to the smiters. The hierarchy and the empire, the heathen and the people, against one man. They rage and think — vain thing! — to shake and crush him. He treads the wine-press alone, and of the people there are none to help him. Where are the legions of angels? Where the heavenly guards? They minister, but they only stand and wait. Jesus lays down his life that he may take it again. His body is broken for us, that it may become the bread of everlasting life. Duty is life. Thy will be done, O Father, is the eternal life of the Son. Can any violence touch it? Is it found to be forever incarnate? Be it that the tempter is destroyed, can he not raise it up? How conquer death? By dreading, by shrinking, by fleeing? Nay, that is to be conquered by death. Drink the cup. Endure the cross. This is con-

quest. This is glory. Thus was the Son of Man glorified, and God was glorified in him. Death and the grave are made tributary to eternal life. The wrath of man has spent its blow, and is utterly restrained, just at the point where it ceases to work the praise of God. The wicked could pierce and kill the body, even of the Lord. It was their hour and the power of darkness. But they had no more that they could do. They could not guard the sepulchre. They could not impugn the testimony to the resurrection. They could not impede that second coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. Henceforth they must bow in submission, or tremble in dismay.

Our Saviour laid down his life that he might take it again, — died that he might live, — live without the limitations incident to our mortal state. Now he reveals himself to his disciples, not to the world. He cannot be appropriated by the senses. He cannot be confined by family connections and personal intimacies. He cannot be hemmed in by the compass of his public ministrations. His dominion cannot be restricted to the meagre nationality out of which he sprang. Not of the Jews only is he king, but of the Gentiles also. He is impartially related to every human creature. His is the universal religion. He is exalted in a transcendent, divine, immutable manhood, — glorified with the glory which he had with the Father before the world was. All angels worship him. Even our dubious and laggard adoration is struggling for a voice in the eternal harmonies. We do well to exclaim, "O the depths!" as we lose ourselves in the thoughts of this mystery of sacrifice, — the Son of man loving not — yea, hating — his life in this world, keeping it unto the life eternal.

II. Having spoken of Christ, let us, in the second place, say a word of the Christian. He, too, is born to the eternal life. He receives a kingdom that cannot be

moved, though of himself he be but as a reed shaken by the wind.

It is plain that the text has a special appropriateness to the noble army of martyrs, — those who in all ages have resisted unto blood, striving against sin. But having recognized duly the honorable distinction which belongs to them as to the mode of their witnessing, we are still to regard the testimony itself as essentially one with that which every Christian must bear. We may, we must conduct our lives so as to turn our deaths into a testimony to the Gospel of the grace of God. It will not do for a Christian to be much afraid of dying, or wilfully set upon living in this world. It is enough for the disciple to be as his Master. Nothing short of this is enough.

We are tempted to love our lives in this world. It is no narrow observation which Satan indicates when he says, "Yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life," — albeit there may be exceptions to the remark. So long as a man is not brought to this test, he is apt to give his life for all that he can get. Existence, though it be that of a brute, is a boon. A short life may be merry. Food, dress, houses, nature, business, books, society, reputation, — these things do minister pleasure. But he who lives for them lives to lose all, and at the end to be a fool. By as much as life is happy and successful as to perishable things, by so much is it dangerous and hateful, if it be deaf as an adder to the holy voices of truth and love. Hate such a life if you would be a Christian. Have you health? Have you strength or beauty? How will you thank God for his good gifts, but by offering them to him upon the altar of your spiritual devotion? Use, not waste, your natural life. Be ready to sacrifice it at any moment, and to any extent, that the law of the spirit may demand. It is made to pass away, and to give place to the life eternal. You lose it, and you lose the fruit of it, in so far as you attempt to save it at the expense of your spirit-

ual growth. If you believe that Jesus is the Christ, take up your cross daily, and follow him. Neither fear nor shun pain while you tread in his footsteps. If you do not follow him really and practically, your faith is vain; you are yet in your sins.

But who can tell the beauty of that life, which, through all its stages, is a real, deep, though often perhaps unconscious, worship of Jesus? The body a temple of the Holy Ghost. Sweet natural gifts enclosing the germs of all spiritual graces. The free and responsible spirit alive unto God, moving the manifold activities of a changeful, busy life according to an unchangeable principle of devotion. Ties of nature hallowed by good-will to all mankind. Special friendships baptized in the eternal charity. Common words, common acts, common pursuits, all dipped in the hues of heaven. The soul tried, girded, pressing on to larger service. The will firm and persistent in the will of God, let fortune frown or flatter. The life diffusive, always giving its sweet doctrine, dropping as the rain, and distilling as the dew, refreshing the dry and thirsty places. Earth fading, heaven filling. Life dreamy and illusive on the surface, serene and pure and prophetic in its hidden depths. Then the glorification through death, — precious death, precious in the sight of the Lord, who welcomes home a saint, — precious in our sight, who seem to overhear the voices of the blessed ones, and wish ourselves among them.

THERE is but one only rule and article in divinity; he that knoweth not well the same is no divine; namely, upright faith and confidence in Christ; out of this all the other do flow and issue forth, and without this article the other are nothing. The Devil (said Luther) hath opposed this article from the beginning of the world, and would long since willingly have rooted it out, and instead thereof have laughed in his fist. Sorrowful, broken, tormented, and vexed hearts (said Luther) do well relish this article, and they only understand the same.

HASE'S "LIFE OF JESUS" AGAIN,

WITH THE RECOMMENDATION OF THE "INDEPENDENT" TO READ THE SAME.

In the May number of the "Monthly Journal," the organ of the American Unitarian Association, we find the following paragraphs with reference to criticisms upon Hase's Life of Jesus in this Magazine and in the Independent: —

"The 'Independent' thinks 'every Biblical scholar should put himself in possession of them.' The 'Religious Magazine' thinks 'it ought not to have been translated at all, but should have been kept for the use of those only who could read it in German.'

"The writer in the 'Independent' does by no means approve of the work in all its positions, but states very distinctly, that, by concealing the existence of a legendary element in the Gospels, Hase admits what is a 'subtle poison diffused over the whole body of Christian truth.' But then, notwithstanding this admission, he advises that the book should be read for its solid and valuable criticisms. In other words, while the Unitarian shrinks from a book in which truth and error are mingled, and advises it to be let alone, the Orthodox organ recommends it as indispensable to every Biblical student, *notwithstanding its errors.*

"Thus the whirligig of time brings about its revenges. A Unitarian periodical objecting to the inquiry which an Orthodox periodical advocates and encourages!

"Here is the good done by the scholars at Andover, by Horace Bushnell, by the Beechers, by Moses Stuart, and other such brave and earnest men. They have made all investigation possible, and laid open the way into all earnest, serious study. Let us thank God for their labors, and for the works which do follow them."

Since, as we suppose, the above paragraphs were written, there has appeared in the "Independent" an article entitled "A Positive Faith," which shows, as we think, that "the whirligig of time" has not yet got completely round, though in these last raw and gusty days it has been swinging about pretty wildly. We must wait a little longer, a good while

longer, we hope, for the "revenges." We have space only for a part of the article.

"When the late Professor Norton of Cambridge denounced the reproduction in this country of the views of Strauss, as the latest form of *infidelity*, Mr. Theodore Parker and his admirers complained that Unitarianism was itself guilty of the illiberality which it had charged upon Orthodoxy. Yet the seeds of scepticism then sown have brought forth such a harvest of unbelief, that leaders in the Unitarian ranks, who feel any respect for the earlier faith of their body, are with one voice demanding a more positive and earnest reiteration of their faith in the Bible as the Word of God."

Then follow appeals to the arguments of Dr. Bushnell and the charges brought by Dr. Schaff of Mercersburg, (whose exceedingly guarded letter "upon the propriety and prospect of publishing a translation of Hase's *Leben Jesu*" is prefixed to the book in question,) against the Rationalistic theologians of Germany, after which the article continues thus: "Two earnest protests against this Rationalistic type of Infidelity appear in the last number of the *Monthly Religious Magazine*, a Unitarian periodical edited," &c., &c. These two protests are contained, first in a letter from our colleague, and second in the very notice of the "Life of Jesus" which has struck the writer in the "Monthly Journal" as so sadly behind our religious times; and from both the "Independent" quotes freely, emphasizing by means of italics some of the sentences which perhaps were the least satisfactory to those who approve of Hase's book. "We are glad," writes the Independent, "to see these signs of healthy reaction from Rationalistic Infidelity."

We wish that we had space for the whole article. It would certainly not serve much better than our own little notice by way of commendatory preface to the Translation.

We might well enough leave this matter here. Indeed, when the "Life of Jesus" appeared, we might have written: "We can by no means accept all the negative criticisms which are embodied in this able and spirited book; on the

contrary, there is much set down upon these pages against which we must earnestly protest. Yet the student of the Gospels and of the Life of our Lord will find here most valuable assistance, — very often, to be sure, only in the way of antagonism; and those who wish to be familiar with the course which New Testament study is taking in our days, especially amongst German theologians, will be thankful to Mr. Clarke for putting this volume into good plain English, — as plain as he could." So the thing would have passed in an altogether euphemistic and quiet style. But the truth is, that, if we had been influenced by no other and higher considerations, we have too much respect for the translator to write in this way of anything with which he has had anything to do. That translator is a believing man, if there is one in our community, and an honest and earnest man too, — a genuine worker in the Lord's vineyard; and when he has done what he regards as an important piece of work, he has a claim to get something more than twaddle by way of acknowledgment. His book ought to have had an article, and not merely a notice. He is a frank man, and deserves frankness. He is a true man, and deserves truth. Because of our admiration and affection for him, as well as for most weighty impersonal considerations, we felt bound to write out our mind upon this translation. If we had been able to command time and space, we should have stated our objections to the book more at length; extracts in illustration of our criticisms we should not have given, because, whilst there is a place for all things somewhere, there is no place for such things in this *Home* Magazine; they belong rather to journals which are occupied with theology as a science, and even in these are necessary evils. Here we shall take for granted very much which elsewhere is questioned or denied; we write for those who have not yet had Rationalism, or for those who have had it and have got over it, or for those who, having the disease, can be cured of it, (as we admit all cannot be, though many can,)

not indeed by "sentimental or rhetorical Christianity," but by the simple testimonies and affirmations of Christian experience, the experience which is enjoyed by a multitude of "unlearned and ignorant men," whose Christianity, as it was not put into them by exegesis or historical criticism, or argumentation of any kind, so it cannot be put out of them by any ingenuity of Rationalism.

We have looked at this Translation again, and whilst we are glad to admit that there is more in it which is *positive* than we at first realized, and that as a piece of Rationalism it seems to us less objectionable than it did upon the first examination, we must nevertheless say that the book is utterly unsatisfactory, regarded as an attempt to bring to the knowledge of learners the story of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We must call it, in all earnestness and with deliberation, exceedingly shallow and limited, and wholly beneath the subject, — fatally deficient and unsatisfying for the very reason that, as the writer in the Monthly Journal admits, "it looks at the Son of man rather than at the Son of God," and this we maintain is *not* "the true course of study," and, if it were, a book which treats only of the "first man" can give us no adequate conception, indeed scarcely any conception whatever, of "the Lord from heaven." Just as God has revealed himself by his Eternal Word to the soul of man, and guided by this Light we gather up from a fragmentary and seemingly imperfect natural world, and from the mysterious ways of Providence, what we call proofs of a Being of infinite perfections, — the sufficient witness being all the while in our own hearts, and they who have not this Light within finding nothing, — so, taught by the Spirit of the Lord, the Spirit which led the disciples without any written Gospels into all Truth, and then wrote the Gospels by them, we have learned, being the children of the Church, that Jesus is the Christ, and the Lord of glory, and in this persuasion we read the New Testament, and find there what we bring with us. It would

be there even if we did not find it. The reality is not merely subjective. And yet the preparation from the Lord which has been providentially secured to the world cannot safely be omitted, and of all men he is not the man to help us in our reading of the Word who has studied it through and through, and has found therein no Son of God, but only a Son of man. If I have been a student of Nature, and have arrived at the opinion that, whilst the world is wonderfully good and beautiful, it is also in some particulars strangely defective, and have concluded therefrom that the Creator of the world must be in some way limited, I have nothing of any religious value for one who, believing in God because he is at one with God, finds him everywhere, and is silent before Him when he encounters an unfathomable mystery. Hase, as it seems to us, fails to find in the Gospels and in the story of Jesus the principal thing, the thing without which all the rest is comparatively insignificant, and will never keep its place in our world. The merely human side of the character of the Master can have no special claim upon the minds and hearts of men in all ages and lands. Even admit, as Dr. Hase seems inclined to do, faultlessness, spiritual wisdom in an eminent degree, a singular power over nature, a certain control of the springs of life, and an ever growing and heightening purpose consecrating disappointment and apparent defeat, and *you have not yet the first thing upon which to found a Supernatural Religion and a Divine Church, the Truth and the Spirit, for man as man in all ages.* You have great truths, glorious and quickening examples, admirable precepts, encouraging views of life and death, a pure spirit; but after all nothing *absolute and final*, not *the* Way, *the* Truth, *the* Life,—not the only Name given under heaven whereby *humanity* may be saved. Accordingly, in reading sermons or essays upon the character of the Lord, which are occupied only with the human side, we are oppressed by a continual sense of disappointment;—after all, nothing is brought forward which

differences the Saviour in any really essential particular from the spiritual heroes and sages of our race. We recognize a constant effort to make out a distinction which the description does not justify, and, accumulate epithets as we may, the tendency is ever to bring the Master down to a companionship, which, noble as it is, is strictly and properly human. No *man*, however exalted and wonderful, however inspired and pure, can be the Saviour of all men, in all time. Regarded on the human side, there is no reason why men and women and children, the world over, should devote themselves to the study of the life of Jesus, which would not hold in a high degree of the study of the life of Socrates, — a life of marvellous moral and spiritual beauty, and ever consciously guided by a heavenly spirit.

And our criticism upon this German book comes briefly to this, — not merely that it raises difficulties about one and the other record or miracle, without presenting with any fulness what can be said on the side of our traditional faith, but that it rehearses and unfolds only the life of a *man*, when what the Church believes in, and would learn about, is the life of God in man, the story of Christ the Redeemer. And we said, and we repeat with fresh emphasis, that, if the New Testament contains no such divine story, if there is nothing there but what Dr. Hase finds there, then it is of no use to read and study it in our churches, to open and maintain Sunday schools for explaining it, — then there is no Church, only a company of men and women who find in Jesus of Nazareth thus far their wisest and best man, whom for the present, at least, they will do well to regard, though indeed imitation always condemns the imitator to mediocrity, and truth can never be received upon authority. We said that "we should close a Sunday school at once, and dismiss the scholars, rather than put such a text-book into the hands of the young," and this simply because we should feel that, if here be all, our occupation as Sunday-school teacher is at an end, simply because the issue is even as

swift and brief as this: No Lord, no Gospel, no Church, nothing worth teaching, no Sunday school! Look with Dr. Hase only or mainly on the human side of the Saviour, and there would not long be any question as to whether the book should be in the Sunday school or no. Gradually, but surely and fatally, our Lord's-day institutions would be reduced to a morning oration upon natural religion, with illustrations from religious literature, ancient and modern, Oriental and Occidental, Indian, Hebrew, Grecian, Roman, Scandinavian, classic and romantic, and the Sunday school would be utterly obsolete. In some quarters this result has already been reached. It came about of dire logical necessity. Take the first step, and no force of old habit will long defer the last.

Now we do not bring this forward as an argument against the soundness of Dr. Hase's positions, but simply to explain our objections to his book as a Sunday-school manual. We could neither preach nor teach if we only knew "Christ after the flesh." We are not aware that natural religion ever had any teachers and preachers. Philosophers and moralists there have been, the sophists whose claims to be regarded as earnest teachers of moral truth Mr. Grote has so ably maintained; but the Church, Jewish, Gentile, Christian, has ever rested upon the affirmation that God has come down to men. And when our Christianity has become natural religion, even though garnished still with a few wonders that have survived the attacks of scepticism, and illustrated still by the life of the wisest of human teachers, and the most devout and exemplary of saints, we shall come down from the pulpit, and close the Sunday school, — we might as well do it first as last, — and if we have still any desire to speak, which is not likely to be the case, we shall try to get a hearing from our friends in the Music Hall, who are the most consistent humanitarians that we know of, — save only in claiming to be the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Church, when they ought

to have the most profound contempt for such Babylonish jargon.

Now let it be noted that the writer in the Monthly Journal assures us, that "wherein the Monthly Religious Magazine would dissent from the conclusions of Hase, the translator of Hase would probably dissent also;" and, from what it is our good fortune to know of that excellent translator's convictions, we are persuaded that the writer is correct. We wish we were half as good a Christian as that translator. But we are moved to ask, Why be at the pains to put into English a book so utterly inadequate, and from which you so earnestly dissent? "Will ye plead for Baal? Let Baal plead for himself!" Are we told that it has been done for the sake of men who are harassed by doubts. We must reply, How can a book help them which does not set over against their doubts any considerations that are adequate to resolve these doubts? Had the translator prefixed or appended, as none could have done better than he, an essay in which he stated wherein he dissented from Hase's conclusions, and for what reasons, the book would have had a completeness which is now utterly lacking. It will be of no great service to the unbeliever to give him a somewhat improved conception of a merely human master, more "insights into the human side of the character of the Master." Mere "outcries against infidelity" are of course always wrong, foolish, and useless; but "arguments purely rational," without "appeals to the feelings or the conscience," never yet brought a single soul to Christ, and never will. "No man can say that Jesus is the Christ, but by the Spirit of the Lord," and even miracles are quite as much *objects* of faith as *grounds* of faith.

As to the desirableness of translating such a book, we think that a servant of the Church would have been better employed in making a better book of his own; but if it was to be translated, as an exhibition of so-called Christian opinion, there should have been in the preface warnings, dis-

cla[illegible]r, and guide-posts pointing in other directions. The objection to translating such books is this, — that it enables easy readers, persons who would be at no pains to *study* German or anything else, the *quid nuncs* of the congregations, to acquire just enough of the argument of the Rationalist to nourish conceit and confound the unskilful. When we think of such sciolists, we wish that theology might be written now as of old in Latin, which is good enough for such purposes.

We confess to not a little discomfort in the thought of this "Life of Jesus" going forth to the world seemingly under Unitarian auspices, — not indeed indorsed by the American Unitarian Association, but directly or virtually commended by Unitarian authorities. We are sure that the "whirligig of time" will not soon give us anything of the kind from Bushnell, Beecher, Park, Phelps, Storrs, or any others of those who have shared in the "good done at Andover." They commit no such sad mistakes, and so, though they may not believe one whit more than many who are numbered as Unitarians, they are accounted believers, whilst Unitarians are called infidels. Believing, as do very many, perhaps the great majority of liberal Christians, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, they do not put forth books which "look at the Son of man rather than at the Son of God." They leave it for the Unitarian brethren to do such things. And the appearance of such works, under even an implied sanction of the standard-bearers of liberal Christianity, makes it incumbent upon all who are catalogued as Unitarians in the hand-books and directories to repeat most emphatically, that, whilst they cannot accept the *Tripersonality* set forth in creeds, and are therefore excommunicate and heretics in the eyes of the mass of Christians, — shut out sometimes from communion-tables, *always* from pulpits, — they do believe with all their hearts in the divine-human of the Saviour of mankind, and differ *toto cælo* from those who, however reverently, find only the man

Jesus in the Gospels and in the traditions of the Church. We do not see that it is *illiberal* for those so holding and affirming to act in accordance with this conviction and affirmation. Because for lack of saying Trinity, because from our steady refusal to sign creeds for the letter when we only accept them for substance, — our refusal, for example, to say, "I believe in the resurrection of *the* body," when we only believe in the resurrection of *a* body, — we are not permitted to preach the Gospel which we hold to any save those who, like ourselves, are called heretics, — we do not feel bound to make common cause with, and to invite into our pulpits, and to set forward on their unprofitable errands, men who do not profess to believe in the Son of God. Their place is not in pulpits or in Sunday schools, where Christianity is not to be criticised, but to be taught and enforced. As children of God we shall try to love them, as honest men we shall respect them, as citizens we shall accord to them their rights; but we shall keep ourselves aloof from all recognition of them as ministers of Christ. We believe that the virtual understanding upon which our congregations are kept together, and our pastors called and installed, forbids any such recognition. When the people wish to hear the Gospel of Nature, let them distinctly say so, and the preachers of Christ can withdraw. We earnestly invite all who are striving to build upon the one foundation, all who are only subscribers for substance, to come and stand with us in Christian freedom, assuring them that we are not committed to a wild and lawless liberalism, to a cold, meagre Rationalism, — that we do not mean to keep open house for all comers under whatever pretence of faith, — that we stand for what seems to us the only consistent Protestant Christianity, that Word of God which is not bound, appealing to these seals, "The Lord knoweth them that are his," and "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity!" We accept no denominational title, choosing to be known only

as disciples of Jesus. We ask clergy and laity to come out from their sects, and stand where we stand, having one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism. Faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is our creed.

It is claimed that Unitarianism is "hard to kill;" but so far as it has become Naturalism, it is dead already as a form of Christianity. Its life in that death is merely temporary, short at the best, longer or shorter as men are found more or less able and eloquent to pronounce its orations, longer or shorter as the traditions prove to be more or less firmly rooted in the hearts and in the ways of the people. As an institution it is doomed. The denomination, the only denomination which will prove, not only hard to kill, but immortal, is that company of believing men and women who are brought together through their common trust in Christ and love for the Lord Jesus, being vitally joined to him and therefore thinking mainly the same thoughts, sharing mainly the same affections and hopes, doing mainly the same work. Only take away the creeds in which multitudes whose names are written under them believe only in part, and there will be such a denomination, perhaps not in our day, but certainly before the end shall come. It would be easier, shrinking away from cold, dreary, barren naturalism, to sign for substance, to say Trinity, and the like, and make one's peace with some one of the old churches; but it seems to us truer and better to stand by this free Church into which we were born, and to save it, according to our poor ability, from decline, whether into Ritualism or into Rationalism. And we hope that the translator of Dr. Hase, having done, as it seems to us, more than justice to that distinguished theologian, will do something now to aid us in setting forth a richer faith than that which is developed in the *Leben Jesu*. E.

THE WIDOW OF BHONA.

On Bhona's isle, I 've heard it said,
A lonely one her table spread;
And kindled up her morning fire,
Though 'neath her roof no child, nor sire,
Nor gentle mother blest her more,
Nor husband entered at her door.

A widowed lot was hers to bear,
A widow's robe 't was hers to wear,
A widow's loneliness to feel,
A grief which God alone could heal;
But still within that little cot
Doubt and repining entered not.

The sun looked down upon that place
With placid smile, and flowers did grace
The little garden's narrow bed,
And pleasant odors round her shed:
While softly fell the moonbeams clear
Upon a heart time could not sear.

She dwelt beside the foaming main;
The glorious sea gave back again
Its ebb and flow; and giant rocks,
That circled round, received the shocks
Of this upheaving, mighty power,
Stupendous in its calmest hour.

The fate of many a gallant bark,
That drifted near these shores at dark,
Though mannned with seamen bold and stout,
Seemed shrouded in eternal doubt;
But o'er the waters ceaseless swell
See yonder signal, known full well!

For many a pilot, brave and stern,
Each night a shining light did burn,
And send its clear, but tiny ray
Far o'er the rocks to guard the way:
Safely the ship and sailors go,
Secure from treacherous reefs below.

Widow of Bhona, this thy deed
Of Christian love in hours of need
Shall live and blossom like the flower,
Whose fragrance in its dying hour
Exhales upon the misty air
Sweetness that wanders everywhere.

So let the Christian's humble light
Shine forth in love through darkest night;
And guide by its own faithful ray
Our brother on life's dubious way:
Quiet, and beautiful, and true,
Forever radiant, ever new.

Widow of Bhona, though thy grave
Be washed by ocean's briny wave,
Though footstep never seek the spot,
Love such as thine is ne'er forgot,
While thou, beyond thy kindred sky,
Thy watch still keepest blessedly.

* * *

DR. SANGER.

The death of this excellent man occurred at Cambridge, at the residence of Mr. Gannett, his son-in-law, on the 6th ultimo. The leading facts in his life have already been given, both in the secular and religious journals. He had nearly completed his seventy-fourth year; but his faculties were so fresh, and his mind so clear, and his spirit so cheerful and serene, that his friends might have anticipated that many more years would have been added to his life. But he has gone in the full possession and brightness of his faculties, and it is the lot of few men to leave memories in the hearts of the living so uniformly sweet and tender.

Dr. Sanger was a scholar. He graduated at Harvard College in 1808, with the first honors of his class, and was subsequently appointed Tutor, which office he held for one year. But it is as the pastor, friend, counsellor, and Chris-

tian that he is principally remembered. He was ordained pastor of the church in Dover, Mass. in 1812, which relation he sustained up to the time of his death, though for more than a year its stated duties had devolved upon his colleague, Rev. Edward G. Barker. About four years since his house was burned by an incendiary. The good man wept over the ashes of his home. It had been hallowed by domestic affections singularly warm and cheerful, by a paternal benignity which was always a benediction to those who approached his door, by a hospitality always kind and graceful, by a filial reverence from children and grandchildren who rose up to call him blessed, by the family ties of son and daughter with their brotherly and sisterly loves that breathed their harmonies through his household. He did not feel like putting a *new* house upon the place of the old parsonage, whose timbers and walls, thus steeped in the heart's fragrancies, had there been turned to ashes. He removed to Cambridge and resided with his son-in-law, occasionally revisiting the old spot, where a peaceful ministry of nearly half a century had impressed his spirit upon the town, and associated everything with his name and his labors.

Dr. Sanger was a welcome preacher in the liberal pulpits in his vicinity. He never aimed at originality or eloquence or theological acumen; but his patriarchal simplicity, his benignant manners, his affectionate appeals, the childlike piety that kept his spirit healthful and fresh, and the oil of consolation which he knew how to transfuse through the wounded mind, — these were always appreciated, and secured to him a loving audience with his hearers. In conversation he was affable and animated, and full of anecdote and personal reminiscence, but tender of the reputation and the feelings of others. We mourn that we shall not see his cheerful face any more in this world, while we thank the Lord that he has lived in it and left to it the legacy of a character so spotless and pure. S.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE SILENT BENEFACTORS.

We have been a good deal touched by the following little piece of biography, which has been furnished for the Monthly Magazine, and which, at the news of the good man's death, "flowed out of the heart" of one who had had the best opportunities for knowing the value of his labors. Father Peirce was barely heard of beyond the circle of his immediate friends and pupils, while by patient toil and self-sacrifice he was quietly shaping the minds that were to impress a coming generation more deeply and permanently than any political convention that ever assembled. There is something in the daily beauty of such a life that appeals to every one to be faithful in his own sphere. There is more of the true heroic in such a man, working on silently for a good cause, only for love of the cause itself, than in those whom the world usually calls great. The world does not generally know its best benefactors till they are gone. Not the least of the beneficent work of Horace Mann was his quickness to discern these kindred qualities in others, and draw them with the same kindling enthusiasm into the noble reform which they wrought for Massachusetts.

CYRUS PEIRCE.

In the death of this good man, society has met with one of those losses it often appreciates the least.

Mr. Peirce has been spoken of in such a comprehensive and comprehending manner by the Rev. S. J. May, his successor in the Lexington Normal School, that it is vain to think of adding any information of him which is not already before the public; but now that he has passed away, it is well to direct attention to that interesting memoir.

Mr. Peirce was the first Normal School teacher in this country, and was selected for that important post by the Hon. Horace Mann, while the latter was Secretary to the Massachusetts Board of Education, for the rare qualities which made his teaching invaluable. Mr. Mann found Mr. Peirce teaching in Nantucket, and was deeply impressed both with the scholarship and deportment of his pupils. He

mentioned to other persons resident in that part of the State the satisfaction he had felt in visiting the school. He was told in reply, by an old resident, that, for the last thirty or forty years, Mr. Peirce's scholars could be told all along the South Shore by the accuracy of their business habits, the integrity of their characters, and the intelligence of their minds.* Such a testimony was not lost upon Mr. Mann, and when he was ready to open the first Normal School, his thoughts immediately reverted to the Nantucket teacher, in whose school he had heard such remarkable recitations, — remarkable, not for their verbal accuracy, but for the intelligence and thought evinced by the pupils, and where he had seen such admirable discipline.

Mr. Mann felt the importance of having superior instruction, and the highest principles of discipline, or school morals, in this first Normal School, which he hoped to make the model of all future institutions of the kind in America, and through whose instrumentality he wished to elevate the moral tone of the common schools, — then, with occasional exceptions, very low. He was not disappointed in his expectations of Mr. Peirce. The school opened under many disadvantages and discouragements, and in the midst of much opposition, with *three pupils*. It was Mr. Peirce's first aim to enlist the moral interest of the pupils in the scheme, and thus to insure success. He was just the man to co-operate with Horace Mann in a work that required absolute perseverance and defiance of obstacles. They were both men of iron will and of indomitable resolution. Mr. Mann saw with prophetic eye what such institutions, if successfully carried on, would do for education. Mr. Peirce had the same conception, and brought to it a long and conscientious experience and knowledge of details. Together they resolved it should be executed, — together they executed it. The little band that soon gathered round Mr. Peirce at Lexington drank in their spirit in large draughts, and were equally resolved that it should succeed. Their intellectual labors were gigantic, and more than all, Mr. Peirce inspired in them, or rather evolved from them, a conscientious culture of their faculties, and an observance of law and order in little things, that soon began to show effects both in the school and out of it. It must be confessed,

* Mr. Peirce first taught in Nantucket in 1810, and again at intervals all through the years up to 1839, when he took charge of the first Normal School at Lexington.

that by the incitement of this noble motive to do well for the sake of the success of the establishment, and its future value to their country, that enthusiastic little company taxed themselves too violently, and some individuals were prostrated physically, and even mentally, by their efforts to excel; but in condemning the excess of their zeal, we must remember reverently that neither they nor their teacher were actuated by secondary motives. It was indeed a noble ambition. Mr. Peirce expiated his own defiance of Nature's physical laws by years of acute suffering and prostration and lingering disease; but it is doubtful if he ever repented for himself, though he grieved for his pupils, for he had enough of the martyr spirit to be willing to sacrifice himself to a great cause. In those days of small things, when the means of operation were scanty, and future grants from the State were to depend upon the primal success of the work, he performed almost incredible labors. He gave of his own means; he performed the most trivial outside services at the cost of his rest, his sleep, and his health, to save expenses; he made up, by personal watchfulness and attentions, for the short-comings and unfaithfulness of boarding-house keepers; he sought the intimacy, and gained the confidence of, each pupil, that he might adapt himself to the peculiar needs of each, moral and intellectual. At the same time he spared no exertions to prepare himself in the highest manner for exhaustive teaching, and at the end of three years even his fibrous temperament gave way, and he sank prostrate. During those years, his average sleep was not four hours in the twenty-four. In winter he rose at three or four o'clock, after exhausting night labors over compositions and analyses, which he criticised in the most careful manner, to be sure that his halls were well warmed, the premises accessible through the snows, and everything ready for action. He had no assistant, and not only heard all the recitations, but cultivated the power of thought and of conversation by discussions upon each one, and upon all school exercises and modes of discipline. In short, he fitted his pupils for their office in the short time which was the minimum session (one year), and which too often was all his pupils could afford, — for his earliest pupils were generally the daughters of widows, or orphans who were obliged to work out their own education by personal exertions.

To this day, Mr. Peirce's Normal School pupils are as marked among teachers, as were his early pupils on the South Shore among citizens. Those who entered the school thoughtless and frivolous

came out of it with a serious purpose. Their subsequent career depended, of course, upon the depth of their natures; but they never could rid themselves of a haunting conscience in reference to their duty as teachers. Their reverence for "Father Peirce," as he was lovingly called, was absolute. He was an outside conscience to every pupil. His requisitions were severe, — indeed, to some they seemed merciless. But it was his aim to give entire possession of the faculties, and to teach them, by rigid self-discipline, to learn to govern others, never by violence, but always by an earnestness that was irresistible. No sham could stand before the scrutiny of his investigation, no falsehood could long show an unblushing front to his calm and searching gaze. He praised little, but ever held the standard higher and higher.

"I would go on a pilgrimage to New York on my knees," one of his pupils exclaimed one day, "if by that I could hear Father Peirce once say the word *satisfied*."

This exclamation was repeated to Mr. Peirce by a friend, who used to feel keen sympathy for his somewhat overtasked pupils. The dear old Father listened with tearful eyes, for he loved all his pupils as if they were his own daughters, and this was a favorite one in whom his soul delighted, and in whom he did feel great satisfaction; and he replied, sadly, "Then I am not fit to keep the school!" But it was a useful lesson to him, for his iron strength had not then learned to appreciate the delicacy of a woman's nerves. In after years, when he vibrated with pain to a touch, or a sound, or even a thought, I am afraid he remembered and mourned over it. But it was a moral stimulus that he gave, and therefore it took the deepest hold of the finest natures.

But one feeling about him prevails among his numerous pupils. After two years of rest, he again resumed his place in the Normal School, and remained in it five years. Bodily and mental prostration again disabled him; but such was the resistance of his constitution, that, after a voyage to Europe, which he enjoyed very much, he resumed teaching in another gentlemen's school, where his labors were limited. He loved to be surrounded by the young. He had no children of his own, but all daughters, for whom he had so long been a second father, were his daughters, and to the last of his life he loved to have them make a part of his family. I have in my hand a note from one of these, from which I will extract a strong expression.

"What he was to all his adopted children nobody can be again. A tender father, a wise, faithful friend, a clear-sighted judge, a perfectly consistent example. Every one loved him, and none more than we who were most particularly under his care. To me he has been a kind friend, a teacher who was the first to rouse in me the love of true knowledge, and I shall always remember him as one of the purest and holiest natures with which I have ever met."

Hundreds of such testimonials might be collected. True greatness in virtue and the ordinary duties of life is seldom highly appreciated. So little were Mr. Peirce's services in this cause understood, except by his pupils, that when he left the Normal School, he felt that the Board of Education was upon the whole willing to resign him, — even glad, in order to avoid the inconveniences consequent upon the popular persecution of all men of liberal religious views. The Board, and indeed the State, preferred peace to progress, and the public having failed, even under the incitements of bigotry, to abate the zeal and resolution of Mr. Peirce and Mr. Mann in their prosecution of UNSECTARIAN public education, were willing to forego the educational labors of such men in order to be rid of partisan and sectarian opposition. It would have been too great an outrage if they had ventured to intimate that they should be removed, but the knowledge of their sentiments gave great pain especially to Mr. Peirce, who had lost health and strength by his efforts in the cause. Both friends felt it; both pressed on to other scenes of labor, and both laid down their lives on the altar of their country's improvement, at periods not far remote from each other. Mr. Peirce as truly deserves the public honors of his State as his more widely-known friend, who could not, without his aid, have achieved the perfect success of his plans for Normal Schools.

M. M.

HARRIS'S SONG-SNATCHES.

WE do not pretend to follow the flights of Rev. T. L. Harris, and he seems to us poised sometimes over steeps where the dangers are terrible. But the critics who think they dispose of him with such words as "tawdry," "blasphemy," "hypocrisy," make one think of the beetles cursing the swallows that curve through the blue air above them, because they will not drone like themselves, and butt against the board fences on wings of horn. Harris's song-snatches sometimes indicate a fancy of inimitable sweetness and delicacy

Here is one altogether Shakespearian, which William Howitt justly praises as "like primroses in the early spring woods."

"When swelling buds their sheaths forsake, —
Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree, —
And yellow daffodils awake,
The virgin spring is fair to see.

"When streams through banks of daisies run, —
Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree, —
And skylarks hymn the rising sun,
Spring holds her courts in grove and lea.

"When cowslips load with sweets the air, —
Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree, —
Spring braids with flowers her golden hair,
And bids the mating birds agree.

S.

THE TWO DICTIONARIES.

GET both if you can afford it, but Worcester's you *must* have if you mean to keep up a loving acquaintance with this noble language which we use, and if you mean to make it the best and most efficient medium of thought. The difference between Worcester and Webster is easily summed up, and is as follows: —

First, Worcester simply chronicles the language as it is. Webster undertakes to reform it and record it as he thinks it ought to be. Follow Worcester, and you are perfectly sure of following the best living usage among the scholars of England and America. Follow Webster, and you run into American peculiarities both of orthography and orthoepy, or at least into *Websterisms*, which some people hope will be some time universally adopted; and which perhaps will be somewhere in the precession of the equinoxes, — and perhaps not.

Secondly, Worcester's definitions are terse, clear-cut, and to the point, and he never colors them with any notions of his own. Webster's have been praised as more *Evangelical*, which means that he injects a little Calvinism into them. For instance, he injects the vicarious atonement into the definition of the word Faith. This might be well if he put in also a little Universalism, a little Swedenborgianism, and a little Catholicism, and made a "dictionary of all religions;" but you get a dictionary of words twisted towards religion, as Dr. Webster thought it ought to be.

Thirdly, Worcester's notation is perfect, and cannot mislead. He has nicely discriminated all the shadings of the vowel-sounds. Webster unaccountably adopts Walker's notation, and leads us into the same blunders that Walker did. He does not distinguish between the long sound of *a* in *name*, and the long sound of *a* before *r* as in *care*. So if you are a teacher, and follow Webster, you will be training your pupils, perhaps, to say *pā-rent, fāir, snāre*, and so on, which neither Webster, nor Walker, nor any other scholarly person, ever intended you should.

Fourthly, the type of Worcester's is new, clear, and distinct. The type of Webster's is less so, and sometimes blurred.

Fifthly, in the way of pictures, Webster's dictionary unquestionably outdoes Worcester's both in number and size. It has fifteen hundred illustrations, and they are put apart by themselves. We like picture-books, and Webster's new dictionary beats those of the children. But we question whether the most scholarly taste, or the highest utility, would run quite so extensively and flaringly into this line. We do not see why the mottoes and coats of arms of the several States might not have been left to the children's geographies, and we cannot perceive that those two persons who are dancing a fandango throw any new light upon the nature of antic and saltatory performances.

In etymology both dictionaries are admirable, and both are splendid monuments of labor, and do infinite credit to American letters. Worcester's is a pure English dictionary of the universal English language wherever spoken. Webster's is American-English, evincing lifelong perseverance and patient scholarship, with innovations introduced from a Yankee desire of mending the language. Webster's we want, but to Worcester's, as we judge, must be the final appeal as authority, and, like daily bread, it is indispensable. S.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

LITTLE Alice was taught to say the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," and, taking it in a very literal sense, put in the gloss "brown bread." Perhaps she had experienced the influence of hot rolls and poisoned biscuits. How many families are poisoned by bad bread, and wonder what ails the children, and why everything goes wrong, and why the dark side of life is always turned towards them!

It is just as easy to have good bread, and by consequence, good digestion, good tempers, and good will, as it is to have that hard, sour, heavy lump, or, worse yet, that stuff hot and yellow with saleratus, and in consequence thereof dream that you are lying under Bunker Hill Monument, or think that you have committed the unpardonable sin. But do not lay off all the blame upon the housekeepers, unless you have learned yourself to distinguish good flour from poor, and keep the latter from invading your household.

A friend took us one day into the rooms of the Board of Trade in one of our great Western marts, where hundreds of people were gathered in groups around tables on which were spread samples of flour. You would see men pressing it in the hand with paper-folders, throwing lumps against the wall, mixing it in the palm with water, rubbing it between the thumb and finger, and on such experiments as these investing, perhaps, five thousand dollars, and never getting deceived in the quality. The following rules were said to furnish an infallible test: —

"First, look at the color; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and is sticky, it is poor. Third, throw a lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, it is a good sign. Flour that will stand these tests it is safe to buy."

And when bought, there is no more "good luck" about making it into good bread, than there is about the laws of Nature. It will "rise" if you subject it to the right conditions, as surely as the sun will rise. And these conditions can be as easily ascertained as the accidence of French verbs, or the ending of Latin nouns of the fifth declension, or the difference between *staccato* and *legato* in music; in fact, are quite as important in pitching the tune of the household economy to its appropriate harmonies. S.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Church of the First Three Centuries, or Notices of the Lives and Opinions of some of the early Fathers with special reference to the Doctrine of the Trinity, illustrating its late Origin and gradual Formation. By ALVAN LAMSON, D. D. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — This book has such an interblending of biography, history, and theological disquisition, and is written in a style so clear and flowing, that it will interest all classes of intelligent readers. The life and opinions of Justin Martyr, of Clement of Alexandria, of Origen, of Arius and his chief adversary and opponent, and of Eusebius the historian, are traced in connection with each other and their contemporaries, and their times very vividly illustrated. It is one of the pleasantest works on the ecclesiastical history of the first three centuries which one can take up, and is free from all dry and wearisome detail. The writer never loses sight of his main purpose, which is to show that the theology of the Christian fathers of these first three centuries was Unitarian, and that the Trinity as now received was the growth of a later age.

That in his main position he is right, we think must be conceded by the candid of all denominations. No trace of the doctrine of three coequal persons in the Godhead anywhere appears in these early ages. But that Dr. Lamson has expounded correctly the opinions of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, particularly those of Justin, Clement, Irenæus, Tertullian, and Origen, is a point which we presume will be strongly contested. He understands their Logos doctrine to be that the Son is God, though inferior to the Father, and having a derived Divinity. They are two distinct beings as much as Peter and John, but the Father was supreme and underived. The Son was Divine because begotten of the Father, just as a prince born of a royal line is himself royal, though he rules under the king that begat him. But they are two distinct beings, as much as the king and his son that lives in his house. Their being *consubstantial* only means that they had a common Divine nature, just as Peter and John have a common human nature. We certainly do not understand this to be the subordination system of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, or that they slid into a Ditheism so bald and literal.

The Logos doctrine was put forth in opposition to the Monarchians, who confounded all distinctions in the Divine nature. The Patripassianists taught that Christ was the Father under a different name, and merely veiled with flesh. Against such an absurdity was elaborated the Logos theory, which is, that between the Supreme and his universe there is a Mediator, eternally begotten, through whom all things are made and through whom alone the Father passes over into humanity. In putting this antagonistically, they sometimes seem to separate God from his Logos, so as to make the latter a distinct being. These passages Dr. Lamson cites. But there are others which look the other way, and which go to show that their conception was not of an hypostasis separated and cut off from God, making another and a different Deity, like the heathen notion of gods by birth and family. Tertullian expressly and distinctly disclaims this; Dionysius of Rome charges it against Dionysius of Alexandria, and the latter explains and modifies and relieves himself of the charge.*

If, as Dr. Lamson seems to represent, these Fathers taught that Christ came out from the Father, and was separated from him as an inferior God, they must have fallen upon the very notion of Gnostic emanation which they wished also to oppose. But it does not by any means follow, because they speak of the Son as "dependent," "secondary," or "derived" from the Father, that they mean to describe one being derived from another being. Nothing like *natural* birth seems intended, but something analogous to the human understanding, always shaped out of a higher love-principle, derived from it, filled with it, and dependent upon it. They give the Divine Logos, answering to the Reason in man, a kind of objectivity in itself; as if God contemplated it separately, conversed with it as man consults his understanding, sent it forth and hypostatized it in Christ, yet never separated it from himself as another Deity. So we understand them, and this we take as their subordination theory. Whatever we may think of their distinctions, we should interpret them after their own Platonic — shall we not say Johannic? — conceptions, and not through our extreme Occidentalism.

Dr. Lamson's history of the Arian controversy is made lively and

* See Neander's Anti-Gnostikus. Bohn, p. 523. History by Torrey, pp. 606, 607.

interesting by biographical incident, and the description of the Nicene Council is exceedingly graphic. But he does not seem to us to bring out with sufficient boldness the grand issue between the two parties, or the theological value and bearing of the doctrine on which they split. He seems to treat it as a war of words or barren abstractions. Whether Christ as the Logos was "begotten" or "created" may seem trivial to us, but it was not so from their position, and with the meaning with which those words were pregnant. If Christ was eternally begotten of the Father, — a genesis always out of his own nature, like man's reason and speech out of himself, then Christ and his Gospel are *continuous* from God, and never cut off from his essence. The chasm between man and the Supreme is bridged over. Christ is not sent *from* God, like a messenger, to tell something, but he comes *out of* God, and is therefore the projection into time of the Divine itself, and the revelation of the Godhead, and his words are instinct with the Deity. On the other hand, if Christ was *made*, created out of nothing, and not a genesis out of the Divine substance, then the abyss between God and humanity is deep and wide as ever. God is away in the deeps of eternity, not continuously in Christ and his Word, and we are remanded to the baldest Deism. Christianity loses its significance. God has sent it over to us externally by a messenger, but he is not in it himself; it is not the expression of his own life or the living projection of his own attributes. So at least the consubstantialists must have understood the issue, and can we marvel at the importance they attached to it?

That the Logos doctrine verged to the very borders of Tritheism, and sometimes went over to it, and at length went hopelessly into it, must be admitted, and the book gives a clear idea of its downward stages. As descriptive too of the habits and manners of the Christians of the first three centuries, how they lived and worshipped, how they loved, quarrelled, and hated, the book is an exceedingly valuable contribution to ecclesiastical history. S.

A History of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn. By JACOB BIGELOW, President of the Corporation. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Company. — A duodecimo of 96 pages, containing a map of Mount Auburn, engravings of the tower and the chapel, a history of the formation of the association, the original purchase of the ground, laying it out in lots and avenues, and the addresses and

reports of Mr. Everett, Judge Story, and Dr. Bigelow, with the acts of incorporation and the by-laws. To this is appended a Directory to the avenues and paths, making a neat little manual for proprietors or for visitors to that lovely spot.

Introductory Lessons on Mind. By the Author of Lessons on Reasoning, Lessons on Morals, etc. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Company. — This is a republication of a small treatise written by Archbishop Whately. It does not aim at completeness, but is full of suggestion, written in the clear and simple style of which the author is well known to be master, and abounds in facts and illustrations which make it interesting. The distinction between instinct and reason, between desires and appetites, between resemblance and analogy, language, wit, memory, self-love, self-esteem, humility, desire of approbation and its dangers, desire of society and of power, idiocy, insanity, mania, and delirium; — such is the range of topics, and they are treated with an ease and familiarity constantly furnishing hints and seeds of thought. It will be a useful book for young or old. S.

Seventh Annual Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, together with Reports of Committees appointed to visit the County Societies, with an Appendix for 1859. Edited by C. L. FLINT, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture. — All the principal topics which can interest the practical farmer are here treated, and the results of careful experiments given. Butter, how churned and at what temperature, how preserved, carrots, corn, drainage, farm implements, fertilizers, turnips, fruit-trees, grafting, milch cows, pear culture, effects of plaster of Paris, reports on ploughing, on potatoes, mode of pruning, swamp-lands, reports on swine, on wheat, on working oxen, management of orchards; — such are the subjects on which information is here given. It is a volume of 324 pages, carefully compiled, with an Index at the end.

Lessons at the Cross. By SAMUEL HOPKINS. With an Introduction, by Rev. George W. Blagden, D. D. Seventh Edition. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Dr. Blagden says of the work: "No Christian can read it without being helped by it in walking in the strait and narrow path." The piety which the book inculcates is founded on that view of the Saviour which makes his sufferings

penal and expiatory, and this view is everywhere made prominent. But the book is fervently written; its spirit is not sectarian. Yet it is too barren of thought and too much filled up with diluted commonplaces. Its clear type, fair paper, and beautiful binding are worthy of special commendation. S.

Letters on the Divine Trinity, addressed to Henry Ward Beecher. By B. F. BARRETT. Second Edition. New York: Mason Brothers. — Here are seven letters, in our brother Barrett's happiest and most vigorous style, on the greatest theme of human thought and investigation. He unfolds with great perspicuity the New Church doctrine of the Trinity, shows its reasonableness and its entire harmony with that of the Divine Unity, its harmony with revelation, its direct practical bearing on the regeneration of man or the restoration of the Divine Image in him. He shows by strong contrast the worth of a living, practical doctrine, in comparison with a hard, metaphysical, and barren dogma. It is a little book of 137 pages. Get it and read it. S.

The Avoidable Causes of Disease, Insanity, and Deformity. By JOHN ELLIS, M. D. New York: Mason Brothers. — Dr. Ellis thinks the American people are degenerating physically, and he tries to point out the remedy. He describes the causes of disease, spiritual and natural, abuse of the digestive organs, violations of the condition of healthful development in regard to air, light, and exercise; he treats of the proper and improper management of children, and the cause of their diseases, deformity, and mortality, and diseases incident to ladies, and how induced. These, it will be seen, are vastly important topics, and the book contains much sound advice and useful information respecting them. Dr. Ellis is against the use of tea and coffee, and thinks animal food necessary only through hereditary tendencies and confirmed habits of sensualism, though it cannot always be safely dispensed with at present. On the tea and coffee question, when doctors disagree, the people will probably consult their own experience as to what suits their several cases. Dr. Ellis's book is "for the people as well as the professions," and embodies facts and principles which every one ought to know who lives in a mortal body. S.

Notes on Nursing. By FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. Boston: Wil-

liam Carter. — A biography is prefixed to the "Notes," but the notes themselves reveal the character of Florence Nightingale. They were prepared and issued during sickness and pain, and are marked throughout by clear common sense, tender humanity, the fruits of large personal experience, and delicate womanly perceptions of the wants of the sick-room. The essentials of the health of houses; how to manage difficult details; how to behave in a sick-room; food, bedding, light, cleanliness, cooking; talk with patients about their sickness; — these are topics treated, and always with wise suggestions. All who are liable to be sick or have charge of the sick — and that includes everybody, we believe — should read the book and practise it. S.

Mademoiselle Mori. A Tale of Modern Rome. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — An historical romance faithfully done is one of the most valuable contributions to literature. This one is a vivid picture of modern Rome, its manners and every-day life. Its scenes lie through the Italian Revolution of 1848 – 9. Some of the incidents are historical, and the whole gives a strong impression of the manner in which private life is affected by public catastrophes and convulsions. The story never flags, is sure to engage the reader's sympathies, and impress permanently the imagination with its delineations of Italian life and character. S.

Rita, an Autobiography. Boston: Mayhew and Baker. — Rita is a young girl, the eldest of a family of children living in Paris. The book illustrates the dangers, temptations, and immoralities of Parisian society as they beset the young, showing them in contrast with English and American life. Rita escapes through them whole and pure, and her experiences make up the interest of the tale. Her character is exceedingly well drawn; she wins upon the reader, and wakes all his love and admiration, and holds it to the end. S.

The Semi-detached House. Edited by LADY THERESA LEWIS. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — This is a work of fiction; the scenes and characters English. It is pleasantly written, is designed to show that good is to be found in the world where you are not looking for it, if you cultivate the kindly sympathies that search it out. Its lessons are useful, and its tone good and healthful. S.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

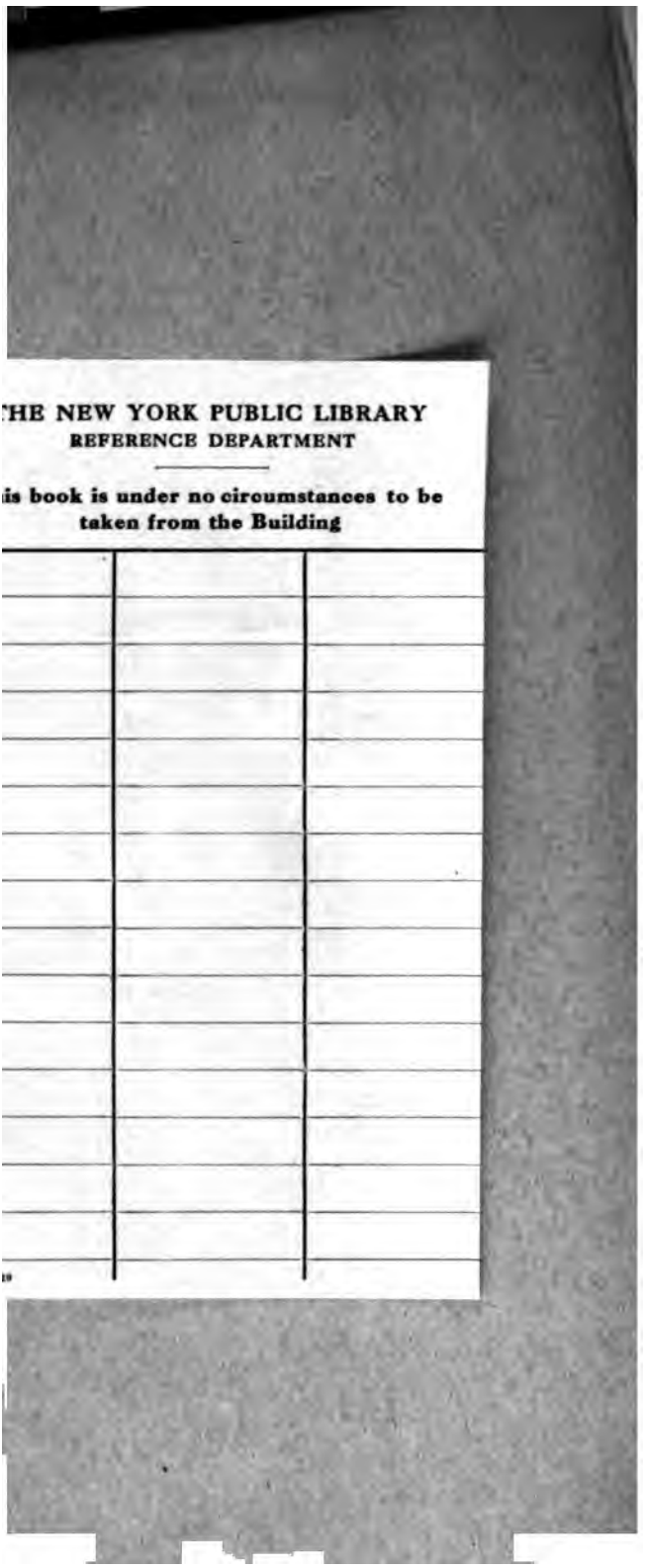
Taking a Stand. By the Author of Hugh Fisher. Boston: Henry Hoyt. — A story of little Richard, faithful to principle through great temptations. It is a temperance tale, finely told, with many touching incidents, and will not only excite the interest of children so that they will be sure to finish it when once begun, but will also leave the best moral impression with them. S.

Dick Duncan. By FRANCIS FORRESTER, Esq. Boston: Brown and Taggard. — This is the second of the series called the "Glen Morris Stories," of which "Guy Carlton" was the first. Dick Duncan is a mischievous boy, but with good traits and noble susceptibilities. He is led along by Uncle Morris through the power of kindness, and was reclaimed and made a good boy. The book is amply illustrated, is written in a style simple and attractive, and well adapted to children, and we commend it both to parents and children as a good and useful book. S.

The Boy Inventor; a Memoir of Matthew Edwards. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — Matthew was a poor boy of English parentage, born in Derby, England, July 23, 1838, and who died at Cambridge, Mass., at the close of 1859. This brief life of twenty-one years, most of which was spent in Boston and Cambridge, was marked by purity and thirst for knowledge, and industry in overcoming obstacles. It showed early and wonderful precocity, and ended prematurely through self-exactions and denials. The book will be read with avidity by young persons, and is designed to excite them to perseverance and love of excellence. Parents ought also to talk it over with their children, and make prominent the lesson to avoid Matthew's mistakes, as well as to practise his early and manly virtues. S.

PAMPHLETS.

An Address before the New England Historic Genealogical Society, September 13, 1859, the hundredth anniversary of the death of Major-General James Wolfe, by Lorenzo Sabine. Boston: A. Williams & Co. — *The New Englander for May,* 1860. — *The Doctrine of Endless Misery an Occasion of Scepticism,* by the late Sir James Stephen. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. — *The Right Way the Safe Way, proved by Emancipation in the British West Indies and elsewhere.* By L. Maria Child. This is a clear statement of facts from undeniable authorities, and proves beyond cavil that West India Emancipation was not a failure, but a signal success. — *The Spiritual Magazine, May,* 1860. London: F. Pitman. S.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